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DEMONSTRATING

THEIR NATURE, PROPERTIES, EFFECTS, USE AND ABUSE.

Delectando et monendo. HOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

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THE PREFACE.

THE great Mr. Locke was of opinion, that it is poſſible to place Morality among the Sciences capable of demonſtration. This, indeed, might be effected by the idea of a Supreme Being, infinite in power, goodneſs, and wiſdom, whoſe workmanſhip we are; and on whom we depend; and by the idea of Ourſelves; as intelligent, rational Creatures. On both, duly conſidered and eſtabliſhed as the foundation of the Work, we ſhould be able to raiſe ſuch a Superſtructure of our duty and rules of action, as muſt make the doctrine of Manners equally demonſtrable with the doctrine of quantity and number. A difference, however, muſt herein be admitted: The ideas of quantity can be repreſented by ſenſible marks, which make them more capable of certainty than any words; but moral ideas,

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as of good and evil, right and wrong, being more complex, their names muſt therefore be of more uncertain ſignification. There is no other way of remedying the diſadvantage but by the preciſion and clearneſs of Definition, and this may be done in ſo ſatisfactory a manner, that the reſult of the ſeveral Combinations muſt at length evince the truth of Demonſtration.

How far Mr. Locke's views are anſwered in this Treatiſe, muſt be left to the deciſion of the Public; at leaſt, it may be conſidered as an attempt for pointing out a true Syſtem of Ethics, or a laudable endeavour to promote the cauſe of true morality, than which there cannot be a more important concern of our lives. But tho' Philoſophy in general, muſt ſtand high in our eſtimation, and ſo much the more, as all its parts are truly noble, yet it muſt be confeſſed that Morality is of theſe the leaſt illuſtrious, and that if its utility did not inhance its merit, it would find none willing to receive its inſtructions. In fact, there is no great glory in reſiſting and ſubduing our Paſſions, being in the main nothing better than Monſters: There is no juſt reaſon to pride ourſelves for acquiring ſome virtues, and for being more in-

innocent than thoſe who are criminal, becauſe indeed, none will value themſelves on their ſtrength, for being more healthy than a ſick perſon: There is no great advantage annexed to the conquering of Avarice, becauſe it exerciſes its rage againſt itſelf, and deprives itſelf of the good things it has deprived others: It is not a very glorious action to have triumphed over Luxury, which makes itſelf amends for profuſions by engaging farther in the ways of injuſtice, and amaſſes riches by more illicit means than it diſſipates them: It is not, in fine, a rare wonder to deſpiſe Ambition, which does not raiſe us to honours but by affronts, nor make us aſcend to grandeur but by ſervility: This part of Philoſophy, however, has its advantages, and if it ſhines with leſs ſplendour, it is attended with more profit than the other parts: By it Philoſophers are formed, as by depurating their minds, it makes them more capable of conſidering the wonders of Nature: Politicians receive their inſtructions from it, for by teaching them to govern their Paſſions, it points out the proper methods to them for governing ſtates; Heads of Families are trained up under its tuition, for having

firſt learned the regular order of managing their own inclinations, they will obſerve the ſame in regard to the conduct required from Children and Domeſtics; ſo that it is to Philoſophy, what foundations are to Edifices, and it may boaſt that by exerting its beſt endeavours for forming the virtuous man, it forms all together, the good Father of the family, the wiſe Politician, and the learned Philoſopher.

But as Morality has different routes for arriving at the ſame end, I believed that the moſt humble would be the ſureſt, and that by following that which teaches us to regulate the motions of our Soul, I ſhould effectually oppoſe all vices, and ſtand up in the defence of every virtue. Revelation teaches us, and we experience the reality in ourſelves, that the Paſſions are diſorderly, and that ſin has reduced them to a ſtate, more diſtinguiſhed for criminality than commendable for innocence; Reaſon, notwithſtanding, with the aid of Grace, may uſefully employ them, and without flattering them, I dare ſay to their advantage, that there is not one of them ſo contemptible, but may be changed into a glorious virtue. We may take from them what they have borrowed from corrupt nature,

nature, and reſtore to them the purity they had in the ſtate of innocence. On all occaſions they may engage in conteſts, and gain victories in favour of virtues; and provided we know how to keep them under a due regulation, it will be eaſy for us with their aſſiſtance to conquer all vices; For indeed, vices proceed from their diſorder, and we commit no ſin that does not originate from their revolt: I may therefore confidently ſay that all morality is comprized in this part, and that by teaching the uſe of the Paſſions, I teach all the means for making man virtuous.

But to conduct happily ſo glorious an enterprize, I find it neceſſary to proceed in a very different route ſtom that of Philoſophers, and to follow maxims of a far different tendency from thoſe they have left us in their writings. Theſe blind guides would have no other rule than Nature, nor other help than Reaſon. They believed that with theſe two, there were no vices but they ſhould expel; no virtues, but they ſhould acquire. Their vanity inſpired them with courage; they made efforts ſurpaſſing their power; and by a vain confidence imagined they could ſubject the body to the mind, and re-in-

ſtate that Sovereign in its former authority. It being much eaſier to know what is good than to copy and follow it, they wrote with dignity on virtue, they filled all their diſſertations with her praiſes, and if nothing more was wanting than reaſons and words to perſuade us, they might have made us virtuous by their writings: But our diſorder was too great to ſuffer itſelf to be conquered by ſuch weak remedies, and there was a neceſſity for the mingling of Grace with Nature, to reduce virtue to her true ſtandard, and make her amiable and acceptable. Man had liberty enough to his deſtruction from his own motion, but had not enough to ſave himſelf by his own ſtrength: His Deſtruction aroſe from his will; his Salvation could not come but from Grace. All his actions without that aſſiſtance were criminal, and if we believe St. Auguſtine, all his good works were ſins: For he was defective both in Principle and End; not acting by Grace, he muſt have acted by concupiſcence, and being poſſeſſed by ſelf-love, could propoſe to himſelf no other end than himſelf; his reſearches were after glory or pleaſure, and in all his actions he did not riſe higher than his intereſts. The Philoſophers, tho'

they

they could boaſt of more lights than others, were not, in the main, remarkable for more juſtice; and whatever ſpecious appellations they might give their virtues, it was eaſy to judge that they were merely animated with the deſire of honour or voluptuouſneſs: Wherefore all their opinions are reducible to thoſe of the Epicureans and Stoics; yet both infinitely fall ſhort of the Credenda of Chriſtians: For as St. Auguſtine ſays, the Epicureans were acquainted with no other pleaſure, than voluptuouſneſs; the Stoics formed an eſtimate of no other happineſs than virtue, and the Chriſtians find no other felicity than Grace. The firſt, ſubject the mind to the body, and reduce men to the life and condition of Beaſts; the ſecond, inflate the ſoul with vanity, and amidſt the wretchedneſs of their condition, imitate the pride of Demons; the laſt, acknowledge their weakneſs, and ſenſible from experience, that Nature and Reaſon cannot deliver them, implore the help of Grace, and do not engage in conflicts againſt vice, nor uſe ſtrenuous endeavours to acquire virtue, but by the aſſiſtance of Heaven. I therefore preſuppoſe in this work, that in order to guide and govern the

the Paſſions, Charity is abſolutely neceſſary to us, and I do really acknowledge that there is no other true Morality but the Chriſtian; yet am I ſenſible that Philoſophers have advanced ſome maxims, which may be of ſervice to our deſign, but I likewiſe know that they cannot be uſefully adopted but by the grace of the Holy Ghoſt. The fineſt truths are unprofitable to us, if He who is the eternal light, does not infuſe them into our ſouls, and the beſt reaſons cannot perſuade us, if He who holds our hearts in his hand does not touch them by his inſpirations; even the aids of nature, which may be called the ruins of innocence, cannot be productive of virtues, unleſs animated by Charity: All thoſe good inclinations that remain to us after the loſs of original Juſtice, are diſorderly; and man is ſo univerſally corrupt, that his beſt talents and advantages are pernicious to him. The beauty of genius, the ſoundneſs of judgment, and the fidelity of memory are favours that have proved deſtructive to Philoſophers; and if from them any benefit accrues to us, we are indebted for it to Grace and not to Nature. It is with our Soul as with the Earth; both ſince Sin

have

have laboured under malediction, and as the latter, unleſs cultivated, will bear nothing but weeds and brambles; ſo the ſoul will produce nothing but ſins, unleſs illumed by ſome ſupernatural light.

To underſtand this truth, which is the pure doctrine of the Goſpel, it is neceſſary to know that Grace, whether in the ſtate of innocence, whether in that of Chriſtianity, conſtitutes a part of man, who is not accompliſhed when deſtitute of it, and though Reaſon remains to him, he is imperfect if he has not juſtice. In both theſe ſtates, he muſt be juſt to be conſummate, and muſt be agreeable to God to be innocent. Reaſon is not his principal advantage, and if I dare ſay ſo, it is not even his laſt diſcrimination. He was never created to be only rational, and he cannot be ſaved, unleſs with Reaſon he is poſſeſſed of Juſtice. A grievous miſhap has been the reſult of ſo rare a privilege; for as Nature and Grace were united in the perſon of the firſt man, they could not be ſeparated but by ſin, and he could not forfeit Juſtice but by concupiſcence. Being no longer under the dominion of God, he fell under the tyranny of the Devil, and deſerting his lawful Sovereign, threw himſelf

ſelf into the arms of an uſurper. Acting before by the motions of the firſt, all his actions were then innocent and reaſonable, but ſince acting by the motions of the ſecond, whatever he does is unreaſonable and criminal; Reaſon is become the ſlave of ſin, and Nature loſing Grace loſt its primitive purity. To deliver us from this ſhameful and cruel ſervitude, it was neceſſary that Jeſus Chriſt ſhould animate us by his ſpirit, ſhould unite us to his body, and ſhould reſtore unto Reaſon the advantages ſin had robbed it of. Whoever does not act on this principle is criminal, and whoever is not diveſted of the Old Man, cannot be cloathed with the New. Wherefore St. Auguſtine condemns all the virtues of the Pagans, he confounds their good works with their ſins, and well knowing that one cannot be juſt without Grace, aſſures that all their beſt and fineſt actions were criminal: All his books abound with theſe truths, and his doctrine, which is drawn from the Goſpel, obliges us to confeſs, that to encounter vice, and govern the Paſſions, we muſt neceſſarily have Charity. He that acts by the motions of this virtue, cannot bring on himſelf condemnation, and he that

that follows thoſe of concupiſcence cannot ſave himſelf: Charity raiſes us into Heaven, concupiſcence leaves us to grovel on the Earth; Charity unites us to God, concupiſcence unites us to ourſelves; Charity reſtores innocence to us, concupiſcence detains us in the ways of vice.

Morality therefore to be uſeful, muſt be Chriſtian, and the virtues that are to regulate our Paſſions, muſt be animated with Charity to acquit themſelves of their duty. Far from being hereby hindered in their particular employments, they may under the conduct of their Sovereign ſtrive to tame thoſe rebels, and teach them obedience; and in fact, they ſoften them by their addreſs, they have recourſe to artifice, when force is uſeleſs; they plead their intereſt to them, or gain them over by their inclinations; not being able to make them capable of the pureſt ſentiments of Religion, they treat them as Infidels, and perſuade them by reaſons that muſt in ſome ſhape affect them; If the glory of heaven does not touch them, they propoſe to them that of Earth; if rewards cannot excite them, they endeavour to diſmay them by puniſhments. For theſe motions of our ſoul have too great

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an attachment for earth to riſe to the purity of Divine Love; they do not feel the warmth of this Love but by reflection, that monarch thinking it enough to reduce them by the interpoſition of the virtues relevant of his empire. He employs Temperance and Continence to ſubdue the rebels, he informs them how to bring theſe ſlaves to reaſon, and furniſhes them with force to break the attacks of ſuch fierce monſters: ſo that it need not be a matter of ſurprize to any, if ſometimes I have followed the example of prophane Philoſophers, and made uſe of their reaſons to make the Paſſions obedient. They are ſo immerſed in ſenſe that they can conceive nothing but what is ſenſible, and their Commerce with Reaſon is ſo inconſiderable, that they cannot underſtand its commands, unleſs Imagination acts as an interpreter to them. This is their governing faculty, and to reduce them ſhe muſt be won, as it would be in vain to pretend to make them tractable, unleſs their guide was previouſly induced to be reaſonable. In treating therefore with them, I am obliged to accommodate myſelf to their weakneſs, and ſtoop below the Majeſty of Religion; I remit ſomething of the ſeverity

verity of the Chriſtian belief, and not able to make them comprehend Chriſtian truths, I perſuade them from human conſiderations; I ſhew them how deeply they are concerned as to honour or ſhame; as the primitive Fathers of the Church, diſputing with Pagans, fought them with their own weapons, and convinced them by the reaſons of their Philoſophers, ſo I, prevailing upon the Paſſions to conſult their own intereſt, make uſe of their inclinations to mitigate their rage and impetuoſity; I bring them under a deception to cure them, and make uſe of their weakneſs to ſubject them to virtue. But with all theſe innocent artifices, I do not pretend to injure Charity; I leave to it the ſincerity of its intentions; I permit it to ſeek God for his own ſake, and I oblige Juſtice, Fortitude, and Temperance, which are capable of reaſon, to follow in as great a degree as poſſible the purity of its motions.

After theſe preliminaries, nothing further remains than to inform the Reader of the order of this work; but it is ſo clear, that the titles alone may point it out, and it is ſufficient to read the following Table to conceive the whole deſign. I treat of the

the Paſſions in general and particular. In general, I repreſent their nature, their diſorder, their government, their affinity with vices and virtues, and their power over the liberty of men. In particular, I oppoſe them to one another, to make them appear in a more conſpicuous light; and after explaining their eſſence, their properties, and their effects, I diſcover and lay open their ill uſe for being avoided, and their good uſe for being followed. Whoever chuſes to profit by theſe admonitions, will find by experience, that from a proper regulation and government of his Paſſions, he will be able to reſiſt and ſubdue all vices, and have interior conſolation, and that peace which the world cannot give, in the practice of all virtues.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PASSIONS, &c.

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OF THE PASSIONS IN GENERAL.

BOOK I.

OF THE NATURE OF THE PASSIONS.

CHAPTER I.

APOLOGY FOR THE PASSIONS AGAINST THE STOICS.

AS there is no man of ſuch ſignal moderation but ſometimes expe-riences the violence of the Paſſions, and as their diſorder is a misfortune which few can guard againſt, they have been there-fore at all times the ſubject which has

moſt exerciſed the wits of Philoſophers; and indeed, of all parts of Morality, this has been oftenest examined into. But if I dare to declare freely my ſentiments, and if I am allowed to pronounce a judgment on talents I acknowledge to be ſuperior to my own, it ſeems to me that there is no part of Philoſophy which has been treated with more oſtentation, and yet with leſs profit. Some have contented themſelves with deſcribing the Paſſions, and diſcovering to us their cauſes and effects, without teaching us how we may govern them; whence they ſtand juſtly accuſed of having been more careful to make us acquainted with our ailments, than preſcribe to us remedies for them: others more blind, but more zealous, have confounded them with vices, and placed no difference between the motions of the ſenſitive appetite, and the irregularities of the will, ſo that to hear them ſpeak one cannot be paſſionate without being criminal; their diſcourſes, which ought to have been inſtructions for Virtue, have been invectives againſt the Paſſions; they have made the evil greater than it was, and their deſire to cure it, ſerved only to render it incurable. Others again, little different from the latter,

ter, have endeavoured to ſtifle the Paſſions, and without conſidering that man had a body, and that his ſoul was not diſengaged from Matter, would fain have raiſed him to the condition of angels. As theſe have been the moſt famous declared enemies of the Paſſions, as they have exerted themſelves in producing reaſons for vanquiſhing them, it is juſt to give them a hearing in order to make them a proper anſwer, and to deſtroy error before truth is laid down and eſtabliſhed.

Few are ignorant that pride was always inherent to the ſect of the Stoics, that to raiſe man they endeavoured to abaſe God, and that they often made their Sage a degree happier than their Jupiter: they placed him above fortune and fate, and would have his happineſs depend ſolely on his own will. Virtue is too modeſt to accept ſuch unjuſt praiſes, and Piety does not permit her to aggrandize herſelf to the prejudice of the deity ſhe adores: but the vanity of thoſe inſolent Philoſophers was never more conſpicuous than in the war they declared againſt our Paſſions. Being the motions of the baſer part of our ſoul, pride made them eloquent in their invectives, and ambition furniſhed them with

reaſons, which are well received by all men, who are uneaſy at having a body, and regret they are not angels. They * ſay that tranquillity is inconſiſtent with the Paſſions; that it is more eaſy to deſtroy, than to keep them under a juſt regulation; that ſoldiers ſhould never be employed who deſpiſe the orders of their chief, and are more diſpoſed to act againſt reaſon, than fight in defence of its authority; that the Paſſions are the maladies of our ſouls; that the weakeſt of them are dangerous, and that health is not intire, when we ſtill feel the feveriſh ſymptoms; that a man is very wretched, who cannot find his ſecurity but in what has a manifeſt tendency to his deſtruction; who cannot be courageous unleſs he ſuffers himſelf to be inflamed with anger; who cannot be prudent without being ſeized with fear, and who dares not to undertake any thing, unleſs ſolicited by deſires: they conclude, that to be ſlaves to our Paſſions, we muſt live under the laſh of Tyranny, and muſt renounce our liberty to obey ſuch arrogant maſters.

* Senec. lib. 1. de Irâ. cap. 10.

Theſe

Theſe reaſons, which are expreſſed and illuſtrated by ſo many fine words in the writings of the Stoics, could never as yet, I apprehend, make any thing better than an ideal Sage: Their admirers could not help being aſhamed of them. After having long courted ſo glorious and auſtere a virtue, they became the mockery of all ages, and the wiſeſt amongſt them have been very ſenſible, that ſtriving to make Gods they made only Idols. Seneca too, whom I conſider as the moſt eloquent and proud diſciple of that haughty ſect, preſſed by the weakneſs of nature and the force of reaſon, betrays his party, and recollecting no longer their maxims, confeſſes that the Sage * feels ſometimes certain emotions, and though agitated by no real Paſſions, he retains notwithſtanding their ſhadows and appearances. Whoever is well acquainted with this Philoſopher's temper, will be ſatisfied with this confeſſion; and whoever weighs well the ſenſe of his words, will think, that the Stoics were not different from other Philoſophers but in their way of ſpeaking; and though they

* Senec. lib. 1. de Irâ. c. 16.

affected pompous terms, their ſentiments were not the more elevated; for they do not blame all Paſſions, but their exceſs only; and if they ever had a deſire to ſtifle them, they never entertained the leaſt hopes of effecting it.

And indeed, to exempt man from theſe mouvements, there would be a neceſſity of deſtroying his conſtitution, and ſeparating the Soul from the Body, but whilſt this illuſtrious priſoner is obliged to perform the ſame functions as the Souls of beaſts, ſhe will be conſtrained to feel the impulſe of Paſſions; and whilſt in her operations ſhe muſt make uſe of her ſenſes, in the practice of virtue ſhe muſt likewiſe make uſe of hope and fear. It is not more ſhameful to the Soul to fear a danger, to hope for an happineſs, or to be irritated againſt an evil, than to ſee by the eyes, or to hear by the ears: both are a ſervitude, but both are neceſſary. It is much eaſier to govern the Paſſions than the Senſes; and fear, anger, and love are by far more capable of reaſon than hunger, thirſt, and ſleep. If we therefore ſubject the ſenſes to the empire of reaſon, we may likewiſe ſubject our paſſions to it, and make our fear and our hope virtuous, as well

well as any other action, which is truly good and laudable.

Reaſon is the peculiar good of man, all others are but foreign to him; he may incur the loſs of them without becoming thereby the poorer, and provided he is reaſonable he may pride himſelf in being always man. Now, ſince this good is the greateſt of all others, it ſhould be diffuſed into all parts of the man, and the loweſt and meaneſt faculties of his ſoul ſhould be made capable of it. There is no fear but may be conducive to our confidence if well managed; there is no hope which under a proper regulation does not animate us to generous and difficult actions; there is no courage, which being well conducted does not render the ſoldier invincible: in ſhort, the moſt inſolent paſſions may be of ſervice to reaſon, and not to employ them in the courſe of our life, is to leave inert and uſeleſs one of the fineſt parts of our Soul. Even Virtue would be indolent if ſhe had no paſſions to conquer or regulate; and whoever conſiders their principal employments, will find them converſant in the guiding of our mouvements. Fortitude is buſy in ſubduing fear, and that courageous

virtue would ceaſe to act, if man ceaſed to fear. Modeſty makes us meaſure our deſires and our hopes, and if there were no ambitious paſſions, there would be no modeſt men amidſt the ſmiles of their good fortune. Temperance and continence repreſs voluptuouſneſs, and if nature had not mingled pleaſure with all the actions of our life, theſe two virtues that conſtitute the chaſte and the continent, would remain equally uſeleſs. Clemency mitigates Anger, and if that paſſion did not animate Princes to revenge, the virtue which moderates it would deſerve no commendations.

But if the Paſſions receive ſo many good offices from virtues, they make no return of ingratitude; for when trained up in their ſchool, they repay them with uſury, and ſerve them with fidelity. Fear is the ſtrongeſt and moſt powerful ingredient in the compoſition of prudence, and though accuſed of ſeeking after evil before it happens, it prepares us to endure it patiently, or to avoid it happily. Hope is of ſingular ſervice to Fortitude, and in the atchievement of great and noble exploits it is neceſſary it ſhould ſpirit up our courage by its promiſes. Intrepidity is the faithful

ful companion of Valour, and all great conquerors are indebted for their glory to the generoſity of that paſſion. Anger and Indignation maintain juſtice, and animate judges to the puniſhment of criminals. In ſhort, there are no paſſions but are uſeful to virtue when under the guidance of reaſon, and thoſe who have ſo much decried them, have fully convinced us that they were utter ſtrangers both to their uſe and merit.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE NATURE OF THE PASSIONS, AND OF THE POWER OF THE SOUL THEY RESIDE IN.

THE greatneſs of God is ſo far exalted beyond the reach of our intellects, that men have not been able to know it without debaſing it, and his unity is ſo ſimple, that, in like manner, they have not been able to conceive it without dividing it. The ancient philoſophers gave God different names in order to expreſs his different perfections; and by calling him ſome-

ſometimes Deſtiny, ſometimes Nature, and ſometimes Providence, they introduced into the world the plurality of Gods, and made all people Idolaters. The Soul being the image of God, the ſame philoſophers divided her likewiſe, and not being able to comprehend the ſimplicity of her eſſence, believed that ſhe was corporeal. They imagined that ſhe had parts as the body, and though more ſubtile not leſs real. They multiplied the cauſe with its effects, and taking her different faculties for different natures, gave, contrary to the laws of reaſon, ſeveral forms to one and the ſame compound. But Truth, which came down upon the earth with Faith, taught us that the Soul is one in her eſſence, and that different names are only impoſed on her for expreſſing the variety of her operations. For when ſhe imparts life to the body, and by the natural heat which proceeds from the heart, as its center, preſerves and cheriſhes all its parts, ſhe is called Form; when ſhe ſees colours by the eyes, or diſcerns ſounds by the ears, ſhe is called Senſation; when ſhe riſes higher, and by reaſoning infers one truth from another, ſhe is called Underſtanding; when ſhe lays up her thoughts, to uſe them

them as ſhe may have occaſion for them, or draws out of her treaſures the riches ſhe had depoſited in them, ſhe is called Memory; when, in fine, ſhe loves whatever is agreeable to her, or hates whatever ſhe has an averſion againſt, ſhe is called Will: But all theſe faculties that differ in their ſeveral departments agree in their ſubſtance; they are all together but one Soul, and are only as ſo many rivulets flowing from the ſame ſource.

Prophane Philoſophy at length acknowledging this truth, made uſe of ſeveral compariſons for expreſſing it. One time, it repreſented the Soul in her body as an Intelligence in the Heaven, whoſe virtue diffuſes itſelf throughout all its globes; another time, it exhibited her as a pilot ſteering her ſhip; and again, as a ſovereign governing his ſtate: but Chriſtian Philoſophy has ſucceeded much better, when, by proceeding to the Principle of the Soul, it makes us acquainted with the effects ſhe produces in the body, as analogous to thoſe God produces in the world: For, though that infinite Spirit does not in the leaſt depend on the univerſe which he created, and though, without prejudicing his greatneſs, he can deſtroy his work,

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yet his immenſity by his Thought and by his Will permeates all its parts; by his Thought, as he knows every thing that paſſes in the world; by his Will, as he operates all in all things; thus, leaving no ſpace which he does not fill, fitting himſelf to all creatures in their operations, and without dividing his unity or weakening his virtue; enlightening with the ſun, burning with the fire, cooling with the water, and producing fruits with the trees: he is as great on the earth as in the heavens; though his effects are different his power is always equal; and the ſtars which ſparkle over our heads, do not coſt him more than the flowers we tread under our feet. In like manner, the Soul pervades the body, and penetrates all its parts; ſhe is as noble in the hand as in the heart; and though adapting herſelf to the diſpoſition of organs, ſhe ſpeaks by the mouth, ſees by the eyes, and hears by the ears, yet is ſhe a pure ſpirit in her eſſence, and in her different functions her unity is neither divided nor her power weakened. It is true, that not finding the ſame diſpoſitions in every part of the body, ſhe does not in like manner produce the ſame effects; ſo that in this reſpect the illuſtrious

captive

captive falls infinitely ſhort of God; for as God is infinite, and as he could make all things out of nothing, he can alſo out of every creature educe all things, and without any regard to their inclinations, render them ſubſervient to his will. Thus we ſee that he employed fire for alleviating the pains of his ſubjects; that he uſed light for blinding his enemies; that he compelled rivers to run back to their ſource to afford a paſſage to his friends; and that he made the earth open to ſwallow up the rebels of his ſtate; but the Soul, whoſe power is limited, cannot act independently of organs, and though ſpiritual in her nature, ſhe is corporeal in her operations.

This is what obliged philoſophers to conſider her in three ſtates, which are ſo different from one another, that if in the firſt ſhe approaches to the dignity of angels, in the ſecond her condition is not better than that of beaſts, and in the laſt ſhe is not much removed from the nature of plants, being herein no otherwiſe employed than in feeding her body, digeſting aliments, converting them into blood and juices, and diſtributing them through the veins, arteries, and other ducts of the body; and to perform this ſtrange metamorphoſis,

morphoſis, the ſame identical matter thickens into fleſh, ſtiffens into tendons and nerves, and hardens into cartilages and bones; ſhe augments the parts of her body by nouriſhing them, ſhe finiſhes her work with time, and by the dint of aſſiduous cares brings it to its proper ſize; again, ſolicited by Providence, ſhe thinks of contributing to maintain the world by a return of what ſhe has received, and ſo produces her like for the preſervation of her ſpecies. In this ſtate ſhe does not act more nobly than the plants which are nurtured by the influences of Heaven, which ſpring up by the heat of the ſun, and which propagate their ſpecies by their roots, buds, or ſeeds.

In the ſecond ſtate, ſhe becomes ſenſible, and begins to have inclinations and knowledge; ſhe ſees objects through the medium of the ſenſes, which apprize the Imagination of them, and the Imagination conſigns them over to the Memory, which undertakes both to keep them carefully, and repreſent them faithfully: Her inclinations give birth to her deſires, and from her knowledge proceeds her love or hatred; ſhe attaches herſelf to that which is agreeable to her, is averſe from whatever diſpleaſes her, and according to the different qualities

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of the good or ill that preſents itſelf, ſhe excites different motions, which are called Paſſions. In this degree ſhe poſſeſſes nothing more elevated than beaſts, which diſcover objects by the ſenſes, receive the repreſentations of them into their imagination, and retain them in their memory.

In the third ſtate, ſhe abſtracts herſelf from the body, and recollected within herſelf, meditates upon the ſublimeſt truths; ſhe treats with the angels, and aſcending gradually to the Divinity, conceives an idea of his perfections, and admires his greatneſs; ſhe reaſons upon the ſubjects that occur, examining their qualities to underſtand their eſſences; ſhe compares the preſent with the paſt, and forms conjectures on both for futurity. The faculty that performs all theſe wonders is called Mind; the imagination and the ſenſes acknowledge her for their miſtreſs, but ſhe is not ſo free as not to depend on a ſovereign, and obey the law of one that is blind, to whom ſhe ſerves as guide: This, which is called Will, and which has no other object but good to follow, and evil to eſchew, is ſo abſolute, that Heaven itſelf reſpects her liberty; for it never uſes violence when it acts in con-

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junction with her, obtaining her consent by a display of cogent motives: And those efficacious graces that produce always their effect, may undertake to convert, but never to force her: Her orders are always complied with in her dominions, her subjects, though fierce, are never rebellious to her, and when she commands absolutely, she is always obeyed.

It is true, that there are motions formed in the second state of the Soul which exercise her power; for though they hold of her, they notwithstanding pretend to some sort of liberty; they are rather her fellow citizens than her slaves, and she is rather their judge than sovereign. As these passions arise from the senses, they always embrace their party. The Imagination never represents them to the Mind without speaking in their favour; and with so good an advocate they find means to corrupt their judge, and gain all their causes. The Mind hears them, examines their reasons, considers their inclinations, pronounces very often to their advantage that she may not chagrine them, betrays the Will, deceives that blind queen, and disguising the truth, makes unfaithful reports to obtain from her unjust commands. When the

Will

Will has declared herſelf, the Paſſions become crimes, their ſedition is formed into parties, and man, who as yet was but diſorderly, becomes intirely criminal: For, as the motions of that inferior part of the Soul are not free, they do not commence to be vicious but when they commence to be voluntary: Whilſt objects excite them, the Senſes ſolicit them, and even the Imagination protects them, they have no other malice but what they borrow from corrupt nature: But ſo ſoon as the intellect, clouded by their darkneſs, or gained over by their ſolicitations, perverts the Will, and obliges that ſovereign to intereſt herſelf for her ſlaves, ſhe makes them culpable by her aſſent, changes their commotions into rebellion, and thus the inſurrection of the beaſt conſtitutes the crime of the man. It is certain, however, that when the Mind acquits herſelf of her duty, and remains faithful, as an upright Miniſter, to the Will, ſhe repreſſes their ſeditions, brings thoſe mutineers into obedience, and manages ſo dexterouſly their humours, that ſhe quite tames their ferocity, and converts them into rare and excellent Virtues: In this ſtate they range under the banners of reaſon, and vigorouſly defend

the party they reſolved to fight for. The good or ill accruing from them obliges us to conſider their nature, to remark their properties, and to diſcover their origin, that by knowing them exactly, we may occaſionally uſe them.

Paſſion is therefore nothing elſe but a motion of the ſenſitive appetite, cauſed by the imagination of a good or evil apparent or real, which changes the body contrary to the laws of Nature. I call it motion, becauſe Paſſion regards good and evil as its objects, and ſuffers itſelf to be captivated with the qualities it obſerves in them. This motion is cauſed by the imagination, which being filled with the repreſentations it has received from all the ſenſes, ſolicits the Paſſion, and diſcovers to it the beauties or deformities of the objects which may move it: For it is the Imagination that cauſes all the ravage, and the ſenſitive appetite pays ſo much deference to it, that it ſeconds all its inclinations. Whenever therefore the Imagination is ſtrongly agitated, it hurries along with it all the Paſſions, raiſing ſtorms as the winds raiſe the waves, and the Soul would be peaceful in her inferior part if ſhe was not moved by that power; but its authority is ſo great in

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that empire that it acts at pleaſure. It is not even neceſſary that the good and evil repreſented by the Imagination ſhould be real; for the appetite confides in its fidelity, and believes its counſels without examination. Having no light but what it borrows from that ſource, it follows blindly all the objects propoſed to it; and provided they are cloathed with ſome appearance of good or evil, it rejects or embraces them with impetuoſity; and theſe efforts are ſo forcible as to be always productive of a change in the body; for beſides that its motions are violent, though ſcarce deſerving the name of Paſſions when they are moderate, they have ſo eaſy an acceſs to the Senſes, and the Senſes have ſo conſiderable a communication with the body, that it is impoſſible that their diſorders ſhould not cauſe an alteration in it. In fine, Paſſion is againſt the laws of nature, becauſe it attacks the heart, which cannot be wounded without all the parts of the body ſhewing emotion, being ſo many mirrours wherein may be viewed all the motions of that which animates them; and as phyſicians judge of the conſtitution of the body by the beating of the arteries, one may judge of the Paſſions that

tranſport it by the colour of the face, by the flames that flaſh in the eyes, by the tremors and chills that convulſe the limbs, and by all thoſe other ſigns which appear on the body when the heart is agitated.

Now, it is theſe Paſſions that we here undertake to reduce under the dominion of Reaſon, and to change into Virtues. Some have contented themſelves in deſcribing them without bringing them under any regulation, and have exerted their eloquence to no other purpoſe than diſcovering to us our miſeries. They believed, perhaps, that it was ſufficient to know an evil in order to its cure, ſo that the deſire of health would oblige us to ſeek after a remedy; but they ſhould remember, that there are pleaſing diſtempers which many patients dread being cured of. Others have entered the liſts againſt paſſions as Monſters; they have furniſhed us with arms for deſtroying them, without conſidering, that to put this deſign into execution one muſt get rid of himſelf. Others were ſenſible that the Paſſions, conſtituting a part of our Soul, could not be deſtroyed but by death; whence, blaming tacitly him who gave them to us, they offered

fered reaſons for allaying them, without ſeeking the means to bring them to order: The thought alſo that they were only neceſſary to virtue for exerciſing her courage; that they were only uſeful to man for proving him, and that he could reap no other advantage from them than ſuffering them with patience, or reſolutely reſiſting them. But I pretend to defend their cauſe, and yet to defend that of God, intending to ſhew in the ſequel of this work, that the ſame Providence who has brought forth our Salvation out of what we had loſt, is willing we ſhould bring forth our quiet out of the diſorder of the Paſſions; and that by his favour we ſhould endeavour to tame thoſe ſavage monſters, and compel to march under the ſtandard of virtue thoſe combatants that moſt frequently liſt under that of vice.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE NUMBER OF THE PASSIONS OF MAN.

IT is ſomewhat ſtrange that the Soul ſhould know all things, and yet be ignorant of herſelf; for there is nothing

ſo hidden in nature but ſhe diſcovers; the ſecrets of that common mother are known to her, even all that paſſes in the bowels of the earth are inveſtigated and laid open to her view: She knows how metals are formed, how the elements are alternately at peace or war, how the vapours riſe into the atmoſphere, how they thicken into clouds, melt into rains, and burſt into thunder; ſhe knows alſo what parts the human body is compoſed of, and, by a cruel artifice, diſſects it to learn its properties; ſtill is ſhe ignorant of what paſſes within herſelf. By borrowing all her lights from the ſenſes, and by depending, in her nobleſt operations, on the images which the imagination repreſents to her, ſhe cannot know her eſſence which is entirely ſpiritual, and ſhe has only feeble conjectures concerning her moſt excellent qualities: She doubts of her immortality, and to be aſſured of it ſhe is obliged to call Faith to the aſſiſtance of reaſon, and to believe what ſhe cannot comprehend by evident certainty. But of all things in her, none are ſo hidden as her Paſſions; for though they make an impreſſion on the ſenſes by their violence, yet Philoſophers

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are divided in opinion concerning their ſubject and number.

Some believe that they are formed in the body, and others that they reſide in the loweſt part of the Soul, which they divide into two powers, called Concupiſcible and Iraſcible, aſſigning to the firſt the ſofter paſſions, and to the ſecond the more untractable; and they would have love and hatred, deſire and averſion, joy and ſorrow, comprehended in the concupiſcible appetite; and fear and courage, hope and deſpair, anger and cowardice, in the iraſcible. To eſtabliſh this difference they ſay, that the Paſſions of the Concupiſcible regard good and evil as abſent or preſent, and that thoſe of the iraſcible conſider them as difficult; that the firſt make only incurſions and retreats, but that the ſecond fight battles, and win or loſe victories; that the former ſide with the body, and the latter with the mind; that the one are cowardly, and the others generous; and that on account of the oppoſition of ſo many contrary qualities, it muſt be concluded they cannot reſide in one and the ſame part of our Soul.

If it might not be deemed raſhneſs to doubt of this maxim, or to invalidate an

opinion generally received for ſo many ages paſt, I ſhould be much inclined to believe, that all thoſe paſſions are the reſult of the ſame Appetite, which is divided by its motions, as the mind is divided by her operations, or as the will is divided by love and hatred. Thoſe different ſentiments do not therefore pre-ſuppoſe different faculties, ſince it frequently happens that the ſame man deſires contrary things, yet preſerves the unity of his perſon amidſt the variety of his deſires: He experiences in himſelf this conflict, when, as St. Auguſtine * ſays, he is inclined to be converted from his evil ways; and then he ſees his Soul divided by different ſentiments, and is aſtoniſhed, that having but one will, ſhe is able to form ſuch contrary reſolutions. But without engaging in a war wherein more enemies are created than defeated, and wherein the contending parties always fancy they have gained the victory, I content myſelf with hinting my opinion, inſtead of inſiſting on its defence; and ſo concluding nothing concerning the ſubject where the Paſſions reſide, I ſhall ſpeak of their number, and relate what Philoſophers have written on this head.

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* Auguſt. Confeſſion. l. 8.

The Academicians believed, that there were four principal ones, Deſire and Fear, Joy and Grief; and Virgil, who appears in all his works to be a diſciple of that ancient Sect, deſcribing the mouvements of our Soul, makes * mention only of theſe. It ſeems indeed, that they include all others, deſpair and averſion being comprehended under fear; and hope, fortitude, and anger, under deſire; which altogether terminate in joy or grief. But whatever reaſons may be alledged to gloſs over this diviſion it is ſtill defective, as not including love and hatred, which are the two firſt ſources of our Paſſions. They were therefore multiplied by the Peripatetics, who appointed their number according to the different mouvements of our Soul; for ſhe has, ſay they, either an inclination or averſion for the objects that pleaſe or diſpleaſe her, and this is love and hatred; or ſhe withdraws from them, and it is flight; or ſhe approaches them, and it is deſire; or ſhe promiſes herſelf the poſſeſſion of what ſhe wiſhes, and it is hope;

* Hinc metuunt, capiunt, gaudentque dolentque. Æneid. l. 6.

hope; or ſhe cannot defend herſelf againſt the evil ſhe apprehends, and it is deſpair; or ſhe ſtrives to fight againſt it, and it is courage; or ſhe incites and animates herſelf to conquer it, and it is anger; or laſtly, ſhe poſſeſſes good, and it is joy; or ſhe ſuffers evil, and it is grief. Some others, who are of the ſame opinion, prove the diverſity of Paſſions another way, and ſay that good and evil may be conſidered in themſelves, without any circumſtance, exciting love and hatred; or they may be regarded as abſent, producing fear and deſire; or as difficult, cauſing hope, courage, and anger; or as impoſſible, giving birth to deſpair; or laſtly, as preſent, filling the Soul with pleaſure or pain.

Though theſe reaſons are ſatisfactory to the mind, yet they do not convince it; and without giving offence to Philoſophy, the ſentiments of Plato and Ariſtotle may be thought perhaps inadmiſſible. For it ſeems to me, that they give ſeveral names to the ſame thing, that they divide the unity of love, and take its various effects for different Paſſions. So that after a due examination of this matter, I am inclined to think, that love is the only Paſſion whereby we are agitated; for all thoſe

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mouvements that trouble our Soul are but ſo many diſtinguiſhed loves; our fears and our deſires, our hopes, and our deſpairs, our pleaſures and our pains, are viſages aſſumed by love according to the good or ill ſucceſs it meets with; and as the ſea bears different names, according to the different parts of the earth it waſhes with its waters, ſo love changes its names according to its different ſituations: In the Pagan mythology each perfection of God paſſed for a Divinity; in like manner, the qualities of love have been taken by the antient Philoſophers for different Paſſions; and theſe great men imagined, that as often as it changed its way of acting or employment, it alſo changed its nature and name. But if this argument was true, the Soul muſt loſe her unity every time ſhe produces different effects; whence ſhe that digeſts meats, and diſtributes the blood through the veins, cannot be the ſame that ſpeaks with the tongue, and hears with the ears.

Reaſon therefore obliges us to believe that there is but one Paſſion, and that hope and fear, grief and joy, are the moving ſprings or properties of love; but to paint and diſplay it in all its colours it may

may be ſaid, that when it languiſhes after what it loves, it is called Deſire; that when it obtains poſſeſſion, it aſſumes the name of Pleaſure; that when it flies from what it abhors, it is called Fear; and that when, after a long and unavailing defence, it is conſtrained to ſuffer, it is called Grief. Or, to expreſs the ſame thing in clearer terms, deſire and flight, hope and fear, are the mouvements of love, whereby it ſeeks after what is agreeable, or avoids what is contrary to it; courage and anger are the battles it engages in for defending what it loves; joy is its triumph, deſpair its weakneſs, and grief its defeat: Or again, deſire is the courſe of love, fear is its flight, grief is its torment, and joy its repoſe: It approaches good by deſiring it, avoids evil by dreading it, is mournful in feeling pain, and rejoices in taſting pleaſure; but in all thoſe different ſtates it is always the ſame, and amidſt this variety of effects retains the unity of its eſſence.

But if it be true that love conſtitutes all our Paſſions, it muſt ſometimes be tranſformed into its contrary; and by a more incredible metamorphoſis than that of the poets be converted into hatred, and produce

duce effects that will belye its temper; for love is obliging, and hatred is malicious; love is generous and takes pleaſure in pardoning; hatred is baſe and meditates nothing but revenge; love grants life to its enemies, hatred procures the death of its moſt faithful friends; whence, it ſeems, that vice might be ſooner made to agree with virtue, than love with hatred. This objection is very ſpecious, impoſing at firſt ſight, but if narrowly inſpected into, will be found to have little ſolidity; and thoſe that form it did not remember, that often the ſame cauſe produces contrary effects; that the heat which melts wax, dries clay; that the motion which raiſes our hearts to Heaven, withdraws us from the earth; that our inclination of ſelf-preſervation, is an averſion from every thing that may contribute to hurt us. Thus the love of good is a hatred of evil, and that ſame Paſſion which is mild in regard to thoſe who behave obligingly to it exerciſes ſeverity on offenders; in this, imitating juſtice, which by the ſame motion puniſhes crimes and rewards virtue: It reſembles alſo the Sun, which by the ſame light makes eagles more quick-ſighted and blinds owls; and if we are allowed to form ſuch a com-

a compariſon, it may be ſaid to ſquare its conduct on that of God himſelf, who hates the prevaricator for no other reaſon but becauſe he loves himſelf. If ſo many good reaſons cannot evince ſo manifeſt a truth, at leaſt they ſhould induce our adverſaries to grant, that if there be ſeveral paſſions, love is the ſovereign of them; and that it is ſo abſolute in its dominions, that its ſubjects never undertake any thing but by its orders: It is the main ſpring that ſets them in motion; and as it gives them motion, ſo alſo it gives them reſt, irritating and appeaſing them by its looks; and its examples have ſo powerful an aſcendant over all the affections of our Soul, that its goodneſs or malice renders them good or bad.

CHAPTER IV.

WHICH IS THE MOST VIOLENT PASSIONS OF MAN?

IF it be neceſſary to know diſeaſes in order to their cure, it is not leſs neceſſary to be acquainted with the Paſſions for keeping them under a juſt regulation, and to know which is that which attacks

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us with moſt violence. Philoſophers are ſo divided in opinion on this ſubject, that reaſon has not yet been able to decide their differences.

Plato has left us in a doubt, without properly reſolving the queſtion, having contented himſelf with ſaying, that there were four paſſions which ſeemed in violence to ſurpaſs the reſt. The firſt is voluptuous pleaſure, which, though it affects the mildeſt diſpoſitions, is exceeding furious, and reſiſts reaſon with more obſtinacy than pain. The ſecond is anger, which being nothing elſe, according to Ariſtotle's definition, than the * ferment of the blood about the heart, muſt be exceſſively violent: If nature, ever vigilant over our preſervation, did not ſtifle it immediately after its birth, there is no evil it would not be capable of; and it is a queſtion whether any thing could be a ſufficient barrier againſt its fury: But whatever violence may be attributed to it, I hold it to be more reaſonable than voluptuouſneſs; for lions are ſooner tamed than fiſhes, an angry man is ſooner appeaſed than the voluptuous

* Fervor ſanguinis circa cor. Ariſtot.

tuous reclaimed; and experience teaches us, that of theſe two paſſions the milder is the leſs tractable, and the more furious the leſs obſtinate. The third is the deſire of honour, which is ſo powerfully impreſſed on the Soul of man, that there is no difficulty but it ſurmounts: It is this that makes Conquerors, that inſpires Soldiers with courage, that renders Orators eloquent, and Philoſophers learned; for all its different conditions are animated by the ſame deſire; and though following different routes, tend to the ſame end. The fourth is the fear of death, which by its frequent alarms troubles the whole tranquil ſtate of our life; its produces ſuch ſtrange effects that its nature cannot be diſcovered; and timid, the ſhadow of evil being ſufficient to diſmay it, yet it makes men courageous, obliging them to ſeek after a certain death to avoid one that is uncertain: It gives new ſtrength to the conquered, and, aſſiſted by deſpair, wins the battle it had juſt before loſt. It is difficult enough to judge which of thoſe two Paſſions is the ſtronger, having by turns triumphed over each other; and as the fear of death has made the deſire of honour to be forgotten, ſo alſo ſometimes the

the deſire of honour has occaſioned the deſpiſing of the fear of death.

Though I conceive a high eſteem for Plato, and though even the ravings of that Philoſopher ſeem to be more noble and elevated than the reaſonings of Ariſtotle, I cannot ſide with him on this occaſion, much leſs approve his opinion, notwithſtanding all the ſubſtantial reaſons it may be ſupported with: For voluptuouſneſs is not ſo much a particular paſſion as the ſource of thoſe that afford us ſome contentment, and it is not ſo violent but it may be eaſily checked by pain; it has no advantage but in the abſence of its enemy, and it does not corrupt men but when it finds no reſiſtance. So ſoon as the conteſt is diſputed, it eaſily yields, and experience teaches us, that a ſlight wound makes us readily to forget an extreme pleaſure. Anger is indeed more ardent, but it has no duration, unleſs converted into hatred; its effects need not therefore be apprehended, being more ſudden than violent; but to expreſs properly its nature, it may be ſaid that it is capable of an ill action, but that it cannot conceive a wicked deſign. The deſire of glory is an eternal paſsion; age, which enfeebles all others,

fortifies it, and it ſeems that this * evil has no remedy but death: It is nevertheleſs cured by ill ſucceſs, and the loſs of two or three battles converts it into melancholy. Hannibal after his defeat no longer flattered himſelf with notions of honour; if he paſſed from kingdom to kingdom to ſolicit princes for forming a party againſt the Romans, it was rather deſpair than ambition that prompted him; and this unfortunate Captain did not ſo much go in queſt of making an addition to his glory as preſerving his life. It is well known that Marius was haughty after his defeat, and that though a priſoner he ſtill aſpired to the Conſulſhip: His temper did not alter with his condition; in irons he dreamt of diadems, and when he had loſt his own liberty, he ſtill harboured the deſign of oppreſſing that of the Republic: But this paſſion was ſupported by another; when he rallied his troops to reſtore the battle, he was not ſo much egged on by glory as vexation, and whoever could have pryed narrowly into his heart, might have remarked in it more anger than courage, more

* Noviſſima omnium cupido gloriæ exuitur. Tacit in Agric.

more hatred than ambition. This paſſion ſubſiſts only by hope; and when fortune has turned its back on it, timidity ſucceeds. Alexander would have been contented with Greece, if he had found reſiſtance in Perſia; an unproſperous event would have taught him to fix bounds to his deſires; that great heart to which the world ſeemed too little, would have circumſcribed itſelf within the ſtates of his father, if ſo many happy victories, which exceeded even his hopes, had not puffed up his ambition, and promiſed him the conqueſt of the whole earth. The fear of death is only a vulgar paſſion; generous Souls deſpiſe it, and baſer Souls ward it off by hope, the faithful companion of the unhappy; but when the preſence of evil forces this companion to deſert them, deſpair ſucceeds, ſhewing by its effects that it is able to ſurmount the moſt firm conſtancy of Philoſophers.

All theſe reaſons oblige me to reject Plato's opinion; ſo that there remains only to examine thoſe Ariſtotle advances in defence of his own. He ſeems to maintain in ſome parts of his writings, that hatred is the moſt violent paſſion that tranſports us. In fact, anger, which juſt now ſeemed to

ſo dreadful, is nothing more than a diſpoſition to hatred; which cannot attain to its malice without being nurtured by ſuſpicions, fomented by defamation, and kept up by length of time: But when once changed into hatred, there is ſcarce any miſchief but it is capable of. It reſides in the heart as well as love, and ſeated in the throne love ſhould occupy, it gives orders as Sovereign, and employs all the other paſſions to ſatiate its rage: Anger furniſhes it with arms, courage fights for it, hope promiſes it good ſucceſs, and deſpair often gives it victory; but what ſurpaſſes all belief, it borrows forces from love though its enemy, and by an effect very expreſſive of its power, obliges the ſofteſt of the paſſions to ſerve as the miniſter of its deteſtable deſigns; it * imitates its motions, walks in its footſteps, and perverting its maxims, is intent upon doing as much evil as love is upon doing good, and of leaving as many marks of its fury, as love of its goodneſs: But if it be true, that copies never equal originals; whatever efforts hatred may exert, it will never come near the power of love; and

* Siqueris odio miſera quem ſtatuas modum imitare morem. Seneca in Medea.

and as it models itſelf thereon, love will always have the advantage over it.

Purſuant to this notion there have been ſome Philoſophers, who would not join Ariſtotle, in opinion and paying a greater deference to reaſon than his authority, were perſuaded that Jealouſy was the moſt violent of all the Paſſions: And indeed, it muſt be confeſſed, that if this opinion is not the trueſt, it is at leaſt the moſt ſpecious; for jealouſy is compoſed of love and hatred; and as contraries cannot abide together without contention, thoſe two inimical paſſions muſt neceſſarily wage war againſt each other, and all the other paſſions that are ſubject to them, muſt take up arms for defending their reſpective intereſts; becauſe the jealous being ſtruck with love and hatred, muſt of conſequence be ſeized with fear and boldneſs, hope and deſpair, joy and ſorrow. Thus the Scripture, eloquent even in its ſimplicity, finding nothing ſufficiently expreſſive of the rage of jealouſy, goes to ſeek out * death in graves, and hell in the bowels of the earth, to give us a faint pic-

* Love is ſtrong as death, jealouſy is cruel as the grave. The coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a moſt vehement flame. Solom. Song. C. 8. v. 6.

ture of it. According to this maxim, one might be apt to conclude that the jealous are the damned of this world, and that the paſſion they are tormented with is a puniſhment equalling that of the Devil's. After the authority of the Scripture one might be thought raſh to diſpute this opinion, and it ſeems that all things conſpire to make it paſs for true; yet it is not without its weak ſide, and the reaſons it produces in its defence may ſerve to make it inadmiſſible: For tho' jealouſy be a mixture of love and hatred, it does not follow that it is the moſt violent of our paſſions; even thoſe that compoſe it would not agree together, if they were not ſoftened, and as the elements cannot conſtitute the ſame body unleſs their qualities be moderated, ſo all thoſe paſſions cannot form jealouſy unleſs tempered and mollified; love muſt weaken hatred, joy moderate grief, and hope ſoften deſpair. It has been obſerved that two poiſons taken together loſe their force, and that ſerving as an antidote to one another, they are harmleſs, or if they do harm, they cure it; thus in jealouſy love is the antidote of hatred; and the jealous perſon ſuffers little harm, becauſe he has many paſſions, and can boaſt that by a ſtrange deſtiny, he

he owes his ſafety to the number of his enemies.

But ſince, after deſtroying fallacy and lies, it is neceſſary to eſtabliſh truth, we may ſay that by our principles this queſtion is not hard to be reſolved; for as we acknowledge but one paſſion which is love, and as all the other paſſions are but effects produced by it, we are obliged to confeſs, that they borrow all their force from their cauſe, and have no other violence but what is inherent to it. In fact, Love is a Sovereign that impreſſes its qualities on its ſubjects; it is a General that inſpires its ſoldiery with its courage, it is a main ſpring quickening into conſtant motion all the wheels in its machinery: And hence morality ought to be intirely employed in the regulating of love; for when, indeed, it is well regulated, all other paſſions will imitate it; and the man, who knows how to love well, will have no vicious deſires nor vain hopes to moderate.

CHAPTER V.

WHETHER THERE WERE PASSIONS IN THE STATE OF INNOCENCE, AND OF THE SAME NATURE AS OURS?

SO long a time has elapſed ſince we forfeited our innocence, that we now retain but a feeble idea of it, and if the divine Juſtice did not ſtill puniſh the crime of the father in the perſons of the children, we ſhould have alſo loſt the regret of it. Every one, as fancy leads him, deſcribes the felicity of that ſtate, or rather, following the bent of his own inclinations, places in it the pleaſures he knows and deſires. Some ſay, that the whole earth was a Paradiſe; that of the ſeaſons our years conſiſt of, there were only the Autumn and Spring; that all the trees had the property of the orange, and that at all times they were loaded with leaves, flowers, and fruits: Others were perſuaded that no other winds blew but the Zephyrs, and that the earth without culture, anticipated our wantss and was productive of all things. I think, that without maintaining theſe

theſe opinions, it may be ſaid, that in this happy condition, good was not mingled with evil, and that the qualities of the elements were ſo well tempered, that man received contentment from them, and felt no cauſe of diſpleaſure. There were no diſorders that required reformation, no enemies to fight againſt, no calamities to be avoided. All creatures conſpired to his felicity, the beaſts of the field reſpected his perſon, and perhaps thoſe of the foreſt had no fierce nor ſavage diſpoſitions. As the earth did not bear thorns, and as all its parts were fruitful or agreeable, ſo the ſky and air ſhed no malign or contagious influence, and that ſtar which diſpenſes life and death in nature, conſtantly held forth the ſerene and enlivening aſpect of the moſt engaging charms. If, however, there is little certainty in regard to the ſtate of man, there is not more as to what concerns his perſon: We philoſophize according to our ſentiments, and as in the firſt ages of the world almoſt all manner of perſons made for themſelves idols, ſo now every one fabricates a felicity for Adam, and gives him all imaginable advantages.

Amidſt ſo great a multiplicity of opinions or errors, it may with good reaſon be

be ſaid, without determining any thing in particular, that though we cannot deſcribe either the beauty of the place where man made his reſidence, or the advantages of his mind and body, yet we are in ſome meaſure obliged to believe that he found in his habitation all he could wiſh for, and experienced nothing in his perſon to incommode him: His conſtitution was excellent, his health could admit of no alteration; and if time might weaken it, he had a remedy at hand to prevent that calamity by the uſe of the fruit of life, which recruiting his ſtrength, would ſupply him with new vigour. He was immortal not by nature, but by grace; and he was ſenſible that ſin could not deprive him of life unleſs he had forfeited his innocence; His ſoul was not leſs happily diſpoſed of than his body; for beſides his having all ſciences by infuſion, he knew all the ſecrets of nature, and was ignorant of nothing that might contribute to his happineſs; his memory was perfect, and his will entertained no inclinations but ſuch as were good; his affections were regular, and though he was not inſenſible, his temper was ſo even that nothing could diſturb his quiet: The Paſſions that get the ſtart

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of reaſon by their violence, waited his orders, and never roſe up without being commanded; in ſhort, his paſſions were not leſs natural than ours, but they were tractable; and as his conſtitution made him capable of our motions, original Juſtice exempted him from all their diſorders.

I know not whether I run counter to the opinion of divines, but it ſeems to me, in as great a degree as one may hazard a conjecture amidſt this gloom of darkneſs, that I do not offend truth. For, if man, by being compoſed of a body, was mortal; and if, by being honoured with original grace, he was immortal, it ſeems that by the ſame induction it may be inferred, that by not being a pure ſpirit, he had paſſions, but that being ſanctified in all the faculties of his ſoul, he had none but what were innocent. To give this reaſoning all the force it ought to have, it will be neceſſary to extend its principle and to prove, that man could die by loſing juſtice, and that immortality was rather a grace of Heaven, than property of his nature. For if he had been truly immortal, he would have no occaſion for aliments, and if death had not been natural to him, he would not have wanted

wanted a privilege to ſecure him from it. Having eaten to preſerve life, he could loſe it; and being obliged to guard againſt old age by the uſe of a miraculous fruit, there was an evident poſſibility of his dying, and of his life, as well as ours, requiring remedies againſt death. I confeſs that theſe remedies being more effectual than ours, repaired his ſtrength to greater advantage, and that in prolonging the courſe of his life, they always kept at a diſtance the hour of his death: I alſo allow that they baniſhed the corruptibility of his body, and kept it in ſo perfect a ſtate of health, as not to admit of an indiſpoſition; yet, ſtill it muſt be granted me, that if man had not uſed theſe remedies, natural heat would have conſumed the radical moiſture, and old age ſucceeding this diſorder, would have infallibly brought him to death. All theſe maxims are ſo true that there is a neceſſity of acknowledging, that if the uſe of the tree of life was permitted us in our preſent ſtate, death would cauſe no more ravages in the world; and that man, criminal as he is, would notwithſtanding be immortal. If then Adam could die becauſe he had a body, and if he could not die becauſe he had grace, it appears that in a proportionate degree

degree he had paſſions, ſince his ſoul was engaged in matter, but that theſe paſſions were docile, becauſe original Juſtice quelled their motions, and becauſe in this condition his fears were juſt, and hopes reaſonable.

I likewiſe think that there might be ſome paſſions whoſe uſe was forbidden him, and tho' capable of them, he was not affected by them, becauſe they would have diſturbed his tranquillity. I have no difficulty in believing that evil being baniſhed from the Earth, melancholy and deſpair were ſo alſo from his heart; and that during ſo conſummate a felicity, reaſon was not obliged to excite thoſe paſſions, which are only the portion of the wretched: But, indeed, I hold it for certain, that he made uſe of all others; and that reflecting on the laws impoſed on him by his Sovereign, he was ſometimes flattered by hopes, ſometimes ſtruck with fear, and kept to his duty by both together. I make no doubt alſo, but that in the unhappy conference held by our indiſcreet Mother with the Devil diſguiſed as a Serpent, ſhe was ſeized by all the paſſions that attack perſons, who conſult on an affair of importance; that the promiſes of the Devil awaked her hopes, that the menaces of God excited her fear;

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and that the beauty of the forbidden fruit irritated her deſire. I do not know whether any other can imagine this conference to be carried on without an alteration, or that ſo great a conflict ſhould take place in the terreſtrial paradiſe, without the Woman's employing all theſe paſſions, either in her own defence or in ſuffering herſelf to be conquered. So that we ſhould not ſo much exclude Paſſions from the Soul of Adam as their diſorder, judging that this could not agree with original juſtice; and therefore I am perſuaded that man felt all our emotions in the ſtate of innocence; that he feared chaſtiſements and hoped for rewards; that by uſing his ſenſes, as conſtituting a part of his body, he uſed alſo his paſſions, as being a part of his ſoul; and that, in fine, they were not different from ours by nature, but only by their obedience.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VI.

WHETHER THERE WERE PASSIONS IN JESUS CHRIST, AND IN WHAT RESPECTS THEY WERE DIFFERENT FROM OURS?

ONE muſt be ignorant of all the principles of the Chriſtian Religion, if he did not know that the Son of God was pleaſed to take upon him our nature with all its infirmities; and that except Ignorance and Sin, which are incompatible with the ſanctity of his perſon, he vouch ſafed to bear the load of our miſeries, converſing with men under the appearance of a Sinner. Hence it happened, that during the courſe of his mortal life, he ſtood in need of preſerving it by food, repairing his ſtrength by reſt and ſleep, and taking all the remedies which Providence has appointed for the cure of thoſe natural maladies. He was ſubject to the injuries of the weather, to the irregularities of the ſeaſons; he has been ſeen ſhivering with cold during the rigours of winter, and bathed in ſweat during the heats of ſummer: The Elements did not ſpare him, and if they revered him

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as God, they perſecuted him as man; even the creatures that obeyed his word, waged war againſt his body; the waves that ſubſided at his waking, had attacked the veſſel that carried him; the hunger he had ſubdued in the Deſerts, preſſed hard upon him in cities, and he felt on the croſs the cruelty of death, from which he had delivered the perſon of Lazarus.

Now, as Paſſions are the moſt natural weakneſſes of man, he was not willing to exempt himſelf from them, and he permitted that they ſhould be to us, as well proofs of his love, as aſſurances of the truth of his Incarnation. He mingled his tears with thoſe of Magdalen, and tho' he might remedy her afflictions by his power, he was pleaſed to feel them by compaſſion: Before he wrought a miracle, he was willing to give admittance to a weakneſs, and to weep for the death of one whom he was going to raiſe to life. He often permitted one to take poſſeſſion of his heart, and by a ſtrange wonder made joy compatible with it. In his bleſſed ſoul, uſing thoſe paſſions according to the various occurrences of his life; whence he taught us that he had deſpiſed nothing in man, having taken upon him his infirmities, and that he loved his nature

nature as cheriſhing even its faults: For to be perſuaded that his ſentiments were imaginary, is, indeed, to call in queſtion the myſtery of the incarnation; to impoſe a lie on truth, and with a view perhaps of rendering a vain honour to Chriſt, to make us doubt of all the proofs of his love. Having a real body, he could not have falſe paſſions, and being real man, he muſt have been really afflicted. This truth cannot admit of a doubt, without invalidating that of our belief; for if it be allowed to make the tears of the Son of God paſs for illuſions, his ſufferings will be made to paſs for impoſtures; and under the ſhadow of reverence, the whole work of our Salvation will meet with a downfal.

But in eſtabliſhing the love of the Son of God, we muſt be exceeding careful to commit no offence againſt his greatneſs; and in attributing paſſion to him, we muſt guaranty him for their diſorders: For we are not allowed to believe that they were irregular as our own, or that they ſtood in need of all thoſe virtues that are neceſſary to us for keeping them in ſubjection. He was abſolute maſter of them, and they depended on his will in their birth, their progreſs and their duration; in their birth,

becauſe they never roſe up but by his order, and always waited for reaſon to make them ſubſervient to his deſigns.

Our own paſſions very frequently ſurprize us, and are ſo prompt for motion, that the wiſeſt cannot reſtrain their firſt ſallies; they have ſuch a propenſity to diſorder, that the leaſt occaſion tranſports them with impetuous heat; their ſleep is ſo ſlumbering that the leaſt alarm is ſufficient to wake them; they are ſo fond of war, that upon a trivial provocation, they take up arms, and commit more devaſtation even on their own territories than a hoſtile army would; their diſorder proceeds not ſo much from objects as their own humour, and the ſtorms they raiſe reſemble thoſe that come from the bottom of the ſea, riſing by their own motion: But in Chriſt, they did not raiſe ſtorms; or if ſometimes their waves ſwelled, it was by the guidance of reaſon, which conſtantly reſerved to itſelf the power of appeaſing the trouble it had occaſioned; and as their birth depended on his will, they alſo made no progreſs but by its leave, and their motion proceeded only from a cauſe that was rational.

Men place their affections on things that do not deſerve their love, and often conceive

ceive ſtrong paſſions on very frivolous occaſions. An indiſcretion kindles all their wrath; and without conſidering the difference of crimes, they puniſh as rigorouſly an unguarded expreſſion as a murder: Their ambition is blind, their deſires are immoderate, their grief is ridiculous; and whoever would take the pains of comparing all their paſſions with the cauſes that produce them, would find that they are all ſtrongly marked with injuſtice. A Conſul had a ſlave devoured by lampreys for no other reaſon than breaking a glaſs; the anger of a prince to revenge the injury done a brazen or marble image, put to death ſeven thouſand men, the living images of God: Grief has erected idols to procure for itſelf ſome conſolation; mournful parents not able to bring back their children to life, deified them, and by an exceſs of love and ſorrow, built them temples, after raiſing ſepulchres to them: In ſhort, all the movements of our ſoul are unreaſonable; we cannot moderate our joys, nor our diſpleaſures; our hatred exceeds the injuries we have received; our love is more ardent than the object that kindles it, and we conceive fond hopes for periſhable goods: But the paſſions of the Son of God

were ſo regular, that nothing but the greatneſs of the cauſe exciting them, was obſervable in their emotions. He was only animated to juſt indignation for revenging the injuries of his Father, or for chaſtiſing the impiety of thoſe that deſerved it, and if he ſaw no perfections in his friends, he loved thoſe he deſigned to implant in them; and by loving them he made them worthy of his love. He conceived no grief but on great occaſions, and tho' the Croſs was a ſufficient object for ſadneſs, I believe that his ſoul was more affected by the horror of our ſins, than by the ſhame or cruelty of his puniſhment. Such regular Paſſions ceaſed when he pleaſed, and their duration was not leſs ſubject to his empire than their progreſs.

We are far from being maſters of our own. In their birth they deſpiſe our advice, in their progreſſion they mock our counſels. They do not ſtop but when they are tired; and we are indebted for our reſpite not ſo much to their obedience as to their weakneſs. When violent, our cares cannot conquer them, and ſome of them are ſo ſtubborn, that they will ſink with us into the grave. We therefore ſhould endeavour to keep them in awe at their birth, and to conſult our reaſon

reaſon to know if it be adviſable to make ſoldiers take the field, who deſpiſe the authority of their chief when they are under arms: The commencement of a war depends often on the two parties; but its end always on the victorious, and it is not eaſy to induce this party to peace when it finds its advantages by continuing the war. All thoſe rules are proved falſe in the Paſſions of Chriſt; he carried them to a high pitch when the ſubject required it, and tho' flaming hot, they cooled the moment he ordered them: As their fire was reaſonable, it was extinguiſhed as eaſy as it was kindled, ſo that joy immediately ſucceeded ſorrow, and ſweetneſs took the ſame place on his face that indignation had juſt before occupied.

It is perhaps on this account that ſome would not allow the emotions of the Soul of Chriſt to be called Paſſions, believing it would be doing an injury to their innocency to rank them with criminals, and that it was unjuſt to aſſign the ſame name to things, whoſe conditions were ſo different. But all knew that qualities do not change nature; and that the paſſions of the Son of God, tho' more obedient than ours, were not leſs natural. It is, in my opi-

nion, a new obligation we are under to his goodneſs, that he did not contemn our weakneſſes. He will reproach us eternally, if we have not deſires for his glory, ſince he had deſires for our Salvation; if we do not ſhed tears for his injuries, ſince he ſhed his blood for our ſins: And, he will have juſt reaſon to complain of our ingratitude, if our Paſſions do not contribute to teſtify to him our love, ſince he employed all his own to give us full aſſurances of his charity.

BOOK II.

BOOK II.

OF THE DISORDER OF THE PASSIONS.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE CORRUPTION OF NATURE BY SIN.

THOUGH there are many wonders in Man that deſerve to be conſidered, and though the qualities he is poſſeſſed of, make us acquainted with the greatneſs and power of him who performed the admirable work of his creation, yet there is not one more remarkable in him than his continuation; for he is compoſed of body and mind, he unites heaven with earth in his perſon, and more monſtrous than the Centaurs of the Fable, he is at once Angel and Beaſt. As the power of God appeared in the union of thoſe two ſo different parts, his wiſdom was not leſs conſpicuous in their harmony and good underſtanding; for though they had contrary inclinations, the one ſtooping towards the earth out of which it had been formed, and the other ſoaring towards heaven whence it derived

its original, yet God tempered ſo well their deſires, and in the diverſity of their conditions, united ſo intimately their wills by original juſtice, that the ſoul bore a part in all the gratifications of the body without doing herſelf an injury, and the body ſerved all the deſigns of the ſoul without uſing violence againſt itſelf. In this happy ſtate the ſoul commanded with lenity, the body obeyed with pleaſure, and whatever object preſented itſelf, both parties remained in perfect agreement.

But this happineſs laſted only as long as our firſt Parent remained ſubmiſſive to God. So ſoon as he had liſtened to the ſuggeſtions of the Devil, and ſolicited by his promiſes, had complied with his intentions, his puniſhment became like unto his crime, his diſobedience being puniſhed by a general rebellion. All creatures conſpired againſt him, and his ſubjects, in order to be inſtrumental to the juſtice of God, became his enemies. The revolt paſſed from his ſtate to his perſon; his body roſe up againſt his mind. This inteſtine war was the more eaſily fomented between the two parties, their peace having been not ſo much the effect of Nature as of Grace; the hatred that ſucceeded their love was the more violent

lent from being animated by ſin, which being purely a diſorder, ſpreads diviſion every where, and gratifies its own rage, by executing the ſentence of the divine Juſtice. Whence, the greatneſs of the rebellion ſuffered by man, will be no ſubject of aſtoniſhment, ſince it deduces its origin from two principles ſo powerful, and ſince the parties that compoſe it are animated to the combat by the contrariety of their inclinations, and the malice of the ſin they are poſſeſſed by. The Apoſtle of the Gentiles finding no other remedy for this evil but death, wiſhed for it as a favour, demanding the moſt rigorous of our puniſhments. He has prepared in his writings all Chriſtians for this warfare, and he has made them to underſtand that man cannot expect peace in this life: "For the * fleſh luſteth againſt the ſpirit, and the ſpirit againſt the fleſh; and theſe are contrary the one to the other, ſo that ye cannot do the things that ye would."

From this great diſorder proceeded that of our paſſions; for though as daughters of the body and ſoul, being equally produced by both, they ſhould uſe their beſt endeavours

* Gal. c. 5. v. 17.

vours to make them agree, yet theſe unnatural daughters foment their diviſions, and according as they hold more of the mind, or of the body, eſpouſe the party of either, and perform no act of obedience that is not accompanied with ſome ſymptoms of rebellion. The appetite which we call Concupiſcible, holds intelligence almoſt always with the body, and that which we call Iraſcible, favours almoſt always the mind: The firſt engages us in pleaſures, and detains us in infamous indolence; the ſecond arms us againſt pain, and animates us to generous actions. In this perpetual contraſt the mind of man is never tranquil, and he is conſtrained to nurture vipers that devour him.

Philoſophers were very ſenſible of this unhappy ſtate, but believed it was in the will only and not in nature; they were perſuaded that opinion and bad inſtitutions had cauſed all theſe diſorders; and as a diſeaſe is cured by its contrary, ſo this might be remedied by ſound doctrine and good education. They eſtabliſhed Academies wherein they diſputed concerning the Sovereign Good; they made panegyrics on virtue and invectives againſt vice; they declaimed againſt the irregularity of the paſſions,

paſſions, and meaſuring their forces by their deſires, promiſed themſelves victories and triumphs. But not finding out the ſource of the evil, they were never able to find a remedy for it: Amidſt the weakneſſes they experienced, and the vain efforts they made, they were obliged to accuſe nature, and to complain even of that Sovereign power, which had compoſed man of pieces that would not match. A little light would undoubtedly have rectified their notions, and a Chapter of St. Paul would have made known the truth to them; for by agreeing with us that God is infallible in his works, and too juſt to require of us things that ſurpaſs our power, they were under the neceſſity of concluding that our diſorder was the puniſhment of our crime, and that the infirmities we groaned under, were not ſo much the effect of our nature as a chaſtiſement from the juſtice of God. By thinking in this manner, they would have endeavoured to appeaſe him whom they had offended, and confeſſing their weakneſs, would have implored his power. But pride blinded them, and to uſe the expreſſions of Seneca againſt himſelf, they choſe rather to accuſe Providence than to acknowledge their miſery, and impute

their

their diſorders to his rigour than their own offences: They could not, or would not comprehend what reaſon taught them, before Faith had publiſhed it by the mouth of St. Paul, that the rebellion of the fleſh againſt the Spirit, is not a condition of nature, but a puniſhment of ſin.

From what has been here ſaid it is eaſy to conclude, that ſince man is criminal, ſince his Paſſions are rebellious, ſince the Mind that ought to keep them under a juſt regulation, is overſhadowed with darkneſs, and the will that ought to moderate them, is depraved, there is a neceſſity of having recourſe to Grace, and requeſt of Mercy that which Juſtice has taken from us. The Power that formerly made the body and ſoul to agree, muſt now decide their differences. If the condition of this miſerable life does not permit our enjoyment of an intire peace, we muſt ſeek out forces to arm them for battle, and if we cannot avoid the calamities of war, we may hope at leaſt for the advantages of victory.

CHAP-

CHAPTER II.

THAT NATURE ALONE CANNOT REGULATE THE PASSIONS OF MAN.

THE Philoſophers who have declared themſelves enemies of the Paſſions, cannot be properly judges in a cauſe wherein they are parties; yet their judgments have ſome colour of juſtice, and not without reaſon, they confound our Paſſions with vices: For in the ſtate ſin has reduced us to, we have no ſentiments that are pure; and our nature being corrupt, all its inclinations muſt conſequently be diſorderly, and the rivulets troubled, that flow from ſo turbid a ſource.

I am ſenſible that Philoſophers will never agree to this truth, much leſs ſuffer our imputing error to nature, whom they take for guide; neither will they countenance the diſhonouring of her, all whoſe motions they eſteem ſo regular. They profeſs following her in all things, and hold that to live happily, we muſt live naturally. Libertines ground themſelves on the authority of this maxim, and endeavour to excuſe

excuſe their diſorders by a doctrine they do not underſtand; for if they had ſtudied in the ſchool of the ſtoics, they would find that thoſe Philoſophers had preſuppoſed that Nature was in her primitive purity, and that they abided by her guidance, chiefly, becauſe they imagined ſhe had preſerved her innocence. They therefore baniſhed from their ſages, and even from their diſciples, all thoſe affections which are made to paſs for natural, and by a generous but vain effort, would have us be as regular in the ſtate of ſin, as in that of original Juſtice.

But Chriſtians, who have learned from the Holy Scriptures that Nature is fallen from her primitive purity, are obliged to acknowledge that the Paſſions have revolted, and that in order to keep them in ſubjection, reaſon muſt be aſſiſted by Grace. And indeed, there are none but ſee that the mind is intangled in error, and that it receives promiſcuouſly falſehood with truth; that the will adheres more to apparent than real good, that its intereſt is the rule of its inclinations, that it loves not what is good but what is agreeable, that it knows by experience it has loſt much of its liberty, and that if ſin has not deprived it of all the

love

love it had for good, there remain to it only feeble ſuccours and fruitleſs deſires for its acquiſition. As the will alſo has ſo few effective powers left for acquiring good, it has ſtill fewer for regulating its paſſions, and tho' it does not approve their diſorders, it cannot apply a remedy. Often, by a ſtrange miſhap, it foments their ſedition which it ought to put a ſtop to; and not to afflict ſubjects, becomes the accomplice of their crimes. The Chriſtian Philoſopher is therefore obliged to implore the aid of Heaven to conquer thoſe rebels, and confeſſing that his reaſon is weak, he ſeeks for external help, and begs earneſtly for the favour of him who permitted the diſorder of nature for the puniſhment of her ſin.

But let us not be accuſed of being enemies to the grandeur of man, and of making his diſaſter greater than it is: We confeſs that nature is good in herſelf, and of this, ſin itſelf is an excellent proof; for ſin being a nothingneſs, it cannot ſubſiſt of itſelf; to maintain and preſerve itſelf it muſt adhere to a ſubject that ſupports and ſhares with it the being it is poſſeſſed of. Thus evil is grafted upon good, and ſin is propped up upon nature, which indeed, ſuſtains

tains great damage from ſo bad a gueſt; yet does not loſe all her advantages: As ſhe retains her being, ſhe muſt retain alſo ſome goodneſs; as ſhe is not animated for becoming criminal, ſhe muſt in her miſery ſtill enjoy ſome happineſs, and even in her crime there muſt ſtill remain with her ſome tincture of innocence. Undoubtedly the being of man is laudable, but his ſin is blamable, and it cannot be blamed more reaſonably than by ſhewing that it diſhonours him by its contagion, who was honourable by his nature. If we therefore conſider nature in herſelf, ſhe has loſt nothing of her goodneſs; but if we conſider her under the tyranny of ſin, ſhe has almoſt loſt the uſe of it, and ſhe cannot make uſe of her faculties, unleſs delivered from the enemy that holds her captive; herein, like unto thoſe birds that are taken in nets, they have wings and cannot fly, they love liberty and cannot recover it. Thus men in the ſtate of ſin, have ſtill good inclinations, but cannot follow them; they have good deſigns, but cannot execute them; and more unfortunate than captive birds, they love their priſon and fawn upon their perſecuting tyrant. In this deplorable condition they ſtand in need of Grace to comfort

fort and give them ſtrength, if not to deliver them intirely from the tormentor, at leaſt to reſtore to them the liberty of acting, and to put them in a condition of practiſing virtue, reſiſting vice, and governing their paſſions.

The neceſſity we impoſe on man of having recourſe to Grace, ought not to ſeem ſo painful, ſince even before his diſorder he had an occaſion for foreign help, and could not in his natural purity avoid ſin without ſupernatural help; for he is ſo conſtituted that in all his motions he is obliged to have recourſe to God, and being his image he cannot act but by his ſpirit. Though human nature had remained in that integrity in which God had created it, yet it could not have preſerved itſelf from ſin without his Grace; if man therefore without grace cannot preſerve the purity he had received, how ſhall he without the ſame grace recover the purity he had loſt? He muſt reſolve then upon ſubmitting to his Creator, if he is willing to ſubdue his paſſions, and he muſt devote himſelf to his ſervice, if he is willing to be reaſonable. There ought likewiſe to be ſome relation between our gain and our loſs; and as our Paſſions did not rebel againſt the mind, till the mind

had rebelled againſt God, there is good reaſon to believe that they will not obey the mind, till the mind is obedient to God; and as our unhappineſs ariſes from our rebellion, in like manner our happineſs muſt proceed from our ſubjection.

If prophane Philoſophers object to us, that reaſon was granted to us in vain for ruling our paſſions, if left deſtitute of power; and that nature is an uſeleſs guide, if ſhe wants to guide herſelf: They muſt be ſatisfied by experience, and taught without having recourſe to the Scripture, that there are diſorders in man which reaſon alone cannot regulate, and that we are afflicted with ailments, which nature cannot cure without grace.

CHAPTER III.

THAT ON ACCOUNT OF THE DISORDER OF OUR PASSIONS, GRACE IS NECESSARY FOR CONDUCTING THEM.

THOSE that are inſtructed in the myſteries of the Chriſtian Religion, confeſs that the Grace which JESUS CHRIST has merited for us, ſurpaſſes infinitely that which Adam had robbed us of. Its advantages

vantages are ſo great, that they exceed all our deſires, and the moſt ambitious could never have wiſhed for the felicity it gives us the hopes of, beſides raiſing us above our condition, it promiſes us a happineſs equal to that of the Angels; it gives us JESUS CHRIST for our Chief, and unites us ſo intimately with him, that it obliges his father to acknowledge us for his children: But all theſe privileges regard rather futurity than the preſent time, and though we have the ſureties of theſe great promiſes, we do not yet poſſeſs all their effects: The Grace which acquires for us a right to them, reſides in the bottom of our ſoul, and ſanctifying it, leaves the body engaged in ſin; it begins the work of our ſalvation, and does not finiſh it; it divides the two parts that compoſe man, and giving ſtrength to the mind, and introduces a diviſion into their unity; for it is the ſuperior part of the ſoul that is fully repleniſhed with the effects of Grace, and in Baptiſm receives that divine character, which gives us a right to Heaven as to our inheritance; whence an * Apoſtle calls us imperfect works, and the beginnings of a new Creature. We

* James c. 1. v. 18.

belong to Chriſt according to the mind only, and he is the father only of that noble part which he has enriched by his merits; but that which is engaged in the body, and which by an unhappy neceſſity ſees herſelf obliged to animate its diſorders, and to foment its paſſions, if not intirely delivered from the tyranny of ſin: She groans under the weight of her ſhackles, and that glorious Captive is conſtrained to bewail the rigour of her ſervitude, whilſt her ſiſter taſtes the ſweets of liberty. For Baptiſm does not take away concupiſcence, but moderates it; and whatever ſtrength it may give our ſoul, it leaves with her a kind of languor, which ſhe cannot be cured of but in the ſtate of glory. It is true that this weakneſs is not a ſin, and though the ſource all others flow from, it does not make us culpable but when by our baſeneſs we follow its motions.

And it cannot be ſaid, to ſave the honour of our ſoul, that this diſorder is in our body, and that ſhe is only affected by it out of compaſſion, or infected only by contagion; for beſides that original ſin, of which this diſorder is an effect, reſides in her ſubſtance, it is well known that the body is incapable of acting of itſelf, that the

ſoul

ſoul which animates it muſt neceſſarily occaſion its rebellion, and inſpire it with irregular motions and deſires. It is the ſoul that quickens the fleſh againſt the ſpirit, and by not being entirely poſſeſſed by grace, is found to remain ſtill ſubſervient to ſin: It is the ſoul that ſtirs up the paſſions, by a ſtrange blindneſs ſupplying them with the arms that wound herſelf, and fomenting the ſedition that diſturbs her tranquility. Sound Philoſophy gives us a full conviction of this truth; for it evidently appears from its principles, that the body does nothing without the ſoul, and when even it ſeems to undertake any thing againſt her, it is in conſequence of the helps received from her. Being therefore herſelf the ſource of evil, it is without reaſon ſhe complains of the rebellion of the body, which of all the crimes ſhe imputes to it, is only the accomplice but not the author.

Now, as the paſſions reſide in that part of the ſoul which is ſtill infected by ſin, we need not be aſtoniſhed if they are rebellious, ſince their parent is diſobedient; much leſs need we imagine that grace ſtifles them, ſince it leaves in rebellion the very power that produces them. All that can be expected from the guidance of grace is,

that it checks their impetuoſity, repreſſes their violence, and prevents their firſt motions: This is one of its principal occupations; for having obliged the mind to know God, and the will to love him, it extends its care to the ſoul, and endeavours to calm the diſorder of her paſſions. It does not undertake to deſtroy them, knowing this to be a work reſerved for glory; but it exerts its utmoſt to bring them under a proper regulation; and as it makes a good uſe of ſin for humbling us, ſo alſo it makes a wiſe uſe of their rebellion for exerciſing us, propoſing to them innocent objects to make them inſtrumental to virtue; and rendering them, as St. Paul ſays, Miniſters of Juſtice: For Chriſtian humility is an enemy to ſtoical vanity, and being very ſenſible that we are not Angels but men, it does not make vain efforts to deſtroy a part of us, but obliges us to avail ourſelves of our faults, and to manage ſo well our paſſions, that they may obey reaſon, or engage it in no conflicts but for yielding it victory. In an upright man we ſhould not ſo much conſider the origin, as the cauſe of his anger; nor reflect on the greatneſs of his ſorrow but the ſubject of it; nor trouble ourſelves ſo much to know whether he is

is afraid, as to know why he is ſo; for if he is angry againſt a ſinner for correcting him, if he is afflicted with a wretch for comforting him, and if by his fear he averts misfortune from a man who was going to ruin himſelf, there can be no judge ſo ſevere as to condemn ſuch uſeful Paſſions, and he muſt even want judgment, if he prohibited ſuch innocent affections.

Nothing therefore but the exceſs in Paſſions is blameable. Reaſon aided by grace ſhould exert all its induſtry to govern them. Concupiſcence is the ſource they ſpring from, and it ought to be the buſineſs of reaſon to dry it up, uſing alſo all poſſible endeavours to retrench their unhappy effects, by laying the axe to the root of the cauſe that produces them. The enemy we attack is innate with us; he collects his ſtrength from ours; he grows up with us as we ourſelves grow up; and he grows weak when we grow old. So far are we under an obligation to old age for depriving this enemy of vigour by diminiſhing that of our body; but in an action ſo important to our ſalvation, we ſhould not leave all to age; we ought rather to enter early upon a war that is to laſt as long as our life, and diminiſh our ſtrength to weaken that of our adverſary. Being born with Concu-

piſcence, we muſt be careful not to aſſign it ſeconds by our neglect, and ſo create for ourſelves new enemies. Let us therefore remember that we have entered upon the ſtage of this life with it, and that our honour is concerned in making it die before us.

This victory is rather to be wiſhed than hoped for; and indeed, there have been none ſo juſt who have defeated this monſter, but at the expence of their life; for though they fight againſt Concupiſcence, oppoſe its deſires, and ſtudy its motions with the view only of curbing them; yet, in this conflict they are ſometimes conquered, and ſometimes victorious, their advantages are not pure, and their beſt ſucceſs is found mingled with ſome diſgrace: They muſt die to kill that enemy, and they muſt ſee themſelves reduced to the neceſſity of wiſhing their own death to forward his. To have no Concupiſcence, is perfection; not to obey its ſuggeſtions, is engaging in battles; by courageouſly oppoſing its attack, victory may be expected; but yet, it cannot be obtained till death is happily conſummated by life in the reign of glory. Whence I infer, that ſince grace cannot extinguiſh Concupiſcence, it cannot deſtroy the Paſſions; ſo that all the

the aſſiſtance from it man can well hope for, is to manage them with ſo much addreſs, that they may be in readineſs to defend the party of virtue, and fight againſt that of vice.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT OPINION AND THE SENSES ARE THE CAUSES OF THE DISORDER OF OUR PASSIONS.

THOUGH ſin is the fruitful ſpring of all our ills, and though all the miſeries we experience are the puniſhments of our crime, it ſeems notwithſtanding that we take pleaſure in accumulating them by our ill conduct, and that we daily invent new pains and troubles, to which the divine Juſtice had not condemned us. We are very ſenſible that our Paſſions have rebelled, and that reaſon cannot govern them without the aſſiſtance of grace, yet we foment their diſorders, and to make them more inſolent, admit opinions that blow up their fire into a greater blaze. For of all the paſſions that riſe up in our ſoul, there are not two that take truth for their guide; and the evils they apprehend, or the goods they

they deſire, are often more apparent than real. To remedy this diſorder, it muſt be known, and its birth and progreſs muſt be examined into. Opinion is not ſo much a judgment of the mind as of the imagination, whereby it approves or condemns the things repreſented to it by the ſenſes. This evil is the moſt ordinary of our life, and if it was as conſtant as it is common, our condition would be very deplorable; but it changes every moment; that which gives it birth, cauſes its death, and the imagination deſerts it with as much celerity and eaſe as it had received it. Our ſenſes and the reports of the world contribute to its origin, ſo that it is no wonder, if the beſt eſtabliſhed opinion cannot long ſubſiſt, having ſo tottering a foundation; for our ſenſes are liars, and as enchanted mirrours, repreſenting objects to us in the garb of diſguiſe; the report they make is always intereſted, and according to the attachment they ſeek with objects, they endeavour to engage the imagination as an accomplice.

When I conſider the ſoul as a priſoner in her body, I lament, indeed, her condition, and am not aſtoniſhed at her ſo often miſtaking falſehood for truth, which finds admiſſion to her through the channel of the

ſenſes.

ſenſes. That divine ſpirit is ſhut up in her body, without having any other knowledge but what ſhe borrows from its eyes or ears; and theſe two ſenſes, which nature ſeems to have particularly affected for ſcience, are ſo deceitful, that moſt of their advices are impoſtures: Blindneſs may be therefore, in a great meaſure, preferable to their falſe lights, and it would have been much better if they had left us in our ignorance, than procured us ſuch malign and doubtful knowledge. They only conſider the appearance of things; accidents attract their attention; their weakneſs cannot penetrate to the ſubſtance: They reſemble the Sun, and by borrowing from him all their light, endeavour to imitate him in their operations. Every one judges that this beautiful Star is extremely uſeful to us when it appears over our horizon, and reſtores to nature the beauties darkneſs had robbed her of. But, indeed, the utility does not compenſate the damage we ſuſtain from it; for when it diſcovers to us the earth it hides from us the heavens; when it expoſes to our eyes lilies and roſes, it conceals from them the Stars, and deprives them of the ſight of the moſt beautiful part of the world. In like manner the ſenſes deprive

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us of the knowledge of divine things, to give us only a ſight of human; they let us ſee the appearance only of objects and hide from us their reality; we remain ignorant under thoſe bad maſters, and our imagination receiving no other information than from the reports they make, we can conceive nothing but falſe opinions.

Upon this account I find that nature treats us more ſeverely than Religion, and that it is much more difficult to be reaſonable than ſtrong in faith; for though the truths propoſed to us by Religion, are ſo ſublime, that our minds cannot comprehend them; though it requires of us a blind obedience; and though to believe its myſteries, we muſt keep our reaſon ſubmiſſive, muſt captivate our intellects, and believe none of the relations of our ſenſes; yet this command is not injurious: If it deprives us of liberty, it reſerves to us the honour of it; our mind is reſcued by it from the tyranny of the ſenſes; it ſubjects us to the lawful empire of the ſupreme Intelligence that enlightens us with his light; it weans us from earth to raiſe our hearts to Heaven, and prohibits us with no other intent the uſe of reaſoning than to make us acquire the merit of faith: But Nature by enveloping

loping the ſoul within the body, makes her the ſlave of the ſenſes, and obliges her in her moſt noble operations to extract her light from their darkneſs; whence it happens that all our knowledge abounds with errors, that truth is never without lies, that our opinions are uncertain, and that our paſſions which obey them, are always diſorderly.

The report of the world is not a more certain guide, and they that liſten to it are in danger of never taſting the ſweets of real tranquility. This report is nothing but the opinion of the people, which for being the more common, is not the more true. What ſeems to authorize, condemns it; and nothing ſhould make it more ſuſpected than the great number of its partizans. The nature of man is not under ſo good a regulation, that the beſt things are thoſe which pleaſe moſt perſons; bad opinions are founded as well as the good on the number of their approvers, and when we have a mind to chuſe our party, we ought not to reckon voices, but rather weigh their merit. The common people ſigh after liberty, yet are well pleaſed to live in ſervitude; they never uſe their judgment, and in the only thing in the world that

that ought to be moſt free, they are more led by example than reaſon; they follow the herd of thoſe that go before, and without examining their opinions, embrace, maintain, and propagate them in as great a degree as they poſſibly can; juſt as we ſee in factions, each party contending with might and main to increaſe its own numbers, and thus making a contagion of its diſtemper: And hence, the * maxim of Seneca is found verified, that man does not err for himſelf alone, but for others, and that he communicates his errors to all about him. When our imagination is fraught with theſe pernicious opinions, it excites a thouſand diſorders in our ſoul, and raiſes the paſſions juſt as it pleaſes; for being blind, they cannot diſcern whether the good or evil propoſed to them is apparent or real, and deceived by the imagination, whoſe power they reſpect, they declare their fondneſs or averſion for the objects: Their blindneſs ſerves as an excuſe to them, and they throw the blame on the cauſe of the deception. But to prevent this diſorder, there is a neceſſity for the mind to aſcertain its authority, to ſubject the imagination

* Senec. de vitâ beatâ, c. 1.

nation to its laws, to be careful that opinion does not get the aſcendant over it, and to conſult reaſon for guarding againſt error and lies: Thus the Paſſions will always remain peaceful, and their motions being regular, they will prove of ſingular utility to virtue.

CHAPTER V.

THAT THERE IS MORE DISORDER IN THE PASSIONS OF MEN, THAN IN THOSE OF BEASTS.

BEFORE we reſolve this queſtion, we muſt diſcuſs another, and examine whether beaſts are capable of thoſe motions, we call paſſions; for as our adverſaries confound them with vices, and will have all the affections of the lower and baſer part of our ſoul to be criminal, they hold that beaſts are free from them, and that having no liberty, neither virtue nor ſin can be imputed to them. Beaſts are guided by an inſtinct which cannot err, and if ſometimes they ſeem to deviate from it in their actions, this muſt be attributed to Providence, which makes them irregular

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to puniſh us, or permits their diſorders to warn us of our misfortunes. Their motions therefore were as preſages to all people, and the Pagans conſulted the flight of birds and the entrails of victims, to know the ſecrets of futurity or the will of heaven. But though exempt from ſin, and indebted for their innocence to their ſervitude, they are not, however, inſenſible; all Philoſophers confeſs, that they have inclinations and averſions, and that according as objects ſtrike their eyes or ears, they excite deſires or fears in their imaginations. And indeed, the lower and baſer part of our ſoul holds ſo great a correſpondence with our ſenſes, that it borrows its name from them, and is called ſenſitive; ſo that it is almoſt impoſſible that a thing which has entered by theſe avenues with ſome agreeableneſs or ſome horror, ſhould not produce in the ſoul either pleaſure or pain. Beaſts being poſſeſſed of thoſe two faculties which give them ſenſation and life, we muſt conclude that they have paſſions, that they incline to good by deſire, and avoid evil by flight, and that they reliſh the one with joy, and ſuffer the other with pain. This reaſon is confirmed by examples. We daily ſee that the fear of puniſhment

niſhment has a great effect in the manage of horſes, that the ſpur revives and quickens their memory, that the ſound of trumpets ſpirits them up, and that wounds even animate their courage: Bulls fight for glory, and join ſtratagem to ſtrength, as warmly diſpute for the maſtery of a herd, as princes for the conqueſt of a kingdom: Lions do not ſeek ſo much revenge as honour in their conteſts; when they ſee their enemy ſubmiſſive, their anger abates, and having exerted their might chiefly for acquiring glory, content themſelves with the advantage, and grant life to him who yields them the victory; they are likewiſe ſaid to ſhew jealouſy as well as love, to honour fidelity and chaſtity, and to puniſh adultery by the blood of the criminal; whence, there will be no room to doubt of beaſts having paſſions, and being agitated by thoſe furious emotions that trouble our repoſe; but the difficulty is to know whether theirs or ours are the more violent, or the leſs regular in their motions.

Truth obliges us to confeſs that our advantages are hurtful to us, and that reaſon itſelf when it becomes the ſlave of the ſenſes, ſerves only to make our affections

more unreaſonable. Beaſts are not apprehenſive of evil but when it is near them, they do not penetrate into futurity, and ſcarce remembering the paſt, nothing but the preſent can make them unhappy; but men ſeek after accidents before they happen, they ſeem bent upon haſtening their own diſgrace, they would fain prevent the evils Fortune has not yet created, their fears pry into futurity and reflect on what is paſt, and trembling on account of a misfortune that has paſſed away, they grow pale at the ſame time on account of a diſaſter that has not yet happened.

Beaſts have few objects to affect them, and abſtracting from the neceſſaries for ſupporting life, they behold all others with indifference: But men, neither by reaſon nor neceſſity, can ſet bounds to their deſires; they extend them even beyond uſeful things, and to add to their puniſhment, run in queſt of thoſe that are ſuperfluous: All their paſſions are ſo inſatiable that nothing can content them; that which ſhould appeaſe, frets them, and what is given them to allay hunger, ſerves only for the moſt part to irritate it; ſo that it may be truly ſaid, that man is ingenious at contriving his own ruin, and that he ſcarce puts

puts the goodneſs of his mind to any other uſe than to render himſelf more unhappy or criminal.

Beaſts are ſtupid; their conſtitution holding of the earth, makes them inſenſible, and happily exempts them from all thoſe evils which do not hurt the body but becauſe they have hurted the imagination. Bulls muſt feel the goad to rouze them into fury, and thoſe unwieldy maſſes, whoſe ſoul is ſcarce more than a body, are ſeldom made to ſtir without great irritation; elephants endure all from their maſters, and if they do not ſee their blood, they do not fancy themſelves wounded; when the ſmart is over, their anger ceaſes, and they become as tractable as ever. But man is of ſo delicate a conſtitution, that the moſt trivial matters give offence to him; his blood holding of the nature of fire is ſo eaſily put in motion, that it ſpreads rage and madneſs in an inſtant thro' all its parts, and the greateſt ravages of this fury are uſually about the heart, by its ſending to it ſuch a flow of ſpirits, that the organ deſtined for giving life to the whole body, is often itſelf extinguiſhed: This paſſion alſo to revenge itſelf of a private injury, has frequently en-

dangered the ſafety of the whole common-wealth; in ſhort, it is ſo apt to take umbrage in man, that an atom irritates it, a word ſtings it, a motion of the head offends it, ſilence makes it impetuous, and finding no fuel to keep up its fire, it devours its own bowels, and by an exceſs of deſpair converts its whole rage againſt itſelf.

Laſtly, the life of beaſts being uniform, and nature having circumſcribed them within narrow limits, they have but a ſmall number of paſſions, and it may be ſaid that the fear of an evil that afflicts them, and the deſire of a good that affects them, are the conſtituents of almoſt all their motions: But the life of man being more chequered, and in its extent ſubject to a thouſand different occurrences, his paſſions riſe tumultuouſly, and wherever he goes, he finds ſubjects of anger and fear, pleaſure and pain. It was therefore the Poets feigned that his ſoul paſſed into the body of ſeveral animals, and that being tinctured by all their ill qualities, he united in his perſon the malice of ſerpents, the fury of tygers, the anger of lions, teaching us by this fable, that man alone has as many paſſions as all ſorts of beaſts put together.

It is for this reaſon, that Philoſophers propoſe their example to us, and that the Stoics, after raiſing our nature to ſo high a pitch of greatneſs, are obliged to reduce us to the condition of beaſts, and to make the happineſs and tranquility of their ſage to conſiſt in a ſort of ſtupidity. This ſentiment agrees in ſome reſpect with that of thoſe proud ſpirits, who diſconcerted in their deſign of ſeating themſelves on the throne of God, aſked leave of Chriſt to * enter into ſwine; and who not able to reign with the divine Perſons, contented themſelves to live with unclean beaſts. In like manner the proud Stoics, after raiſing their ſage to the heavens, and giving him titles which the bad Angels never pretended to in their rebellion, lower him to the condition of beaſts; and not being able to make him inſenſible, ſtrive to make him ſtupid. They accuſe reaſon for being the cauſe of our diſorders, they complain of the advantages nature has granted us, and they would willingly forfeit memory and prudence, that they might never foreſee future evils, nor remember thoſe that are paſt. This folly is the puniſhment of

* Matth. c. 8.

their vanity; the divine Juſtice permitted the mind, which was their idol, to become their torment, and ſo as to make them declare, that not having been able to live as Gods, they reſolved to live as beaſts. But without imitating their deſpair, we ſhould deem it incumbent on us to implore the aſſiſtance of Heaven, and acknowledging the weakneſs of reaſon, to ſeek for another light to guide us, and to collect new forces for conquering our Paſſions: This is what we have learned from the Chriſtian Religion, and what we ſhall examine in the next Book of this work.

BOOK III.

BOOK III.

OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS.

CHAPTER I.

THAT THERE IS NOTHING MORE GLORIOUS, NOR MORE DIFFICULT THAN TO GOVERN THE PASSIONS.

NATURE by a wiſe forecaſt has annexed difficulty to glory, and that the things which are glorious might not become too common, ſhe was willing that they ſhould be alſo difficult. There is nothing more illuſtrious among men than the valour of Conquerors; but he that aſpires to this honourable title, muſt deſpiſe death, forget pleaſures, ſurmount labours, and often purchaſe glory at the expence of his own life. Next to the valour of conquerors, we ſee nothing more illuſtrious than the eloquence of Orators; it governs ſtates without violence, it rules over people without arms, it forces their will with ſweetneſs, it gives battles and gains victories without the effuſion of

blood: But to arrive at this ſupreme power, the Orator muſt conquer a thouſand difficulties; art muſt conſpire friendly with nature in his ſpeeches; he muſt conceive bold thoughts, expreſs them in nervous and elegant words, Study the humours of the People, and learn the ſecret of reſtraining their licentiouſneſs, and gaining their affections. This truth appears clearly in our preſent ſubjects, and all acknowledge that nothing is more difficult nor more honourable than to conquer our paſſions; for beſides that we have no manner of aſſiſtance in this battle, that fortune, which is ſuppoſed to preſide in all others, cannot favour us in this, that none can claim a ſhare of the glory with us, and that we perform both together the duty of ſoldier and general; there is this embaraſſing difficulty, that we fight againſt a part of ourſelves, that our forces are divided, and that nothing animates us in this war but duty and integrity. In other wars honour and emulation are powerful incentives; often indignation mingled with virtue, makes up the greater part of our bravery; hope and courage aſſiſt us, and by their combined force it is almoſt impoſſible to be conquered: But when

when we attack our paſſions, our troops are weakened by their diviſion; we act only by a part of ourſelves, and with whatever reaſons virtue may animate our Courage, the affection we bear to our enemies, makes us cowards, and we dread a victory that muſt deprive us of our pleaſures: For, though our Paſſions are diſorderly, and diſturb our peace, they are notwithſtanding a part of our ſoul; though their inſolence diſpleaſes us, we cannot reſolve upon tearing aſunder our bowels; if grace does not aſſiſt, ſelf-love betrays us, and we ſpare and pardon rebels becauſe they are our allies. But what adds to the difficulty, and makes the victory ſtill more uncertain, is the freſh vigour of our enemies, and their reiterated and unrelenting attacks: Though they might not have entered into any combination with the ſoul, though they had recourſe to no artifices to divide her forces, and though ſhe herſelf ſhould attack them with the whole weight of her power, yet their nature is ſuch, that they may be weakened and not conquered, may be beaten, and not defeated: They are ſo intimately united with us that they cannot be ſeparated, their life is connected with ours, and by a ſtrange deſtiny,

deſtiny, they cannot die unleſs we die with them; ſo that this victory is never intire, and theſe rebels are never ſo perfectly ſubdued, but that on the firſt opportunity they rally and form new parties, and offer us new battles: They are Hydras, out of which ſprout as many heads as are lopped off; they are frantics, that receive ſtrength from their weakneſs, and riſe more vigorous after having been beaten down. All the benefit that can be expected from ſuch ſavage ſubjects, is to ſhackle their hands and feet, and to leave them only ſo much power as is neceſſary to them for the ſervice of reaſon; they muſt be treated as galley ſlaves, always chained down, and retaining only the uſe of their arms for rowing: Or, if we ſhould chuſe to treat them with more lenity, we muſt be well aſſured of their fidelity, and remember a maxim, which may hold good and innocent in this caſe, that reconciled enemies are always to be ſuſpected.

If the difficulty accompanying this conflict ſhould diſmay us, the glory that awaits it ought to raiſe our courage; for heaven ſees nothing more illuſtrious, and the earth bears nothing more glorious than a man that commands his Paſſions; all the

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crowns in the world cannot worthily adorn his head, all praiſes fall ſhort of his merits, eternity alone can reward ſo exalted a virtue; even its ſhadows are agreeable, and its reality has ſuch engaging charms, that it commands a ſort of adoration: We do not revere the Socrates's and Cato's, but becauſe they had ſome tincture of it, and we do not rank them in the number of ſages, but for having triumphed over our baſeſt paſſions. The glory of theſe great men exceeds by far in purity that of the Alexander's and Cæſar's; their victory has made no widows nor orphans; their conqueſt has not depopulated kingdoms; their battles have cauſed no blood, nor tears to be ſhed; and in order to ſet themſelves at liberty, they have made no priſoners nor ſlaves: All their acts are read with pleaſure, and in the whole courſe of their innocent life, we meet with no objects that inſpire horrour; they were born for the good of the world, they laboured for the repoſe of mankind, no nations are obſerved to be uneaſy at their happineſs, nor to rejoice at their death: And now, what honour ſhould a conqueror expect, who is indebted for all his greatneſs to his injuſtice, who is illuſtrious

trious only becauſe he is criminal, and who would not have been mentioned in hiſtory, if he had not ſlaughtered men, ſacked towns, ruined provinces, and laid waſte kingdoms?

Thoſe who have waged war againſt their paſſions, enjoy a more real pleaſure, and ſuch innocent conquerors receive from us the tribute of a more glorious praiſe. We raiſe them above the condition of monarchs, we model our actions by theirs, we borrow their weapons for fighting againſt the enemy they have defeated, we read their lives as Conquerors do that of Cæſar, we form ourſelves to virtue by them, and we remark in them the fine maxims they held to, the innocent Stratagems they practiſed, and the noble deſigns they undertook for gaining ſuch famous victories. Their moſt aſſured maxims were, not to rely on their own ſtrength, to implore the aſſiſtance of Heaven, and to hope for more from grace than from nature: If thou * deſireſt to conquer, ſays St. Auguſtine, do not preſume of thyſelf, but aſſign to him the glory of the victory by whom thou expecteſt to be crowned.

* Auguſt. Serm. 2. de Catechiſmo.

crowned. Their more ordinary Stratagems were to prevent their paſſions, to deprive them of ſtrength in order to deprive them of courage, to attack them in their birth, and not to wait till riper age had rendered them more vigorous. Their more memorable enterprizes were to make incurſions on their enemies territory, to conſider their countenance, to obſerve their deſigns, and to remove all the objects that might ſet them in motion: Theſe means will ſucceed happily with us, if we do but employ them, and we ſhall not fail of ſuccours, all moral virtues being ſo many faithful allies that fight for our liberty, and ſupply us with arms for ſubduing our Paſſions.

CHAPTER II.

THAT THERE CANNOT BE A MORE WRETCHED SLAVE THAN THE MAN WHO SUFFERS HIMSELF TO BE GOVERNED BY HIS PASSIONS.

LIBERTY is ſo ſweet, and ſlavery ſo diſguſtful, that it may be ſaid without exaggeration, that as the former

is

is the greateſt of all bleſſings, ſo the latter is the greateſt of all evils. Several nations have fought deſperate battles for preſerving to themſelves the one, and defending themſelves againſt the other; and it ſeems that nature had inſpired them with this conviction, that it was better to die with liberty, than live in ſlavery. But though this evil is ſo odious, conſidering the happineſs it robs us of, yet it is not comparable to that which is occaſioned by the tyranny of our paſſions; and it muſt be confeſſed that of all the ſlaves in the world he is the moſt wretched who is ſubſervient to ſuch cruel maſters.

Others are free in the moſt noble part of themſelves; nothing of them but their body groans under irons and feels the rigours of ſlavery; Their will is not conſtrained; when a command is impoſed on them that wounds their honour, or offends their conſcience; they may decline it by a generous refuſal, and redeem their liberty by the loſs of life: But theſe are ſlaves in the inmoſt receſſes of their ſoul; they cannot diſpoſe of their thoughts nor deſires, and they loſe in that infamous bondage what Captives retain in their priſons, and what tyrants cannot deſpoil their enemies of.

Others

Others may deſert their maſters, and quitting their habitations or eſtates, may paſs into places of freedom where they will breathe the air of liberty: But theſe though they ſhould change their country, do not change their condition; they are ſlaves under crowns, they are ſubſervient to their paſſions whilſt they command their ſubjects, and wherever they go, they drag along with them their chains, and carry their maſters. Others ſigh after liberty, and uſe their beſt endeavours to recover it; when this aid fails them, miſery opens their mind, and neceſſity the mother of invention, furniſhes them with means to ſet themſelves free; but theſe wretches have loſt their liberty to ſo great a degree, that they have not even preſerved the deſire of it; they love their ſervitude, they kiſs their bonds, and by a ſtrange infatuation, fear the end of their captivity, and dread their deliverance.

Others have but one maſter, and amidſt the multiplicity of ills that environ them, are in hopes to mitigate the pains of their bondage, by getting into the good graces of him that commands them, and they flatter themſelves that they may ſtill recover their liberty by the aſſiduity of their ſervices.

ſervices. This thought, indeed, is pleaſing to them, and they have good reaſon to believe that a ſlave, who has but one man to content, cannot be always unhappy; but theſe have as many maſters to ſerve as they have paſſions to gratify; the end of one ſervitude is the beginning of another, and when they think of having eſcaped a haughty dominion, they fall under an inſolent tyranny: Thus change is never of any advantage to them, the laſt maſter is always more cruel than the firſt, they often command all together; and as their deſigns do not agree, they divide thoſe unhappy ſlaves, and force them to multiply their will, and to tear their bowels for obeying orders rather contrary than different: One time ambition and love unite their flames for devouring them; fear and hope conſpire to attack them; pain and pleaſure meet in a friendly agreement to afflict them; and each maſter may be ſaid to be an executioner to torment them, and each order they receive, a new puniſhment to make them ſuffer; they have not an hour's reſpite, their paſſions perſecute them both day and night, and theſe vengeful furies change all their pleaſures into cruel pains.

What

What is more deplorable, than to ſee Alexander intoxicated by his ambition, loſe his wits for gratifying that diſorderly paſſion? And indeed, can we ſuppoſe that * man to be in his ſenſes, who began his exploits by the ruin of Greece, and who more unjuſt than the Perſians, enſlaved the city of Lacedemon, ſilenced that of Athens, and ravaged the country that had in vain taught him Philoſophy. The ſame madneſs ſtimulated him to ranſack the world, to commit devaſtations in all parts of Aſia, to penetrate into the Indies, to paſs the Seas, and to ſhew indignant emotions againſt nature, which by her bounds had circumſcribed his conqueſts, and forced him to put an end to his deſigns where the Sun finiſhes his courſe? Who can help pitying Pompey, who inebriated by the love of a falſe greatneſs, undertakes civil and foreign wars? One time he paſſes into Spain to cruſh Sertorius, another time he ſcours the Seas to clear it of pirates; then he flies into Aſia to fight Mithridates; he ravages all the provinces of that great part of the world, he creates himſelf enemies where he finds none; after ſo many battles and victories, he is the

* Senec. Epiſt. 94.

only one that does not judge himſelf ſufficiently great, and though the title of Great is given him, he does not believe himſelf to be deſerving of it, unleſs Julius Cæſar acknowledges that he is. But who alſo can help pitying this Cæſar, who was not ſo much the ſlave as the martyr of ambition? He proſtituted his honour to acquire power; he made himſelf the ſlave of his army, to become the maſter of the Senate; he vowed the deſtruction of his country to be revenged of his ſon-in-law: Seeing no other ſtate on which he could exerciſe his rage, he gave vent to it againſt the common-wealth, and was pleaſed to merit the name of a parricide to enjoy that of a Sovereign: Ambition actuated all the ſprings of his motions; if he pardoned his enemy, vanity was the motive, and if he wept for the death of Cato and Pompey, it was perhaps becauſe it extenuated the honour of his victory. All his ſentiments were ambitious; when he ſaw Alexander's ſtatue, he ſhed tears, perhaps becauſe he had not yet ſhed blood enough: Whatever preſented itſelf to his eyes awaked his paſſion, and objects that might have taught others modeſty, ſerved only to inſpire him with pride and inſolence. In ſhort, Cæſar commanded his army, and

and ambition commanded Cæſar: Its influence was ſo powerful over his mind, that the prediction of his death could not have made him alter his deſign, and he could, no doubt, have anſwered for himſelf to the Soothſayers, what Agrippina anſwered for her ſon to the Aſtrologers: "Let him kill me, ſo he reigns."

—— pereat mater data victima nato
Sceptra Nero teneat, ſatis eſt vixiſſe parenti.

If ſlavery is ſo wretched in ambition, it is by far more ſhameful in impudicity. It muſt be confeſſed that a man addicted to this infamous paſſion, forfeits both his reaſon and liberty, and being the ſlave of his love, is no longer maſter of himſelf. Did not Cleopatra govern Mark Antony; and could not that Princeſs boaſt that ſhe had revenged Egypt on Italy, and had ſubdued the Roman Empire, by ſubjecting to her laws him that governed it? This wretch's way of life was entirely conformable to the will and caprice of that foreign woman; he acted only by her motions, and no ſlave ever took ſo much pains to gain the good graces of a maſter, as this daſtard

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of a prince did to acquire the favour of a haughty miſtreſs. He gave away all governments and offices of ſtate by her orders, and the fineſt part of the Roman Empire ſighed to ſee itſelf under the power, and at the diſpoſal of a woman. He dared not to conquer in the battle of Actium, and he choſe rather to deſert his army than his love; he was the firſt Captain that abandoned his ſoldiers, and would not avail himſelf of their courage to defeat his enemy. But what could be expected from the infatuation of a man, who had no more heart left, and could not even live ſeparate from Cleopatra? Read, in fine, the hiſtory of all thoſe called Great, you will find that their paſſions made ſlaves of them, and that they experienced amidſt the ſmiles of their fortune, all the tortures tyranny can invent for afflicting thoſe it oppreſſes. We are therefore under a neceſſity of having recourſe to reaſon and Grace, for avoiding the fury of theſe inſolent maſters; and every one of us ought to reſolve in particular rather to loſe our life than liberty, and to prefer a glorious death to a ſhameful ſlavery: But without proceeding to theſe extremities, we need only in this conflict be willing to

conquer

conquer in order to be victorious; for God has permitted our good fortune to depend on our own will with his grace, ſo that our paſſions can only aſſume over us the power we allow them: And indeed, experience teaches us, that they fight us with our own weapons, and enſlave us with our own conſent.

CHAPTER III.

THAT WE MUST MODERATE OUR PASSIONS, TO GOVERN THEM.

THE Paſſions are deſtined for the ſervice of virtue, and the uſe of every one of them may be of ſingular advantage to us; but it muſt be confeſſed that they ought to be properly conducted, and that conſidering the ſtate ſin has reduced our nature to, they cannot be uſeful to us unleſs they are moderated. That unhappy father who has made us the inheritors of his crime, did not give us being with the purity he had received it from God. The body and ſoul ſuffer their puniſhments, and as both are culpable, both have been puniſhed; the mind

has its errors, the will its irregular inclinations, the memory its weaknesses: The body, the channel through which original ſin flows into the ſoul, has its miſeries, and though the leaſt culpable, is notwithſtanding the moſt unhappy: Every thing is diſorderly in it; the ſenſes ſeduced by objects, communicate their deception to the imagination, which foments diſorders in the inferior part of the ſoul, and raiſes the paſſions, ſo as to be no longer under that obedience they were retained in by original Juſtice; and though ſtill ſubmiſſive to the empire of reaſon, they are mutinous ſubjects, which cannot be reduced to their duty but by compulſion or artifice: They are deſigned for obeying the mind, but they eaſily forget their condition, and their commerce with the ſenſes, is the cauſe that they often prefer their advice to the commands of the will; they riſe up with ſuch efforts that their natural motions are almoſt always violent: They are horſes that have more fire than ſtrength; They are ſeas that are oftener tempeſtuous than calm; they are, in fine, parts of ourſelves, which cannot be of ſervice to the mind, without being firſt made tame or gentle.

This

This will not ſeem ſtrange to thoſe who are ſenſible of the ravages ſin has made in our nature, and even the Philoſophers that acknowledge virtue to be an art which we muſt learn, will not find it amiſs to think that the paſſions do not become obedient but by the guidance of reaſon.

In order to put ſo great a deſign in execution, we muſt imitate nature and art, and conſider the means they adopt for completing their works. Nature which performs all her buſineſs with the elements, and out of them compounds all bodies, never employs them without tempering their qualities: As they cannot ſuffer together, and as their natural antipathy keeps them at variance, this wiſe mother appeaſes their difference by ſoftening their averſions, and never unites without firſt weakening them. Art which is invented not ſo much for perfecting as imitating nature, obſerves the ſame rules, and admits nothing in its works that is not tempered by its induſtry. Painting would not have been ſo famous, if it had not found out the ſecret of combining white with black, and pacifying the natural diſcord of theſe two colours, to compoſe all others out of them.

Thoſe employed in the management of horſes do not make them ſerviceable without breaking them, and teaching them to obey the ſpur and bridle. No Lions were uſed for drawing triumphal cars that had not been tamed, and Elephants did not carry towers in battles without having been weaned from that fierce temper they had brought with them from the foreſts. All theſe examples are documents for the guiding of the paſſions, and Reaſon muſt imitate nature, if willing to be benefited by her leſſons. No uſe is to be made of the paſſions before they are juſtly moderated, and whoever ſhall think of making them ſerviceable to virtue, before they are regulated by Grace, will engage in a perilous deſign. During the ſtate of innocence when their temper was not ſavage, they might be uſed in their birth: They never ſurprized the will, and as original juſtice had then actuated the body as well as the ſoul, the ſenſes made no falſe reports, and their advice being diſintereſted, was always conformable to the judgments of reaſon: But now, as all is criminal in man, the body and mind being equally corrupt, the ſenſes ſubject to a thouſand illuſions, and the imagination a favourer

of

of their diſorders, we ſhould think no precautions too great in the uſe of our paſſions.

The firſt precaution may be, to conſider the troubles their revolt has given birth to in our ſoul, and in what misfortunes they engage us, when they take the eyes or ears for guides. It is a point of prudence to profit by our loſſes, and to become wiſe at our own expence. The moſt juſt anger becomes often the reverſe, if not reſtrained by reaſon; though its motion has been lawful in its birth, it becomes criminal in its progreſs; for want of moderation, of a good cauſe it makes a bad one, and thinking to puniſh a ſlight fault, commits a grievous offence: Fear has often diſmayed us when we have liſtened to the ſuggeſtions of the ſenſes; it has made us grow pale without reaſon on a thouſand occaſions, and has ſometimes engaged us in real dangers, by making us avoid imaginary ones: As therefore our paſſions have deceived us for not taking counſel of reaſon, we muſt come to a reſolution of not believing them, till we have examined whether their deſires or apprehenſions are reaſonable, and whether the mind,

mind, which ſees further than the eyes, diſcovers the vanity of our hopes or fears.

The ſecond precaution is, to oblige reaſon to keep a conſtant watch over the ſubjects that may excite our paſſions, and to conſider their nature and motions, to prevent its being over ſurprized: Evils that are foreſeen are only ſlight wounds, and the accidents againſt which we are prepared very ſeldom aſtoniſh us. A pilot that ſees the ſtorm gathering, puts into port, but if at too great a diſtance from it, he keeps out at ſea, far from coaſts and rocks. A father, who is ſenſible that his children are mortal, and that life has no other term but what it may pleaſe God to allot it, will never be inconſolable for having loſt them. A Prince, who conſiders that victory depends more on chance than prudence, on accidents than the bravery of his ſoldiers, will not be ſo afflicted on being beaten: But we make no uſe of our mind, and it ſeems that if our paſſions are diſorderly, we accuſe reaſon for not foreſeeing dangers, and preparing our ſenſes againſt their ſurpriſes.

The third precaution is, to ſtudy the nature of the paſſions, we undertake to moderate and conduct; for ſome of them require

require to be ſeverely reprimanded, and even uſed with violence, in order to be reduced to their duty: Others require to be flattered and treated with lenity, to make them ſubſervient to reaſon; though ſubjects, they are not ſlaves, and the mind that governs them, is rather their parent than Sovereign: Others muſt be deceived, and though virtue is ſo generous, ſhe is notwithſtanding obliged to deſcend to the weakneſs of the paſſions, and to employ cunning when force proves unſucceſsful. Love is of that nature, and it muſt be induced to change its meaſures, when it cannot be baniſhed from the heart, by propoſing lawful objects to it, and making it virtuous by an innocent deceit. Anger chuſes to be ſoothed, and whoever ſhould think of ſtopping ſhort this torrent by oppoſing a dike to it, would increaſe its rage and impetuoſity: Fear and Grief muſt be treated with harſh language, and the firſt of theſe two paſſions is ſo baſe, that it cannot be ſubdued without forcible means; and the ſecond is ſo ſtubborn that it cannot be ruled but by irritating it. By an exact obſervation of ſuch methods, the affections of our ſoul are ſoftened; the wild beaſts become domeſtic; and when they

they have loſt their natural ferocity, reaſon employs them uſefully, and virtue forms and executes no deſign but in conjunction with them.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT REASON CAN CONDUCT OUR PASSIONS, WHATEVER STATE THEY MAY BE IN.

NATURE, though very liberal, is an excellent œconomiſt, and puts to good uſe whatever ſhe has produced. All her parts have their utility, and amongſt the great number of creatures that compoſe the univerſe, there are none uſeleſs; thoſe that render no ſervice to us, contribute to our pleaſures; the beautiful and agreeable are the ornaments of the world, even the deformed keep up its variety: As ſhadows heighten the luſtre of colours, ſo deformity gives luſtre to beauty, and monſters that are the faults of Nature, enhance the value of her maſterpieces and miracles. There is nothing more pernicious than poiſon, and if ſin was not barren, it might be taken for its produc-

production, by agreeing ſo far with it, as to be deadly to all men: Yet poiſon has its uſes; medicine converts it into antidotes, and there are ailments that cannot be cured without ſome preparations wherein it is an ingredient. Cuſtom too has made it conducive to the ſupport of life as aliments, and there have been Princes on whom poiſon had no effect to cauſe death: The beaſts that have it in them cannot live without it, and thus that which is pernicious to us, is ſo neceſſary to them, that they die by taking it from them. Philoſophers reflecting on this ſeem to be unanimous in opinion, that poiſon or venom is not an evil, being ſo natural to ſcorpions, vipers, and the like, that they die by loſing, as we do by taking it.

Now, though the motions of our ſoul may be ſometimes cenſured as ſo many poiſons or monſters, this reaſon ſhould induce us to confeſs that they are not ſo abſolutely bad, but that they may be prepared as poiſon, and made antidotes of for curing our ailments, or for maintaining our health: For in whatever way they are conſidered, and whatever viſage they are made to aſſume to look terrible, reaſon will

will always find ways of making them ſerviceable, and that wiſe œconomiſt of our goods and evils, will manage them with ſo much prudence, that in ſpite of the diſorder ſin has introduced amongſt them, ſhe will reap from them both advantage and glory.

If we conſider them in their birth, they are tractable affections, which make but a weak reſiſtance, and which by a little inſtruction, become docil and obedient: They are children, frightened at an angry word, and who through fear of a little chaſtiſement, correct their bad inclinations, and profit by the counſels of their maſters: They are young plants which an adverſe wind has bent, but which are eaſily brought upright by a little care, and not being yet inflexible, may be made to aſſume a bent contrary to that they had received from nature. On this account it was, that the Platonics would not give the name of paſſions to theſe diſorders in their birth; and knowing that it was eaſy to keep them in order, they contented themſelves with calling them affections, without giving them a more injurious title.

If we conſider them in a more advanced age, when availing themſelves of our weakneſs

weakneſs they have acquired new ſtrength, and from ſimple affections are become violent paſſions, we muſt ſignify to them how far their own intereſt is concerned, and giving them hopes of pleaſure or glory, induce them to good and divert them from evil. If we only except their greateſt revolt, they always retain an inclination for virtue, and horrour againſt vice; they are not culpable, but becauſe they are abuſed; it is ſufficient to take away the veil that covered their eyes to redreſs their motions, and correct their errors: Sin has not diſhonoured nature to ſuch a degree, as to hinder her from preſerving the ground-work of her inclinations: She always loves good and will hate evil eternally; She ſeeks after glory and flies from infamy: She deſires pleaſure and dreads pain. All theſe motions are equally natural and innocent; and the Devil, who ſees that this order is pernicious to his deſigns, and that this impreſſion, which comes from the hand of God, cannot be defaced, puts our paſſions upon a falſe ſcent, and not being able to corrupt, he ſtrives to deceive them; he propoſes to them apparent goods for real, he diſguiſes ſin, and makes it aſſume the cloak of virtue:

tue: And as our blind paſſions cannot diſcern truth from lies, they confound evil with good, and by a deplorable miſfortune love what they ought to hate, and hate what they ought to love. To cure them they need only be undeceived, for whatever their attachment may be to theſe diſguiſed objects, they will ſequeſter themſelves from them the moment their beauties or deformities are pointed out to them, and following their firſt inclinations will deteſt their blindneſs, and quit the apparent good to embrace that which is real. We have therefore reaſon to conſole ourſelves under our misfortune, that notwithſtanding the diſobedience of our Parent, and the hatred of his enemy, the nature of the paſſions is not intirely changed, that they ſtill retain ſome purity, and that in all diſorders there is more error than malice.

If laſtly, we conſider them in their extreme violence, and in that ſtate when they caſt forth ſo much ſmoke and flame that they offuſcate Reaſon, and force her to abandon the guiding of them, it will be then exceeding difficult to make a good uſe of them: For they ſeem to have changed their condition, and as they have

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ſided with ſin, they deſerve to bear its name, and to be rather called troubles and tumultuous inſurrections than paſſions: They are ſo inſolent as to deſpiſe all the counſels propoſed to them; inſtead of obeying the laws of the mind, they want to impoſe laws on it, and thus from natural ſubjects become inſupportable tyrants. When the evil is come to this pitch, it is very hard to be remedied, and it may be ſaid, that by dallying too long, matters are become deſperate: For the Paſſions no longer hearken to any advice given them, and Reaſon is ſo diſturbed, and withal ſo bewildered by profligate thoughts, that ſhe is not in a condition to give orders: The boiling ſurges of this tempeſtuous ſea riſe to the Skies; that part of man which ought always to be tranquil, finds itſelf hurled about in the ſtorm, and ſtands in need of a foreign ſuccour to appeaſe the trouble that agitates it. I verily believe that there is no Philoſopher, who would preſume to cure a man in this phrenſy; remedies would irritate his diſorder, nothing but length of time would mitigate it, and it were to be wiſhed that the torrent might find a ſpacious field for expanding its waters and diſſipating its

fury: But when the tempeſt is nearly appeaſed, when the Paſſions have ſomewhat ſlackened their impetuous courſe, and when Reaſon begins to reſume her light and ſtrength, he muſt repreſent to himſelf the unhappineſs of his condition, he muſt bluſh at his ſin, and reprimand ſeverely thoſe rebellious ſlaves, more eſpecially he muſt humble himſelf before God, become rich by his loſs, and wiſe at his expence: He muſt alſo look out by what breach the enemy has entered the place, and know what artifices he had recourſe to for fomenting ſedition, and withdrawing his ſubjects from their allegiance. In this manner it is, that our greateſt misfortunes will turn to our advantage, and we ſhall learn by experience that the ſtorm may drive us into port, and that if there be waves that drown men, there are others that throw them up on ſhore: But as no mariner would run this riſque to oblige Heaven to work a miracle in his favour, ſo no man ought to expoſe himſelf to this diſorder to reap ſome advantage from it, and it is much better to be deprived of an uncertain happineſs, than to purchaſe it by a certain loſs.

Keeping

Keeping theſe truths in view, we may ſay, that our condition is not ſo deplorable as is imagined by thoſe who would fain excuſe their ſin by their wretchedneſs, ſince our good fortune is in our own hands, and we ſail on a ſea whoſe calms and tempeſts depend on our will. We may avoid ſplitting upon the rocks it keeps concealed, quell the fury of the winds that irritate it, humble the pride of the waves it raiſes, and make tranquillity ſucceed to the calm: Or, by a more fortunate dexterity we may oblige thoſe rocks to ſink down, thoſe ſeas to carry our ſhips, and thoſe winds to waft them in ſafety: But ſetting aſide theſe figurative ways of expreſſion, let us ſay that there are no objects but we may deſpiſe, no opinions but we may correct, no paſſions but we may conquer: Thus our fortune is at our own diſpoſal, the victory depends on our weapons, our happineſs is inherent to our deſire, and to acquire all thoſe good things, we need only exert a little courage.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE MEANS THAT MAY BE USED FOR MODERATING OUR PASSIONS.

AMIDST the ſeveral means which reaſon may adopt for the regulating of our paſſions, it ſeems that the moſt uſual is that which is borrowed from the Chace, when men employ tame beaſts to take the wild, or for diverſion ſake, when they uſe the courage of dogs againſt the rage of wolves: In like manner it ſeems allowable to employ the paſſions that are moſt ſubject to us againſt thoſe that are the moſt rebellious, and to make uſe of our reconciled enemies for ſubduing thoſe which ſtill wage war againſt us. Joy is oppoſed to grief, fear is repreſſed by hope, and deſires are moderated by the trouble that accompanies the gratifying them. Sometimes alſo the paſſions which are productive of others come under conſideration; to dry up rivulets their ſprings muſt be dried up, and to make void effects the cauſes muſt be deſtroyed. Whoever ſhall ceaſe to hope, will ceaſe to fear, whoever ſhall ſet bounds

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to his deſires, will ſet bounds to his hopes; and whoever ſhall entertain no love for riches, will be haunted with no uneaſineſs nor fears on their account. Some time alſo an attack is made upon our predominant paſſion, to deſtroy all thoſe that fight under its banner; with one blow the victory is obtained, and by the death of the chief the whole army is defeated. But though all theſe means are ſpecious, and promiſe us a profound peace, or long truce; yet they are deceitful, and engage us to undertake things, unjuſt, impoſſible, or dangerous; for there is great danger in ſtrengthening one enemy to deſtroy another, and there is no good ſecurity in arming a paſſion, which may act as well againſt reaſon as for it: There is injuſtice in oppoſing them to one another, becauſe they ought to maintain a good underſtanding; for though in Politics it may be lawful to make war to have peace, and to cauſe diviſion amongſt enemies, whoſe friendſhip is prejudicial to us; yet in Morality, it is not lawful to ſow diſcord between one's own ſubjects, with the vain hopes of bringing them to an agreement when they are weakened: It would be, in fine, attempting an impoſſibility to think of ſtifling a paſſion for

deſtroying thoſe that proceed from it; they may, indeed, be moderated, but cannot be deſtroyed; they ſpring from the union of our ſoul with our body, and in order to deprive them of life, the man that produces them muſt be alſo made to loſe life: Our paſſions are more intimately connected with us than the limbs of our body, and if theſe may be amputated when infected, thoſe cannot be extirpated when diſobedient. The greater part of thoſe counſels are therefore given us by ſuſpected perſons; theſe bad reaſons are uſhered out of the ſchool of Stoics, who regard the paſſions as enemies to our repoſe, and who ſtrive not to govern, but to annihilate them, being perſuaded that their nature is perfectly ſimilar to that of wild beaſts, which are never ſo well tamed as not to retain always ſomething of their priſtine ferocity, and that to compoſe the mind in perfect tranquillity, they ought not to be mitigated, but deſtroyed.

To reſolve theſe difficulties it muſt be remembered, that Reaſon is the ſovereign of the Paſſions, that the governing of them is one of her principal employments, and that ſhe is obliged to watch particularly over thoſe that carry off along with them

them the reſt by their motions; for as their revolt is followed by an univerſal rebellion, it ſeems alſo that their obedience cauſes a general peace, and that they never acknowledge the empire of Reaſon without bringing back with them to their duty all the Paſſions they had raiſed. Sometimes, it is true, pleaſure may be oppoſed to pain, hope to fear, inclination to averſion, but in this conflict Reaſon muſt be careful, that in weakening one paſſion, ſhe does not give too much ſtrength to another, and that in deſigning to reduce a mutineer to obedience, ſhe does not increaſe the number of rebels. When ſhe undertakes this buſineſs, it ſhould be with a balance in her hands, remembering that the God whom ſhe imitates, performs all his works by weight and meaſure, and that when he tempers the qualities of the elements for making them agree, he does not give one an advantage that may prejudice another. We may likewiſe form an attack upon the paſſion that maſters us, and which we are ſenſible is the cauſe of our diſorders; for it is a familiar Demon that poſſeſſes us; it is a tyrant that does not exerciſe its power but for its own intereſt, and the more dangerous, as it endeavours

to make itſelf the more agreeable. Reaſon is obliged to fight againſt it as a public enemy, and to employ all her forces, if not for deſtroying, at leaſt for weakening it; I do not ſee, however, that ſhe can ſafely uſe other paſſions for ſubduing it, for they are too much in its intereſt to attack it, and when it may be thought to make them inſtrumental to its overthrow, it will have addreſs enough to engage them to contribute to its preſervation.

But not to leave ſo dangerous an evil without a remedy, it would be adviſable to retrench the objects that afford nouriſhment to it, and to wear down by abſtinence an enemy whom we have not been able to conquer by force; for though our paſſions are born with us, though they borrow their vigour from our conſtitution, and though the moſt natural of them are the moſt difficult to be kept to order; yet they extract their nouriſhment from external things, and if objects do not entertain them, they die away or languiſh. Ambition ſeldom torments us in ſolitude, and when it beholds no longer the grandeur of cities, the magnificence of buildings, the pomp of triumphs, it looſes the remembrance of glory, and that fire having

ing no further aliment to feed it, is conſumed and extinguiſhed of itſelf. Grief collects ſtrength amidſt darkneſs; thoſe gloomy chambers lined with the apparatus of mourning, conſpire with it to afflict us, and it ſeems that the men, who uſe thoſe ſable emblems, are afraid to forget their grief, and are willing that whatever they ſee, ſhould revive the memory of their loſs. If we remove from us theſe melancholy objects, nature will be tired of weeping, and will comfort herſelf when ſhe ſees nothing more to influence her regret. What has been obſerved of grief and ambition, may be ſaid of all the other paſſions, which are obſtinate only by being aided by our artifices, and by our taking pains to increaſe them, to add to our miſery.

BOOK IV.

OF THE COMMERCE OF THE PASSIONS WITH VIRTUES AND VICES.

CHAPTER I.

THAT THE PASSIONS ARE THE SEEDS OF VIRTUES.

AS the generality of men conſider only the appearance of things, we need not be aſtoniſhed that the ſect of the Stoics has had ſo many admirers, and that their proud maxims have been received with ſo much approbation and applauſe; for nothing can be imagined more noble, nor generous in appearance, than their philoſophy: It promiſes to change men into Angels, to raiſe them above the condition of mortals, and to place ſtorms and the ravaging force of thunder under their feet; it boaſts of curing them of all diſeaſes, and delivering them from thoſe troubleſome diſorders which diſturb the tranquillity of the mind. All theſe fine promiſes have produced no effects, and theſe proud waves,

waves, after making ſo much noiſe, have been converted into froth. We ought, indeed, to thank Providence for fruſtrating their deſigns, for if they had made good their promiſe, they would have left us deſtitute of all the helps nature has given us for becoming virtuous, and our ſoul would have remained without exerciſe and merit: For the Paſſions are her motions, they carry her where ſhe is willing to go, and without ſeparating her from her body, they unite her to the objects of her deſires, or remove her from thoſe of her averſion: Joy is her elation and effuſion, grief her depreſſion and pain; deſire is her reſearch and fear her flight; for when we are joyous our ſoul expands and dilates herſelf; when we are afflicted, ſhe contracts and ſtreightens herſelf; when we deſire, ſhe ſeems to puſh forward, and when we fear, ſhe ſeems to retire. Thoſe therefore, who would deprive the ſoul of paſſions, deprive her of all her motions, and make her uſeleſs and impotent, under the ſpecious pretence of making her happy. No rational man would purchaſe felicity at ſo dear a rate, nor no real man would promiſe it to ſo difficult a condition; for if happineſs conſiſts in action, and if to be contented,

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we muſt taſte the good we poſſeſs, there are none but will allow that paſſions are neceſſary to our ſoul, and that joy ſhould complete the felicity deſire had begun.

The Partizans of the Stoics will perhaps tell us that theſe Philoſophers do not condemn the deſires that ariſe from the love of virtue, nor the joy that accompanies its poſſeſſion, but that they only blame the diſorderly wiſhes we daily entertain for riches and honours, and conſequently the vain contentment their enjoyment occaſions. This anſwer invalidates their maxims, and confirms ours, for it admits the paſſions, and forbids only their exceſs; it receives deſires and hopes, and rejects only their diſorder, and to ſum up all in a few words, it cures the diſtempered ſymptoms of our affections, and does not deſtroy their nature. But the Stoics were not ſo juſt, and their Philoſophy was ſo auſtere, and withal ſo remote from reaſon, that would it have man ſeek after virtue without wiſhing for it, poſſeſs without taſting it, and be without deſire, hope, and joy, as happy as God himſelf: It had, in ſhort, conſpired the deſtruction of our paſſions, yet that proud ſect did not conſider that by deſtroying them, it likewiſe deſtroyed all virtues; for the Paſſions are the

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ſeeds of virtues, and for the little pains taken in cultivating them, we ſhall not fail to gather the moſt delectable fruits.

Though man is not born virtuous, and though the art that teaches him to be ſo, is equally difficult and glorious, it ſeems notwithſtanding that he has a knowledge of it before he learns it, that his mind contains the principles of truths, and his will the ſeeds of virtues: and that as his knowledge, according to the Platonics, is only a reminiſcence, ſo his good habits are only natural inclinations; for all his paſſions are growing virtues, and by a little care taken in perfecting them, become accompliſhed virtues. Is not fear, that foreſees evil and avoids it, a natural prudence? Is not anger, that arms itſelf in favour of integrity againſt its enemy, a ſhadow of Juſtice? Is not deſire, that divides us from ourſelves to unite us to ſomething better, an image of charity, weaning us from the earth to lift us up into heaven? What does courage require to be converted into real fortitude; and what difference is there between grief and repentance, but that the one is the work of nature, and the other the production of Grace? But both are afflicted on the account of evil, and often mingle their tears to weep for the ſame

ſame ſin: There are, in fine, no Paſſions but may become virtues, and having of themſelves an inclination for good, and averſion from evil, but little conduct ſeems requiſite for making them change their condition. It is ſufficient to apply love properly to make all our Paſſions innocent, and without taking ſo much trouble, we need only love well to be happy even in this life; for as virtue is the habitude of a well regulated mind, nothing more is wanting than to moderate our affections, that they may be changed into virtues: And indeed, when our hatred and our love, which are the ſources of other paſſions, are conducted prudently, modeſtly, reſolutely, and juſtly, they become rare virtues, and will be converted into Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Juſtice. Will it therefore be not barbarous to ſtifle paſſions, which are ſo nearly allied to virtue, and which without much labour may be raiſed to ſo noble a condition? will it not be a ſingular ingratitude, to diſavow the advantages we have received from nature? and will it not be unjuſt to brand innocent ſubjects with opprobrious names, which, if they had been brought

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to order by reaſon, would have merited the moſt glorious titles?

It is therefore an indubitable maxim among Philoſophers, that paſſions are the ſeeds of virtues, and that they have not a nobler employment, than arming themſelves in their favour, fighting in their quarrel, and revenging themſelves of their enemies. As mothers are never more courageous, than when they defend their children, ſo the affections of our ſoul are never more vigorous, than when they defend their productions againſt vices. This praiſe gives great offence to the Stoics, and Seneca cannot endure that the army of virtue ſhould be compoſed of Soldiers who may have it in their power to mutiny; he will have no paſſions enliſted in her ſervice, becauſe ſome of them have diſputed her authority. If all Princes were as difficult as this Philoſopher, they would find no fighting men, and would be under a neceſſity of diſbanding all their troops, becauſe ſome of them have been deſerters, or unfaithful. The negligence of Princes is often the occaſion of a mutinous diſpoſition in their ſoldiery, and the weakneſs of Reaſon is almoſt always the cauſe of the revolt of the Paſſions; in true Philoſophy,

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we ſhould rather accuſe the mind than the body, and condemn rather the Sovereign than the ſubjects. Who but ſees that fear is on the watch for virtue; that it always mixes with the enemy as a ſpy, to reconnoitre their deſigns; that all the reports it makes are true and exact, and that we are generally unfortunate by having neglected them? Who but knows that hope fortifies, and animates us with courage to enterprize glorious and difficult deſigns? Who but acknowledges that courage and anger deſpiſe dangers, endure pains and attack death, to be of ſervice to patience and fortitude. But what virtues would not be weak and languid, if abandoned by the paſſions? How often has the dread of infamy raiſed the courage of ſoldiers who were meditating a ſhameful flight? How often has ſhame preſerved chaſtity, and kept virgins and women within the bounds of duty, whom avarice and impurity endeavoured to corrupt? How often has indignation fired Judges againſt criminals, whom the protection of the Great made inſolent in their crimes?

Let the Partizans of the Stoics therefore confeſs that the virtues are indebted for their ſecurity to the paſſions, and let them

them not tell us any more that they are too generous to implore the ſuccour of their ſlaves; but let us tell them in our turn that they are too grateful to deſpiſe ſuch faithful friends, and that they will never make any difficulty in accepting them for allies, when they are pleaſed to attack vice, their common enemy. Hence it is, in the diſcuſſion of this point, that we find the opinion of Ariſtotle preferable to that of Seneca, which is, to make the paſſions tractable by good management and not to deſtroy them. Seneca, by an inſupportable pride, would have virtue to be ſelf-ſufficient, and that the Sage who is poſſeſſed of virtue might be happy againſt the will of God himſelf, he would have his felicity ſo firm eſtabliſhed as not to be overthrown by the power of Heaven; and to judge by his words, it ſeems that the firſt diſpoſition neceſſary for acquiring wiſdom, is inſolence and impiety. Ariſtotle, on the contrary, acknowledges his weakneſs, he uſes the ſuccours which nature offers him, and knowing that he is compoſed of a mind and body, he ſtrives to employ thoſe two parts in the exerciſe of virtue: He confeſſes that we can undertake nothing generous, unleſs anger

chafes the mind, and that we become indolent when we are not irritated; but being alſo ſenſible that this paſſion wants a bridle to check it, he ſubjects it to Reaſon, and makes uſe of it not as a commander in chief, but as a private ſoldier. Let us behave in ſuch manner in regard to our paſſions, and let us acquaint the partizans of the Stoics, that Nature has done nothing in vain, and that as ſhe has given us fears and hopes, it is her intention we ſhould employ them for acquiring virtue, and conquering vice.

CHAPTER II.

THAT THE PASSIONS ARE THE SEEDS OF VICES.

WE ſhould flatter the Paſſions and deceive men, if after having ſhewn the good they may do, we did not ſhew alſo the evil they are capable of; and our painting would not be faithful, if having exhibited their perfections, it did not repreſent likewiſe their faults. But not to be miſtaken in ſo important a ſubject, and on which, it ſeems, our felicity depends, it

it will not be amiſs to know, that the paſſions are neither good nor bad, and that thoſe two qualities, properly ſpeaking, are found only in the will, that ſuperior power which governs them. Being alone free, it is alone good or bad, and being the principle of merit, it is alſo the ſource of malice or of goodneſs. As the Sun ſheds his light on the world, and enlightens ſolid bodies, though he does not penetrate them; juſt ſo the will diſpenſes malice and goodneſs in the paſſions, and though it does not fully communicate either to them, it however gives them a ſlight tincture, which is ſufficient to make them innocent or criminal.

If we examine the qualities they have received from nature, and conſider them in the ſtate which is antecedent to the uſe of the will, it muſt be confeſſed that they are equally the ſeeds of vices and virtues, and that thoſe two contraries are ſo confounded in them, as to be ſcarce diſcernable. They have an inclination for good, and ſo hold of virtue; but by being eaſily ſeduced and moved, they reſemble vice. We are no longer in that happy ſtate of innocence, when our paſſions waited the order of Reaſon, and did not riſe up with-

out leave, now faithleſs and regardleſs of the voice of their ſovereign, they obey the firſt that commands them, and embrace the party as readily of a tyrant as that of their lawful Prince. This error, into which they often fall, obliges us to confeſs, that they are rather more diſpoſed for vice than for virtue, and that if we can expect great advantages from them, we ought likewiſe to be apprehenſive of notable diſgraces: For the ſame deſires that raiſe us to heaven, bind us down to earth; what nature has given us to ſet us at liberty, throws us into priſon, and fetters us in irons; the ſame hope that flatters, deceives us; and that which ſhould ſoften our paſt misfortunes, procures us new ones; the ſame anger that animates the courage to battle, eggs on the daſtard to revenge; and that which is generous in war, becomes cruel in peace. Still the paſſions ſeem not placed at a greater diſtance from virtue than vice; for, as in the confuſion of the chaos, fire was intermixed with water, ſo in the affections of the ſoul, evil lies mixed with good; and from the ſame mine are extracted as well iron as gold. Man therefore ſhould be always on his guard, and knowing that he carries

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both life and death in his boſom, he is obliged to behave with as much caution as thoſe that handle poiſon, or walk on the edge of a precipice.

But the danger increaſes when diſorderly paſſions have produced ſome vice; then it is that they arm themſelves in its defence, and ſerve it with more courage, than the innocent paſſions obey virtue; They are ſervants more cruel than their maſters, miniſters more furious than the tyrants that employ them, and they become more deſtructive of virtue than vice itſelf: All wars are the work of inſolent affections, and whoever ſhould have baniſhed love and hatred from the earth, would never more ſee it polluted by adulteries or murderers; they furniſh the ſubject of all tragedies, and though the Poets are accuſed of being lyars, they have committed more crimes than the Poets have invented: But they are never ſo hurtful as when they unite in the perſon of Princes, abuſing Sovereign power to exerciſe their fury; States then groan under their tyranny, people are oppreſſed by their violence, and all towns and cities confeſs that peſtilence and war are not ſo fatal to them, as the arbitrary frowns of the paſſions.

A diſhoneſt love animates all Greece to take up arms, and its flames reduced to aſhes the fineſt city of Aſia. The Jealouſy of Cæſar and Pompey made upwards of a million of men to loſe their lives; their quarrel divided the world, their ambition armed all nations, their unjuſt war cauſed the ruin of their country, and the loſs of its liberty: The world ſtill bewails this diſaſter, the remains of this great ſhipwreck are ſtill ſeen, and the ſtates of Europe are but the fragments that compoſed the body of that powerful Republic. Ambition, often confounded with virtue, is guilty of more murders than revenge and anger: Though that paſſion prides itſelf in being generous, it is always dyed with blood; whatever pleaſure it takes in pardoning, its greatneſs is founded on the ruin of its enemies; it cauſes more deaths than it grants pardons, and it loſes more innocent than it ſaves guilty: And indeed, it aſtoniſhed the whole world when it appeared in the perſon of Alexander; for it ſeems that nature did not produce him but with the deſign of ſhewing us what ambition might effect when aided by fortune: He ruined all the Princes that undertook to defend their ſtates againſt him; he

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treated as enemies thoſe who refuſed to be his ſubjects; he could not ſuffer an equal in all the countries he paſſed through; he complained of ſeas that ſtopped the courſe of his victories, and wiſhed to diſcover a new world to conquer it: If his vanity cauſed ſo many diſorders, his anger did not commit leſs ravages, and if the one knew how to revenge him of his enemies, the other knew how to rid him of his friends; the leaſt ſuſpicion animated that Paſſion to vengeance, an indiſcreet word ſerved to irritate it, an honeſt liberty made it impetuous; in ſhort, his anger became ſo nice and punctilious, that there was as much danger in doing well as ſaying ill; for being poſſeſſed by it, he obeyed its whole violence, dipping his hands in the blood of his favourites, and ſo taking upon himſelf the executioner's office; or rather, to taſte all the pleaſure of revenge, he choſe to be himſelf the miniſter, and to ſtrike the blow of death into the heart of a friend who had preſerved his life.

But of all the cruelties his anger ſuggeſted to him, not one was more infamous than that which he exerciſed againſt the innocent Caliſthenes. His condition was his ſecurity, and by making profeſſion of

philoſophy, it ſeemed as if he had no occaſion to apprehend Alexander's fury; even the crime for which he was condemned was glorious, and in true religion it would have paſſed for an heroic virtue: He defended the cauſe of his Gods, and judged that Temples could not be erected to his prince, without irritating them againſt him; he behaved with ſo much addreſs in ſo nice a point, that he flattered Alexander's humour, yet ſaved the honour of heaven, and by an admirable artifice, brought flattery to coincide with piety; for if the reaſons enumerated by Quintus Curtius are true, he repreſented to the Macedonians, that as men could not diſpoſe of crowns, they ought not to diſpoſe of altars; that as they did not make Kings, they ſhould not attempt to make Gods, and though human vanity might arrogate to itſelf that power, it could not uſe it till after the death of thoſe it was pleaſed to deify; that there was a neceſſity of being removed from the commerce of men, before one ſhould receive their adorations, and of loſing life before divinity could be acquired; that Alexander was ſtill neceſſary to them, and that he ought not to aſcend to the heavens till he had conquered the whole earth.

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This ſhort harangue was capable of obliging the moſt ambitious of all men; it however offended his vanity, and blew up the flame of his anger to ſuch a pitch, that in a few days after he had this philoſopher put to death, without allowing him the liberty of making his defence. This murder brought upon him the hatred of all Greece, and as the death of Parmenio had irritated the ſoldiery, ſo that of Caliſthenes had exaſperated the orators; and thoſe men who revenge themſelves with the tongue, have ſo often ſpoken of the exceſs, that it ſtill remains the diſhonour of him who committed it; whatever praiſes may be given to his illuſtrious actions, they are all obſcured by the murder of Caliſthenes; and to make uſe of the eloquent * words of Seneca, that act is the eternal crime of Alexander, which neither his fortune, nor his valour will be ever able to obliterate: For if it be ſaid that he defeated the Perſians in three pitched battles, it will be anſwered that he put Caliſthenes to death; if he is celebrated for having conquered Darius, the moſt powerful monarch of the world, he will be blamed for having killed Caliſ-

* Queſt. Natural. l. 7. c. 3.

and thus alſo, we obſerve, that She depurates ſilver to give it the tincture of gold, and labours for intire ages to complete without violence that uſeful tranſmutation.

Now, as morality is an imitation of nature, its principal attention ought to be employed in obſerving the properties of our paſſions, and converting them into virtues that are not contrary to them; for he who would change anger into mildneſs, or fear into intrepidity, would attempt what is impoſſible, and all his endeavours would be attended with ill ſucceſs: But to make his deſigns have a proſperous iſſue, he ſhould ſtudy the natural diſpoſitions of each paſſion, and uſe all his addreſs to make it paſs into the virtue againſt which it has the leaſt averſion. This ought not to ſeem ſtrange, ſince any man by conſulting his reaſon, may judge, that notwithſtanding the oppoſition nature has placed between vices and virtues, a reſemblance is diſcoverable amongſt ſome of them: Prodigality more nearly reſembles liberality; than avarice, and it is not difficult to make a prodigal liberal; raſhneſs is more nearly allied to courage than cowardice, and it is eaſier to make one that is raſh courageous than a coward: Philoſophers ſeem therefore

to

to be agreed in opinion, that of the two extremities encompaſſing virtue, there is one always more favourable to it, and which with a little care embraces eaſily its party and defends its intereſts; and according to the ſame maxim it muſt be confeſſed that there are paſſions which have a greater affinity to ſome virtues than others, and which, by the help of morality may eaſily become virtuous.

Fear that foreſees dangers, that is ſolicitous to avoid them, and extends its views far into futurity to ſeek after remedies, may be eaſily changed into prudence, provided the trouble and anxiety awaiting it are ſet aſide, which often ſet us wrong in our deliberations. Hope, which gives us a foretaſte of a good we do not yet poſſeſs, which comforts us under our afflictions, and which points out to us, amidſt preſent ills a future felicity, is eaſily converted into the virtue, that is called confidence. Anger, which puniſhes crimes, and which puts arms into our hands to revenge the injuries of our friends, is not far removed from juſtice; for if it be not too violent, and its intereſts leave it light enough for guiding itſelf, it will make war upon all that are wicked, and will take

take under its protection all that are innocent. The courage which animates us to battle, which inſpires us with intrepidity amidſt dangers, which makes us prefer a glorious death to a ſhameful flight, will become perfect fortitude, if we repreſs its impetuoſity, and mingle a little light with the intenſeneſs of its heat. Love and hatred, deſire and flight are rather virtues than paſſions; and deſerve rather praiſe than cenſure, when under the gorvenment of reaſon, they love only what is amiable, and hate only what is odious.

The gloomineſs of ſadneſs and deſpair, jealouſy and envy are indeed more cried down; it ſeems that they are enemies of our repoſe, that heaven has made them miniſters of its juſtice, and that they hold the place of thoſe vengeful furies that puniſh criminals in the writings of the poets; yet they may be of ſervice to reaſon when well conducted, and under that horrid viſage they ſhew us, good ſentiments are concealed which are uſeful to virtue. On envy brought under ſome regulation may be conſtituted a laudable emulation, out of jealouſy moderated a diſcreet zeal may be formed, without which neither prophane nor ſecret love can undertake any thing

thing generous. Sadneſs receives ſo many eulogiums in the ſcripture, that it is eaſy to judge that if it be not of the number of virtues, it may be uſefully employed in their ſervice; it detaches us from the earth, and by a contempt of all the contentments of the world, makes us ſigh after thoſe of eternity; it appeaſes the anger of God, and ſupplies us with tears for waſhing away our ſins; repentance is always accompanied by this faithful companion, and in the Chriſtian religion a crime is never forgiven, unleſs ſorrow and compunction have obtained pardon for it. Deſpair has nothing dreadful in it but its name, ſo that whoever duly conſiders its effects, will confeſs that it is a wiſe device of nature, which cures the greater part of our ailments, by depriving us of the hope of remedies; for we then make a virtue of neceſſity, we gather ſtrength from our own weakneſs, we convert our fear into rage, and our deſires into contempt; we attack enemies which before we did not dare to face, and we deſpiſe objects which we could not abandon. Thus it is, that we find more who owe their tranquillity to deſpair than to hope, and whoever examines into the

the humour of theſe two affections, will be obliged to allow, that the one makes us miſerable by its promiſes, and the other makes us happy by its refuſal, that the one affords nurture to our deſires, and the other extinguiſhes them, that the one deceives, and the other undeceives us, that the one deſtroys by flattering, and the other ſaves by afflicting us: Hence the judicious thought of the * Poet, that deſpair raiſes the courage of the conquered, and reſtores to them the victory which hope and temerity had wreſted out of their hands.

But whatever advantages are aſſigned to thoſe paſſions, it muſt be confeſſed that they are not without their faults, and that to make virtues of them, they muſt be carefully depurated; and becauſe ſo uſeful a ſubject cannot be too often diſcuſſed, it will not be amiſs to point out their principal blemiſhes, that ſeeing them as in a mirrour, every one may be aſſiduous in defacing them. Take away blindneſs from love, and it will be no more criminal; for it is lawful to entertain love for ſubjects that deſerve it, and there is not leſs

* Virgil.

leſs injuſtice in refuſing it to excellency, than granting it to imperfection. Take away error from hatred, and it will be rational; for it is not lawful to confound the tranſgreſſion with his crime, and he that can have this diſcerning faculty, may boaſt of hating with juſtice. Deſire and flight are innocent ſo they are moderate; joy and grief are only blamable by their exceſs; and Reaſon which permits us to taſte with pleaſure of a good we have wiſhed for, does not forbid us to ſuffer with regret an evil which we have apprehended; hope is not unjuſt but when it does not meaſure its ſtrength, and deſpair is not criminal but when it proceeds rather from our puſillanimity than weakneſs; courage is laudable when it expoſes itſelf to a danger which it may conquer, and fear is prudent when it avoids a peril which it cannot ſurmount; anger is an act of juſtice when it breaks out into indignant emotions againſt crimes, and ſo it be not a judge in its own cauſe, the ſentences it pronounces will be equitable; envy is generous when it excites us to virtue, and repreſents to us the good qualities of our neighbour with the view of obliging us to imitate them; jealouſy is not odious but

becauſe it loves over much, yet this fault is excuſable when unaccompanied with ſuſpicion, and if the beloved cannot cure, they are obliged to endure it. But to come to what more nearly concerns us as Chriſtians, it may be ſaid that we make a good uſe of our paſſions, when we employ them for the glory of Jeſus Chriſt, and the Salvation of our ſouls. Our fear is reaſonable when we conſider the judgments of God, and the future puniſhment of the wicked; our deſires are juſt, when we contemplate and ſigh after the happineſs of the bleſſed in heaven; our grief is innocent when we afflict ourſelves for all thoſe evils we retain by inheritance from our firſt Parent, and when preſſed by our feelings we ardently wiſh for the liberty of the Sons of God; our joy is holy, when we expect the poſſeſſion of the good things which are prepared for us, and when by a firm hope we already taſte the effects of the promiſes of our Maſter; in fine, if Chriſtians dread infidelity, if they deſire perſeverance, if they are ſorrowful for their ill actions, and if they rejoice for their good works, they convert all their paſſions into holy and glorious virtues.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IV.

THAT THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS IS THE PRINCIPAL EMPLOYMENT OF VIRTUE.

SIN has rendered man's condition ſo unhappy, that his advantages reproach him with his miſery, and his greateſt excellencies inform him that he is criminal. The noble habitudes that embelliſh his ſoul, and reinſtate him in the glory ſhe had loſt, have but painful employments, being engaged in conflicts equally difficult and ſhameful; for the moſt illuſtrious virtues of man have no other occupation than of waging war againſt vices, and the neceſſity of this warfare is one of the ſtrongeſt proofs of the diſorder of his nature. Prudence, which ſerves him as a guide, warns him that he walks in darkneſs, and is in a hoſtile country; fortitude teaches him that he muſt fight, and that in the courſe his life he taſtes no pleaſure that is not mingled with pain; temperance admoniſhes him that his conſtitution is diſordered, and that voluptuouſneſs only flat-

ters to deſtroy him; juſtice obliges him to believe that all he poſſeſſes is not his own, and that having a Sovereign who has given him all his good things, he is only the Diſpenſer and Steward of them. Thoſe virtues act as they inculcate, their employments chime in with their counſels, they never act without undertaking to ſuppreſs ſome diſorder, and to conquer ſome vicious inclination. Prudence makes choice of arms and enemies; temperance rejects pleaſures; fortitude attacks pain; juſtice preſides in all theſe conteſts, careful that the conqueror is not inſolent in victory, and that the mind does not take too great an advantage over the body, that in thinking to ſubdue She ſhould not deſtroy it, and that deſigning to revenge herſelf of a diſobedient ſlave, She ſhould not loſe a faithful friend: Whence, it may be inferred that the exerciſe of virtues is an eternal war againſt vices, and that thoſe glorious habitudes have not a more noble employ, than attacking monſters, and fighting againſt infamous enemies.

It may therefore ſtand confeſſed that theſe virtues have been imparted to us with no other view than to aſſiſt us during this wretched life, and that they are ſo many degrees

degrees for arriving at that ſupreme felicity, which conſiſts in the poſſeſſion of the Sovereign good. For our prudence will be then no longer neceſſary, as having no misfortunes to avoid; our Juſtice will be then ſuperfluous, becauſe we ſhall poſſeſs all our wealth in common; temperance will be then uſeleſs, becauſe we ſhall have no more illicit motions to repreſs; our fortitude will be then unactive, becauſe we ſhall have no more evils to ſuffer. It is true, that we ought not to baniſh virtues from Heaven, which have opened the road of it to us; but as what is ſtill imperfect cannot be received into it, we may ſay, that they will be purified before admiſſion, that they will loſe all their terreſtrial qualities to become quite celeſtial, and that the glory which renders men ſpiritual, will render them divine, and will clear them of all impurity: They will retain all their beauties, and have none of their defects; they will triumph, but will fight no more; they will ſerve as an ornament, but not as a defence to the bleſſed; they will receive the reward of their labours; and the troubleſome employment that exerciſed them on earth, will be

converted into an honourable repoſe in Heaven.

Now, amongſt a thouſand different occupations the virtues here below are converſant in, we muſt allow that one of the moſt uſeful is the government of the paſſions; for it ſeems that nature has deſtined them for ſubduing thoſe fierce ſubjects, and ſubjecting them to the empire of reaſon; ſome have an inſinuating manner of gaining them over, others have ſtrength to reſiſt them; ſome uſe menaces to frighten them, others promiſes to encourage them, and all together purſue various means to arrive at the ſame end. Prudence has never any conteſt with the paſſions, but being the Queen of Moral virtues, contents herſelf in giving orders, in providing for the peace of our ſoul, in ſuppreſſing ſeditions in their birth, and quelling the irregular motions that threaten her with an inteſtine war: If the alarm is already ſounded and the ſignal given to engage, without fighting herſelf in the battle, She oppoſes to each paſſion its contrary virtue: She ſends reinforcements to the weakeſt parts, or to thoſe that are moſt vigorouſly attacked; She provides againſt all intervening

vening accidents, or if ſometimes She judges that the rebels are capable of reaſon, She exhorts them to obedience; and in order to bring them back to their duty, She enforces it as a concern of their intereſt, endeavouring to convince them, that all the pleaſures they ſeek after, are pernicious, and all the ills they apprehend, are honourable to them. Temperance is ſomewhat more expoſed to danger, being obliged to fight and defend herſelf againſt enemies, the more dangerous as more agreeable: She reſiſts all the Paſſions that flatter our ſenſes, and propoſe only delights and voluptuouſneſs to the mind: She regulates deſires and hopes, moderates love and joy, and as often as motions ariſe, promiſing unjuſt pleaſures, ſhe furniſhes us with weapons to encounter them. Fortitude takes upon her the care of regulating the more violent paſſions, and of attacking fear, grief, deſpair, and hatred: So ſoon as a danger troubles the peace of our Soul, or preſents to our eyes ſome very diſagreeable object, that heroic virtue exerts her whole courage to inſpire us with confidence, and by a generous artifice, makes uſe of anger and boldneſs for ſurmounting grief and deſpair: If thoſe courageous Paſ-

ſions are not powerful enough to be productive of confidence and tranquillity, ſhe makes it a point of honour to us, and charges conſtancy and fidelity to repreſent to us our duty, and to animate us by the rewards that await all generous and difficult actions. Juſtice does not appear as a Combatant, but ſhe balances the right of the parties, ſhe prepares crowns for the victors, ſhe keeps the conquered from being oppreſſed, and ſhe ſo well moderates the victory, that it is neither cruel nor inſolent; ſhe preſerves to Reaſon her authority, ſhe obliges Paſſion to acknowledge her for its Sovereign, ſhe ſubjects the body to the mind without enſlaving it, and the mind to God without depriving it of its liberty. This virtue being equitable, ſhe is an enemy of all diſorders, and whilſt ſhe reigns perfectly in man, it may be ſaid none but reaſonable Paſſions appear in him; but when once ſhe is baniſhed from his heart, peace and tranquillity retire with her: During her abſence man is like to a State without police, where rebels revel in licentiouſneſs; where vice is honoured, virtue contemned, and where each perſon without conſulting his duty, conſiders only his intereſt or his pleaſure: Whence, he that loſes Juſtice,

loſes

loſes all virtues, and he that poſſeſſes Juſtice may boaſt of being in poſſeſſion of every virtue; and perhaps in this view it is, a Philoſopher has ſaid, that each virtue was a particular juſtice, and that juſtice was a general virtue, alone ſufficient for conquering all vices, and for bringing all the paſſions under a due regulation.

But as the number of Soldiers cannot hurt when kept without confuſion, ſo that of virtues can be of no prejudice when diſorder is baniſhed from among them; and though the virtues Chriſt has taught us in the Goſpel are of a more elevated condition than the Moral, they all notwithſtanding mutually and friendly conſpire to enhance our happineſs. We ſhould therefore adopt them in our wants, and when one only is not ſufficient to rule a paſſion, we ought to have recourſe to the aſſiſtance of the reſt, and ſo enlarge our force to conquer the enemy. When Temperance cannot keep to order our unjuſt deſires, we may call in the aſſiſtance of modeſty and humility, which will perſuade us that we have no right to the glory of the world, if we are criminal, and that it is not worthy of us, if we are innocent.

When

When Fortitude cannot ſubdue fear or deſpair, we are allowed to have recourſe to hope, by liſtening to its promiſes, and to animate ourſelves to victory by the proſpect of the rewards it propoſes to us. When hatred and envy gnaw the heart, and in order to be revenged for an injury, counſel us to attempt the deſperate means of ſword and poiſon, then it is adviſable that Juſtice ſhould implore the aſſiſtance of Charity, and ſhould join divine with human maxims, to ſtop ſhort the impetuoſity of thoſe two furious paſſions. Thus nature according with Grace to deſtroy Sin, man will remain victorious, the emotions of his Soul being regulated by virtues; he will enjoy a perfect tranquillity, and will taſte delights not leſs pure, than thoſe our Progenitor did in the State of innocence.

BOOK V.

BOOK V.

OF THE POWER OF THE PASSIONS OVER THE WILL OF MEN.

CHAPTER I.

THAT MEN ARE KNOWN AND DISCOVERED BY STUDYING THEIR PASSIONS.

IT is not without reaſon that that great King, who knew how ſo well in his perſon to unite piety, poetry, and valour, compared the heart of man to the * abyſs; for theſe parts are ſo deep and capacious, and the heart of man is ſo vaſt in its deſires, that even kingdoms cannot ſatisfy it. The abyſs is the repoſitory of the treaſures of nature, and God to exerciſe our induſtry, or puniſh our avarice, has hidden riches in the bowels of the earth: In like manner all the wealth, all the good things of man, are ſhut up in his heart. That part, which has the advantage of forming the thoughts, has the care of preſerving them, and

* Pſal. 33.

and it is from it that we borrow them to perſuade or move the paſſions of thoſe that hear us. But, as the abyſs conſiſts of obſcure places, which the rays of the Sun cannot enlighten, and where horror and night ſeem to have taken up their abode, ſo the heart of man is environed by darkneſs which cannot be diſſipated, and all the ſentiments he conceives are ſo hidden, that conjecture in vain labours to devine them: For words are not always the faithful images of his conceptions, and there is none but God alone that has the privilege of knowing them. Human prudence that boaſts of penetrating far into futurity, is extremely embaraſſed to diſcover his intentions; and the greateſt thing a Stateſman is able to compaſs, is when by his addreſs he endeavours to read in the diſſembling heart, and to obſerve in it thoughts that are deſigned to be concealed from him.

I know that Politics furniſhes us with means to attain that knowledge, and that it preſcribes rules for ſounding that abyſs which ſeems to be bottomleſs. Sentiments are judged of by actions; in the eyes and face are read the moſt ſecret motions of the Soul; the bent of nature is obſerveable from the deſign; men may be ſo well ſtudied

ſtudied that their thoughts are gueſſed at; and one artifice diſcovers what the intention is to hide by another. But of all theſe ways, not one is eaſier nor more certain than that of the Paſſions; for they ſlip from us againſt our will, they betray us by their promptneſs and levity; we find by daily experience that it is much more difficult to reſtrain anger than keep our hands from acts of violence, and to impoſe ſilence on grief than on the mouth; Paſſions are rouzed without our leave, and by the impreſſion they make on the face, inform our enemies of whatever paſſes in our heart. I therefore prize much that Poet's invention who calls the Paſſions tortures*, not only becauſe they torment us by their rigour, but becauſe they force us by their violence to confeſs the truth. One muſt be exceeding faithful to himſelf, not to declare himſelf by hatred, or by vanity; and he muſt have great authority over his paſſions to repreſs them, when an artful man makes it his buſineſs to ſet them in motion. The wiſeſt forget their reſolutions, and praiſe often or reproach forces a truth from their mouth, which prudence had

* Vino tortus et irâ. HOR.

had kept locked up there for ſeveral years together.

No Prince could be a greater diſſembler than Tiberius; all his actions and his words were ſo covered that his intentions were impenetrable; his ſpeech was quite enigmatical; and the Senate trembled as often as they were obliged to treat with ſo occult a man: Yet a word of Agrippina angered him, and made him ſay in that emotion, a thing which undoubtedly he would have kept to himſelf, if he had continued in his uſual phlegm: For in checking her tartly, he reproaches her* for having no other reaſon to be diſſatisfied than becauſe ſhe did not reign; ſo that the moſt reſerved, the darkeſt of all men was betrayed by the heat of his paſſion, and left open the receſſes of his heart by an indiſcreet anſwer, which anger wreſted from his mouth. Hence Politicians are never more embaraſſed than when they treat with a man that ſpeaks with coldneſs, and is ſo much a maſter over his affections, that they neither appear on his face, nor can be inveſtigated from his actions or words: All the doors that open to his ſoul are faſt ſhut,

* Tacit. Annal.

ſhut, and not being able to explore the depths of that abyſs, they are obliged to conſult the perſons that approach him, or believe what fame reports of him. But all theſe ways are uncertain, and he that grounds his belief on the reports of others, is in danger of finding not one true; for fame is light, enemies are liars, friends flatterers, and domeſtics conſult their intereſt. Yet of all the perſons that attend on the Great, there are none whoſe teſtimony is leſs liable to be ſuſpected than that of domeſtics; and as their condition obliges them to ſtudy the humour of their maſters, they muſt be better acquainted with their inclinations than others; Enemies know nothing but foibles, the hatred that blindfolds them, does not permit them to take an obſervation of virtues, and their judgments by being influenced by paſſion, are moſt commonly unjuſt; Friends ſee nothing but advantages, and their fondneſs makes them take faults for perfections; domeſtics are better informed than others, becauſe they know their inclinations, and in thoſe faithful mirrours read the moſt ſecret motions of their hearts: For when Princes appear in public, they ſtudy the turn of their countenance, they hide their thoughts,

thoughts, and are aſhamed to act on the theatre what they do in the Cabinet; but when none but their domeſtics are witneſſes of their actions, they do not force natural inclination, but give to their paſſions all the liberty they require.

'Tis therefore they are obliged to moderate them, leſt by diſcovering their foibles, they give an advantage over them to thoſe that approach them; and all private perſons ſhould be equally cautious, if deſirous to retain their influence free and uncontrolled. When a paſſion once happens to become irregular, it is impoſſible to keep it ſecret; and when once it has taken wind, it is extremely difficult to keep our enemies from turning it to our diſparagement. If women ſhewed no fondneſs for adulation, their honour would not be expoſed to ſo many riſques, but when a man is become acquainted with their weak ſide, and has obſerved that praiſe is agreeable to them, he inſinuates himſelf into their mind by flattery, and makes himſelf their favourite by approving what they like. An ambitious man cannot be on his guard againſt him who has diſcovered his paſſion. Prizing nothing ſo much as glory, he relinquiſhes whatever he poſſeſſes for

for the acquiſition, and thinks he gains much in exchange, when he laviſhes ſubſtantial wealth for a phantom of applauſe. It muſt, in fine, be confeſſed that our paſſions are chains, that detain us as the captives of all thoſe that know how to manage them.

When the Parricide Cataline, had concerted the deſtruction of his Country, and had reſolved to change the Roman Republic into a cruel tyranny, he corrupted all the youth by adapting himſelf to their deſires; he acquired partizans by flattering their humour, he gained over their will by ſeconding their inclinations; and promiſing poſts of honour to the ambitious, women to the unchaſte, and riches to the covetous, he formed a party wherein were engaged Pretors, men of Conſular dignity, and ſome Senators. Such is the moſt uſual artifice of the great Tempter of mankind, and the moſt dangerous ſtratagem he has recourſe to for the ſeduction ſinners. His inlights, though the Prince of darkneſs, being very conſiderable, and having a knowledge of diſpoſitions, he adjuſts all his ſuggeſtions to their deſires, and propoſes nothing to them that is not conformable to their inclinations. He offers honours to

the haughty, he awakes in them a proſpect of all the charms of their darling paſſion, he engages them in illicit meaſures for executing pernicious deſigns, and he endeavours to perſuade them that there is no crime but has its ſhare of glory, when committed for acquiring reputation. He ſolicits the voluptuous by infamous pleaſures; if he cannot commend their ſins, he excuſes them by ſoft appellations; he calls natural that which is irrational, and as if Nature and Reaſon claſhed with each other, he counſels them to follow the one and abandon the other. He animates the furious to revenge, gives ſpecious titles to ſhameful paſſions, ſtrives to make the reſentment of an injury paſs for an act of Juſtice; and thus invalidating all the maxims of Chriſtianity, makes conſummate courage to conſiſt in fell rancour and murder. He perſuades the avaricious that there is nothing ſo univerſal in requeſt as riches; that our Anceſtors have revered them, that our Poſterity will honour them; that Nations ſo different in their ſentiments, all agree in the eſteem they have conceived for them; that fathers wiſh them for their children, and children deſire them for their fathers; that thoſe who make

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profeſſions of piety offer them up to God, and appeaſe his anger by preſents; and that poverty is infamous, being the ſcorn of the rich, and the puniſhment of the poor. That ſubtle enemy deſtroys likewiſe all men by flattering them; he gains over their minds by their affections; he fights them with their own weapons, and by a dangerous artifice, employs their paſſions to corrupt their will. Every one therefore is obliged to repreſs inclinations ſo prejudicial to our well being, and to ſubmit to the direction of the Father of lights and mercies, all ſuch irregular motions, as give our moſt powerful adverſary an advantage over our liberty.

CHAPTER II.

THAT ARTS SEDUCE MEN BY THE MEANS OF THE PASSIONS.

THE well conducting of the Paſſions is ſo important and ſo difficult, that the far better part of the Sciences ſeems to have been invented for preſcribing rules for them. Though the human mind may make them ſubſervient to its vanity,

the object of their firſt inſtitution was nothing more than the government of our affections, and Philoſophers adopted them for no other purpoſe than to cure ſouls by pleaſure. Muſic, which now only flatters the ear, and touches the heart to be an incentive to impurity, was formerly directed in its tendency to repreſs their diſorders. Being an harmonical proportion of different voices, it produced effects of a ſimilar nature, and by arbitrating the diſcordant views and intereſts of the ſoul and body, it made them coaleſce in a more intimate friendſhip, and live in perfect intelligence; it calmed the fury of the paſſions, and by its ſweet accords, tamed thoſe fierce beaſts that devoured men midſt the frenzy of their irritation. In thoſe happy times Muſicians were Philoſophers; their art ere it had degenerated into the ſlave of voluptuouſneſs, was the miniſter of virtue, and employed all its induſtry for the ſervice of reaſon, whereas now it ſeduces the ſoul by the ſenſes. Formerly, it charmed the affections by the ears; and with agreeable accents, not leſs powerful than words, perſuaded good things, and retained men in their duty. Egyſtus, it is ſaid, could never corrupt Clitemneſtra, till he had procured

cured him to be aſſaſſinated who was the guardian of her chaſtity by the ſweetneſs of his lyre, and who fruſtrated all the deſigns of that foul adulterer by the melody of his voice. Hiſtory more credible than fable, informs us that a flute-player made ſuch powerful impreſſions on the mind of Alexander, that when he filled his inſtrument with a ſtronger tone than uſual, he put the Conqueror in agitations, and in ſo great a degree ſpirited him up to battle, that he called for his arms to attack the enemy; but when he ſoftened his modulations, that Prince found his martial ardour ſubſide into calm, and as it was only a falſe alarm, reſumed the ſedateneſs of a placid countenance, fixing all his attention on him who could ſo powerfully enchant his ears. The Holy Scriptures of which the words are Oracles, aſſure us that the harp of David appeaſed Saul's Demon, and that that malign Spirit loſt all his prevalency, when harmony introduced concord amongſt the humours he had ſet on float, or diſſipated the vapours he had excited. But Muſic has no longer that virtue; that which formerly delivered the poſſeſſed, abandons them to Demons, or if it be not productive of ſo ill an effect, it rouzes our

paſſions, and by a ſtrange miſhap, but true, it exaſperates the diſorder its deſign was to cure. I am well ſatisfied that our Church-Muſic accords with piety, and contributes to inſpire it, ſo much the more, as by a ſweet violence it helps to abſtract the Soul from the body, and raiſe the heart to heaven; but, indeed, all other ſorts of muſic may in ſome meaſure be ſuſpected: Tho' made to paſs for innocent, I eſteem them dangerous or uſeleſs, and I willingly join with Seneca* in telling Muſicians, that inſtead of teaching us the method of adjuſting the ſtrings of a lute, or forming the meaſure of our voices, they ſhould teach us to ſet in order our paſſions; and that inſtead of flattering our ſenſes, they ſhould touch our hearts and inſpire our Souls with horrour againſt vice, and love for virtue.

Poetry, which may be called the daughter of Muſic, formerly copied example from her mother, and employed all her beauties to animate Men to glorious actions. She ſung the victories of Conquerors, and by the praiſes ſhe beſtowed on valour, made the Soldier courageous. Even her fictions were not without their utility: The vengeful Furies ſhe introduced in her works,

* Sen. Epiſt. 88.

works, infuſed fear into the mind of the wicked, and impreſſed on the people a ſenſe of their duty. The numbers and agreeable cadence of her verſes, had the power of ſoftening the moſt ſavage tempers, and ſhe did not miſinform when ſhe wanted to perſuade us, that her Orpheus made lions gentle, and trees walk about; and that he forced rocks to liſten to, and follow him, becauſe he produced all thoſe effects in the hearts of men, and baniſhed from them anger and ſtupidity: But this fine Art never appeared more pompous than when it trod the Stage, and filled by a new ardour, repreſented the puniſhment of Criminals, the tragic death of Tyrants, and calamitous ſucceſs of injuſtice or impiety. It intimidated Princes, aſtoniſhed Subjects, and by examples of fatality, taught the latter reſpect, the former clemency, and both Juſtice and Religion. Then all Comedies were inſtructions; the places where they were recited, were conſidered as Philoſophic Academies, and the Auditory never thence departed without a thorough conviction of the neceſſity of being virtuous. But men, who corrupt the beſt things, at length abuſed Poetry, and ſubjected unjuſtly to their Paſſions,

that which reformed them by its advice. This innocent Art, which had courted Virtue only, became the ſlave of vice, and the immodeſt prophaned all its chaſte beauties by making it inſtrumental to impurity. Since the time of its being ſo unhappily debaſed, Poetry was univerſally cried down; the Philoſophers, who till then befriended the Poets, became their enemies, and exerted their whole authority and credit to exclude them all well-policed States; And indeed, they corrupted the People, and leſt their verſes might not be powerful enough to authorize Impudicity, they erected altars to that ſhameful Goddeſs, and by the inceſts of their Gods, excuſed or juſtified the adulteries of men, 'Tis well known that true Religion has reformed Poetry; that it has uſed its beſt endeavours to make it anſwer its primitive deſign, and to adorn it with its former beauties; that our Chriſtian Poets are chaſte in their compoſitions; that licentious Comedies are now baniſhed the Stage, and ſuch only admitted as have in view the condemning of vice: the rules likewiſe impoſed on it, make no allowance for its being immodeſt, and by a happy neceſſity thoſe that animate the ſcence muſt conſtantly

ſtantly take the part of virtue: Yet, it unfortunately happens, that we muſt rather impute it to the diſorder of nature than to that of Poetry, that chaſtity appears not ſo beautiful in verſe as impurity; that the obedience of the Paſſions does not ſeem ſo agreeable as their rebellion; that we more frequently ſhew a greater attachment for violent than reaſonable affections; that in proportion as Poets expreſs them with more eloquence, auditors hear them with greater pleaſure; and that whatever care is uſed, Comedy is a School of Virtue for great men only ~~only~~ who are able to diſcern the appearance of truth, and deteſt vice, when even repreſented to them embelliſhed with all the ornaments of virtue: But if the vulgar would examine themſelves, they muſt confeſs that the verſes of the theatre fill them with emotion, and impreſs on their minds all the ſentiments of the perſons that are introduced ſpeaking.

Rhetoric is ſomewhat more happy in its deſigns than Poetry, and of whatever crimes Orators ſtand accuſed, I find them much more innocent than Poets: For as their principal end is to perſuade truth, they are conſtrained to employ all artifices for combating the Paſſions contrary to it,

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and it ſeems that in acquitting themſelves of their duty, they perform alſo that of a Phyſician, and cure their Auditors of all their maladies. They appeaſe their anger if too much irritated, they raiſe their courage if too much dejected, they make love ſucceed to hatred, pity to revenge, and repreſſing one emotion by another, bring forth tranquillity out of the Storm. This manner is ſo intimately connected with the condition of Orators, that by it only they differ from Philoſophers. Theſe have no other deſign than to convince the mind; they propoſe truths quite naked to it, and knowing it cannot ſee without revering them, they are more careful to diſcover than to adorn them. But Orators, whoſe deſign is to take poſſeſſion of the mind by the ſenſes, unite the elegancy of expreſſion with ſound reaſons, flatter the ear for touching the heart, and adopt the force of figurative ſpeech to move the affections; they attack the two parts that compoſe man, making uſe of the weaker for prevailing againſt the ſtronger, and as the Devil deſtroyed man by means of the woman, they win over reaſon by the means of Paſſion.

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By theſe innocent artifices they formed cities, governed Republics, and long commanded over Monarchs, whoſe inclinations they ſtudied and managed with ſo much addreſs, that it ſeemed the heart of Princes was in the hands of Orators, and that Monarchy was become the Slave of Eloquence. Their conduct, however, was not without reproach, and their faults ſtand confeſſed. By having too often excited the motions of the inferior part of the Soul, they ruined the empire of the Superior; they could not cure the wounds they had opened, nor extinguiſh the flames they had kindled. Thinking to flatter the vanity of a Prince, they made him inſolent, and with the view of inclining him to revenge, they made him cruel and barbarous; they could not keep to that golden Mean where Virtue is pleaſed to reſide, and deſiring to raiſe one paſſion in order to lower another, they gave it ſo much ſtrength that it was no longer in their power to keep it ſubject to reaſon. This I take to be the miſhap thoſe expoſe themſelves to, who preſuming to become agreeable to Princes, flatter their tyrant inclination, and without conſidering the miſchiefs reſulting from ſo impudent a con-

conduct, oppoſe it to all others, and render it inſolent by its victories. The contrary way of proceeding would undoubtedly be the ſafer, for as the paſſion they had raiſed was the moſt violent, they ſhould have employed all the others to weaken it, and ſhould have made them conſpire together to break its force. Add to this that Eloquence is often ſelf-intereſted, neglecting the good of its Auditory, and being little ſolicitous, whether its praiſes wound their hearts, provided it obtains its demand. So behaved Cicero in regard to Cæſar. Deſiring to ſave a criminal he defended, he oppoſed that Conqueror's pride to his revenge, and to deſtroy a paſſion that injured only one perſon, he rouſed that which had ruined the Republic, and oppreſſed the liberty of Rome. In this undoubtedly he was culpable, and treſpaſſed againſt the laws of Eloquence, which was not ſo much invented for perſuading men, as for making them virtuous, and which ſhould not ſo much exert itſelf for moving the Paſſions, as for reinſtating reaſon in her empire.

Politics ſeems to have better intentions than Rhetoric, for when it excites the fear or hope of men by promiſes or menaces,

naces, it conſults the welfare of individuals, as well as the public tranquillity. If ſometimes it puniſhes criminals by dreadful puniſhments, this is only in deſperate caſes, and when in vain it has tried the moſt gentle methods. I find notwithſtanding that it may bring the Paſſions under a more juſt regulation than it does, and that without violating the reſpect due to Sovereigns, it would be eaſy to gain the hearts of Subjects, and keep them to their duty rather by love than fear. This we ſhall conſider in the following Chapter, after concluding in this, that all Sciences are defective in the conducting of the Paſſions; and that to govern them properly, they ſhould implore the aſſiſtance of Morality, and conſult the precepts it lays down and inculcates, to conquer enemies equally obſtinate and inſolent.

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

THAT THE CONCILIATING MEASURES OF PRINCES, IN REGARD TO THEIR SUBJECTS, ARE BY LOVE OR BY FEAR.

ALL Politicians agree in opinion, that rewards and puniſhments, are the two ſtable pillars that prop up all States, and that to govern People peaceably, their hopes and their fears muſt be excited by promiſes and menaces. In fact, no Republic or Monarchy has yet appeared, which from its original being and conſiſtence, has not ordained honours and puniſhments for crimes and for virtues. That which was apprehenſive of the teaching of vice by forbidding it, and of conveying a notion of parricide to its Subjects by puniſhing it, was conſtrained, at length, to have recourſe to the common remedy of propoſing to men rewards and penalties for awaking their hopes or fears. Experience ſhewed that to gain their will, it was neceſſary to gain their paſſions, and that in order to ſubject the higher part of their Soul, it was proper to be maſter over

over the lower. God himſelf governs the world by this innocent artifice; for, though, as more abſolute than Kings, he may treat with the mind without interpoſition of the ſenſes, yet he accommodates himſelf to the condition of men, and knowing that they are compoſed of a Soul and body, he makes no attempt on the former but by means of the latter, he renounces his rights to fit himſelf to the weakneſs of his creatures, and without uſing the power his Sovereignty gives him, he intimidates by menaces, or conſoles them by promiſes. His will only ſhould be a law to us, and to oblige us to form ſome deſign, it is enough that his intentions be known to us; yet he flatters us by propoſing a Paradiſe, he diſmays us by repreſenting a Hell; and as if he was deeply concerned in our ſafety or danger, he employs all his graces to acquire our love, and avoid our hatred. When he treated with the Jews as with his Subjects, when by an exceſs of goodneſs he did not refuſe to bear the quality of their Sovereign, when he gave them laws by the mouth of Moſes, and when he governed them by the prudence of their Judges, who were images of him, he intimidated them

them a hundred times by his chaſtiſements, and ſent peſtilence and famine over their lands, to reduce them to obedience by fear: He likewiſe promiſed them a hundred times to extend the boundaries of their State, to aſſiſt them in their battles, and to give them the advantage over their enemies, that, his promiſes thus ſoliciting their hopes, he might gain their will by their paſſions. In ſhort, all confeſs, that Politicians, after the example of Orators, cannot procure the aſſent of man with more force and attractive ſweetneſs, than by ſtirring up the motions of his Soul, and getting the aſcendant over his mind by the hope of honour, or the fear of pain. But they are not ſo well agreed, which of theſe two paſſions ſhould be adopted, to bring the mind with greater certainty to its duty.

Thoſe that argue on the ſide of fear, ſay that this Paſſion being ſervile in its nature, ſhould be the portion of Subjects; that they cannot be diveſted of this Sentiment without being diveſted of their condition; and that they cannot with any propriety be raiſed to the quality of children or friends. They add, that it is in the power of the Sovereign to make him-

himſelf feared, and not to make himſelf beloved; that pains and penalties make a greater impreſſion on the minds of thoſe who obey than rewards; that Love is always voluntary, and that Fear may be forced; that love as well as familiarity may create contempt, a capital enemy to Monarchy: That Fear can be productive only of hatred, which hurts more the reputation than the power of Kings; that as prudence would have of two evils, the leſs choſen, it ſhould be more adviſable to loſe the love of the people, the better to retain their reſpect, and to ſay with an ancient Author, "Let them hate ſo they fear me:" They confirm all theſe reaſons by examples, and ſhew that the ſevereſt empires have been the moſt flouriſhing; that penalties have always exceeded rewards, and that in the Roman Republic, where nothing more than an Oak-Crown was given to the Soldiers for mounting a breach, they were puniſhed ſeverely or put to death, for quitting their rank, or deſerting their Standard; that God himſelf, whoſe conduct ought to ſerve as an example to all Princes, had governed his people with more ſeverity than mildneſs; that he was conſtrained to explain himſelf by the voice of thunder to make himſelf

obeyed; that his authority was ſecured only by the death of the rebellious; and that whatever inclination he had for mercy, he was compelled to have recourſe to juſtice. They ſay, laſtly, that Sovereignty is ſomewhat odious; that Love and Majeſty can hadly agree together; that none can reign over men, and make themſelves beloved by them; that they are ſo jealous of their liberty, that they hate every encroachment on it; and that Princes, according to the Goſpel * maxim have not greater enemies than their Subjects.

Thoſe that ſide with Love, produce reaſons not leſs ſpecious, and more true in the main. They ſay that the Sovereign being the father of his Subjects, is obliged to treat them as his children; that fear makes them maſters only of the body, but that love makes them reign over our hearts; that thoſe who fear their maſters, ſeek the end of their ſervitude, but that thoſe who love them, do not think of recovering their liberty; that the Princes, who govern with rigour cannot live in ſecurity; that neceſſiety ſo orders it that they who give occaſion to fear, muſt feel its

* Mat. c. 10.

its impreſſions themſelves in their turn, and muſt apprehend the revolt of people, who obey them only by conſtraint; that if violent things are not durable, an Empire founded on violence cannot long ſubſiſt. And to anſwer ſatisfactorily the reaſons oppoſed to them, they reply, that Love obtains an eaſier ingreſs into the heart than Fear, and that if the meaſures creative of fear are diſguſtful, there are innocent charms to beget love; that on generous ſouls rewards make deeper impreſſions than puniſhments, and that the promiſes of a Prince animate more his ſoldiers than his menaces; that contempt cannot proceed from love, becauſe love ariſes from eſteem, and is always accompanied with reſpect; that the moſt juſt monarchies and not the moſt ſevere, have been the moſt flouriſhing, and that if in the Roman Republic puniſhments exceeded rewards, it was not becauſe fear ſunk deeper into minds than love, but becauſe vice has not ſo many deformities as virtue has beauties, and becauſe it is not neceſſary to propoſe honours to that which finding all its glory in itſelf, is as ſatisfied in ſilence, as amidſt acclamations and applauſe; that if God had treated his peo-

ple with rigour, he did ſo contrary to his inclination; and that his lenity has been much more powerful than his ſeverity, the one having been only able to acquire for him the extent of Judea, but the other having reduced to his obedience the whole world. It is the difference of the two laws which St. Paul repreſents to us ſo often in his writings: One made ſlaves, the other produced children; one ſtrengthened the party of ſin, the other deſtroyed its tyranny. They add that Sovereignty is not odious, having been conſecrated in the perſon of Jeſus Chriſt, who willing to ſerve as a pattern to all the Kings of the earth, did not uſe his power but as inſtrumental to his mercy, and did not perform miracles but to help the afflicted. Laſtly, that ſubjects do not regret the loſs of their liberty, becauſe being voluntary it is agreeable; that Princes are not objects of fear, being the images of God, and that there have been ſome even among Infidels, who were the * delight of their people during life, and their regret after death.

Though

* Sueton. in Tito.

Though theſe anſwers are ſo pertinent that they cannot be contradicted, it ſeems notwithſtanding that the two parties may be reconciled, and their differences adjuſted in ſuch manner, that both muſt find their advantage: For though mildneſs be preferable to rigour, and though a State be better founded on love than fear, there are occaſions wherein the Prince muſt make clemency bend to ſeverity, and wherein he is obliged to ſet aſide for a moment the quality of father to exerciſe that of Judge. The temper of his ſubjects ought to be the rule of his own; if they are fickle and proud, he muſt adopt rigorous meaſures to teach them obedience and fidelity; if they are factious and prone to rebellion, he muſt make ſome examples, and by puniſhing a few, ſtrike a terror into the reſt; if they are reſtleſs and deſirous of novelties, they ſhould be condemned to ſome labours to keep them in action: But amidſt all theſe chaſtiſements, he ſhould remember that he is the chief of his State, that his ſubjects are a part of himſelf, and that he is obliged to be as reſerved in puniſhing them, as a ſurgeon in amputating the leg or arm of a patient. If nothing ſhould happen in his kingdom urging him to ri-

gour, if all things are peaceful in it, and if the people he governs are diſpoſed to ſecond by their motions the ſalutary purpoſes of the laws, he ought to treat them gently, and allow them an honeſt liberty, which may perſuade them that they are rather his children than ſubjects, and that having reſerved only to himſelf the marks of Sovereignty, he ſuffers them to reap all the fruits. He ſhould, in fine, uſe no rigour but when clemency little avails, and in his conduct as in that of God, mildneſs ſhould always forego ſeverity, that all may be ſenſible, he does not puniſh the guilty by inclination, but through neceſſity. The power of Princes is formidable enough by its grandeur, without rendering it odious by cruelty. A word from them diſmays all their ſubjects; the puniſhment of one criminal intimidates all others; their wrath makes the innocent to tremble; and as the thunderbolt does little harm, yet excites deadly fear. In this manner Princes cannot puniſh a private perſon without terrifying their whole ſtate. I therefore hold with the wiſeſt politicians, that Sovereignty ought to be tempered with Sweetneſs, and that being accompanied

panied with all the qualities that can make it dreaded, it ought to ſeek after all thoſe that may make it beloved.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT PASSION OUGHT TO REIGN IN THE PERSON OF THE PRINCE.

ONE of the greateſt misfortunes that can happen in religion, is the liberty men take in framing for themſelves a Divinity that is agreeable to them. In the firſt ages each perſon adored the work of his hands, and made an Idol for himſelf, whoſe whole value depended on the artificer's induſtry, or the excellency of his materials. In after-times, when minds were poliſhed into ſome refinement, the Poets made Gods that were ſenſible, and aſſigned to them all the affections that render us criminal or wretched: They are obſerved making love in their Writings, they are ſeen to fight in Fable, and in their perſons are remarked all the ſentiments of thoſe that had invented them. The Philoſophers indignant to admit in Gods ſo much injuſtice, formed more ra-

tional ones, and propoſed to the people the Idols of their mind. Each figured to himſelf a God according to his inclinations, and gave him his own fanciful advantages. Some ſunk him in indolence, and not to diſturb him in his quieſcent ſtate, deprived him of the knowledge and direction of our affairs. Some made him ſo good that he ſuffered all crimes without puniſhing them, and treated as favourably the guilty as the innocent. Others repreſented him ſo rigorous, that it ſhould ſeem he had not created men but to deſtroy them, and that his ſole contentment conſiſted in the death of his ſubjects. The diſorder paſſed from Religion into the ſtate, and according to the ages men lived in, they formed to themſelves different ideas of the perſon of Kings, and imagined in their Princes no other perfections but ſuch as they were acquainted with: For in the earlieſt times of the world, when people preferred the body to the mind, they made choice of Kings, whoſe ſtature exceeded the common, and whoſe ſtrength equalled that of Giants. It ſeems likewiſe that God was willing to comply with this fancy, when he gave Saul to the Iſraelites, for the Scripture obſerves

ſerves that he was higher by the whole head than the talleſt of his ſubjects; and when the Poets deſcribe their heroes, they never fail to attribute to them that advantage: But when time had fully informed us that our well-being did not reſide in the body, the mind, or intellects of men, who had been thought of for Kings, came into conſideration; and their choice fell upon thoſe who had moſt conduct or courage; their inclinations came alſo under inſpection, and knowing the power they might obtain over the will of others, not leſs account was made of them than of virtues.

But opinions are ſo greatly divided on this ſubject, that it may be ſaid that each politician forms to himſelf a Prince according to his humour, and aſſigns him the paſſion that is moſt agreeable to himſelf. Some have wiſhed him diveſted of every paſſion, and as being the image of God, would have him raiſed above creatures, ſo as to be told all the mouvements of the earth without emotion; but it is well known that to be of a more elevated condition than his ſubjects, he is not of a different nature, and not being exempt from bodily maladies, he cannot avert

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from himſelf the paſſions of the mind. Some others have believed that he ſhould have all paſſions, and like the Sun and Stars, ſhould be in perpetual motion, and direct all his cares and thoughts to the welfare and preſervation of the State. Some again are of opinion that the deſire of glory is the moſt lawful paſſion for a Prince; for as Fortune has given him all the wealth that depends on his power, all his endeavours ſhould ſtretch into one point of view, the acquiſition of honour, and ſo much the more, as virtue is preſerved, and as he who ſlights reputation, cannot have an eſteem for Juſtice. Add to this that the Sovereign ſhould never think of making himſelf illuſtrious in future ages by the pomp of buildings, but by the greatneſs of his actions; that holding all other things in contempt, the ſole object of his thoughts ſhould be to leave after death the happy memory of his reign, to which generous deſign nothing would ſo amply contribute as the inſatiable deſire of glory: That riches are the ſtores of private men, but honour the treaſure of Kings, and that to acquire it, he ſhould willingly hazard all the reſt. Some others leſs glorious, but more reaſonable, have judged that

that fear ſhould reign in the Soul of Princes, and as their prudence exceeded their valour, the apprehenſion of danger ought in like manner ſurpaſs in them the deſire of glory; for beſides that their fortune is expoſed to a thouſand accidents, the more it is elevated, being the more perilous; the more it is brilliant, being the more frail; they are obliged to prevent theſe accidents by their care, to weather out the ſtorm by their conſtancy, and to deſcend from their felicity to become ſenſible of the wretchedneſs of their Subjects.

All theſe opinions are ſupported by examples; for there have been Kings, who ſo well moderated their paſſions, that they ſeemed to have none: Ill ſucceſs did not diſmay them, and they received the news of a defeat, with the ſame compoſure as they did that of a victory; the different functions they were obliged to diſcharge, made no alteration in the tranquillity of their mind; they puniſhed crimes with the ſame placid countenance they rewarded virtue, and whatever change was ſeen in their States, not the leaſt was perceptible in their perſon, which ſeemed to be raiſed to ſo high a degree of perfection, that it may

may be ſaid of them, that amidſt the weakneſs of a man they poſſeſſed the ſecurity and confidence of a God. Others have been ſeen to govern not leſs proſperouſly, who were of a quite different diſpoſition. Their empire being not leſs dear to them than their own body, no alteration could happen in it without appearing in their looks; good ſucceſs cheared them into ſmiles, diſaſtrous events ſorely afflicted them; even the ills that did but threaten them at a diſtance, lay heavy on their minds, and all that happened to their ſtate made ſuch lively impreſſions on them, that it ſeemed as if they lived in two bodies, and that havingt wo lives to loſe, they had likewiſe two deaths to fear. I dare not blame theſe inquietudes, as ariſing from extreme love; and it would be unjuſt to condemn a Prince, who makes himſelf wretched with no other view than to make his ſubjects more happy. Auguſtus was of this temper. Though he had endeavoured to acquire that conſtancy of mind, which might be proof againſt its perturbations, yet he could not help by words and actions to betray reſentment for any miſmanagement in the affairs of the Republic,

Republic, much more to lament any calamity that had befallen it. The defeat of Varus coſt him tears, and that misfortune, againſt which he was not prepared, made him ſpeak in a manner that may be rather imputed to his affection than weakneſs, as on other occaſions he had given ſo many proofs of fortitude.

The greateſt number is of thoſe who have laboured for glory, and whoſe predominant paſſion was to acquire honour. Nothing ſeemed to them difficult provided it was glorious, when by an irreparable misfortune, they neglected virtue when obſcure, and eſteemed vice when illuſtrious. In their opinion it was as lawful to overthrow the State as to found it, to oppreſs the republic as to defend it, to wage war againſt allies as againſt enemies. They ran in queſt of glory by illicit ways, and as ſome make fortunate crimes paſs for virtues, theſe took glorious acts of injuſtice to be feats of heroiſm: Such were the maxims of the firſt of the Cæſars. The ambition he was poſſeſſed with had perſuaded him that whatever was inſtrumental to acquire honour for him, was not infamous; and that he ſhould never deliberate

deliberate whether an enterprize was lawful or not, ſo he might raiſe his reputation, and make his name illuſtrious in hiſtory. His Son-in-law Pompey had the ſame ſentiments, and though his deſigns were palliated by more ſpecious pretexts, their motives were not better; for under the appearance of preſerving the Commonwealth he encreaſed his private authority, and by a deteſtable artifice, employed the Senate to eſtabliſh his tyranny. No great depth of Politics is required to perceive that ſo irregular a Paſſion is of great diſadvantage to States, and that it is not that which ſhould reign in the heart of Princes.

I ſhould therefore gladly ſide with thoſe who attribute this honour to a zeal for juſtice. And indeed, it is matter of ſingular importance that this innocent affection ſhould animate the heart of Monarchs; for the happineſs of the People, being the end of all their labours, it is neceſſary that Juſtice which produces and maintains it, ſhould be the end of all their deſires, and that in the variety of conditions which compoſe States, it ſhould be duly and impartially adminiſtered for the

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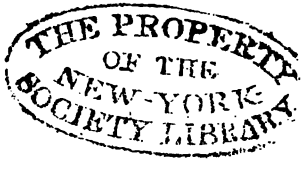
ſake of the public good and tranquillity. He that has not that virtue, knows not how to reign; and though he may have all others, he is unworthy to bear the Sceptre, as not having that which conſtitutes the goodneſs of Sovereigns and the felicity of kingdoms.



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PART

PART II.

OF THE PASSIONS IN PARTICULAR.

BOOK I.

OF LOVE AND HATRED.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF LOVE.

THEOLOGY teaches us that there is nothing more hidden, nor better known than the God whom we adore. His eſſence fills the world, and his immenſity is ſo great, that he can produce nothing without containing it; all his creatures are images of his grandeur, and proofs of his power; they cannot be ſeen without knowing him, and they diſcover to us by their motions, what the Prophets declare to us by their writings: Yet nothing

thing is more ſecret than he is; he is every where, and he is no where; he makes himſelf to be perceived, and does not let us ſuffer himſelf to be felt; he ſurrounds us, and does not let us come near him; all People know that he is, and all Philoſophers are ignorant of what he is. The belief of him is ſo deeply graved and ſo intimately blended with our eſſence, that to deface it, we muſt annihilate ourſelves; yet our mind cannot comprehend him, and the radiance of that Sun is ſo bright, that it dazzles every eye which would fain behold it.

Tho' love be but a paſſion of the Soul, it has the advantage common with the Divinity, that it is as ſecret as public, and that there is nothing in nature more evident nor more hidden. All ſpeak of it as the Soul that preſerves the Univerſe, and as a ſacred knot that maintains the ſociety of the world. Our deſires declare it ſuch, and the Man that forms a wiſh, teſtifies that he has love. Our hopes proclaim it, and all our paſſions diſcover it: Yet it abides ſecreted in the bottom of our heart, and all the marks it affords of its preſence, are ſo many clouds that hide it from our minds. Men feel its power, and cannot explain its eſ-

ſence; thoſe even that live under its empire, and revere its laws, are little acquainted with its nature.

The Poets, who were intereſted in aggrandizing it, would have it paſs for a God. They gave it this auguſt name, leſt its violence might be blamed, and by a falſe piety endeavoured to excuſe its real madneſs. The Platonics make a Demon of it, and attribute to it ſo abſolute a power over the paſſions, that they would have even hatred obedient to its will, and therefore with the view of pleaſing it, they imagine hatred ready to change all its rage into ſweetneſs. The Stoics call it a madneſs, and judging of its nature by its effects, cannot believe that this mouvement of our Soul is under any juſt regulation, being as often fatal to us as hatred, and withal ſo impolitic in its conduct, that it frequently offends thoſe whom it was its intention to oblige. The Peripatetics dare not give it a name for fear of being miſtaken; and Ariſtotle, who forms definitions of the moſt abſtruſe things, contents himſelf with deſcribing it, conſigning us over to the deſpair of becoming acquainted with a paſſion he was ignorant of: Sometimes he calls it a grace or charm, ſometimes an inclination, ſometimes a complaiſance

ſance, and informs us by theſe different terms, that the nature of Love is not leſs hidden than that of the Soul.

Amongſt ſo many doubts ſome Philoſophers aſſure us, that Love is the firſt impreſſion, which the ſenſible good makes on the heart of man; that it is an agreeable wound which he has received from a beautiful object; that it is the ray of a Sun which warms him; that it is a charm whoſe ſecret virtue attracts him; and that it is the principle of motion which carries him towards an apparent or real good. But if I may be allowed to ſet aſide common ſentiments, to follow truer ones, I would venture to ſay that Love includes all the paſſions in its idea, bearing different names according to its different States, though uſe will have it adopt in its birth the moſt glorious appellation: For when inclination is forming in the heart, and an agreeable object ſweetly carries away the will, it is called Love; when it ſallies forth from itſelf, to ſeek an attachment with what it loves, it is called Deſire; when it is more vigorous, and its ſtrength promiſes ſucceſs, it is called Hope; when it is animated againſt the difficulties that oppoſe its contentment, it is called Anger;

when it prepares itſelf for fighting, and ſeeks for arms to defeat its enemies, or to aſſiſt its allies, it is called valour and fortitude: But in all theſe States, it is Love; the name, which Philoſophers have made it affect in its birth, belongs to it not leſs in its progreſs; and if when but yet a Child, it bears ſo honourable a title, it deſerves it ſtill better, when grown up by deſires, and fortified by hopes. It is true that this firſt State is the rule of all others, and as rivulets derive their greatneſs from their ſource, ſo all the Paſſions borrow their force from that firſt inclination, which is called Love: For ſo ſoon as it is ſmitten with the beauty of its object, it kindles deſires, excites hopes, and makes all the paſſions catch fire that are ſubject to its empire. It is in the will as on a throne, whence it gives orders to all its ſubjects; it is in the bottom of the Soul as in a fort, whence it inſpires its Soldiers with courage; it is as the heart that gives life to all the limbs, and its power is ſo great, that no example can be properly expreſſive of it. Kings often find diſobedience in their ſubjects, the moſt valiant Captains are ſometimes abandoned by their Soldiers, and the heart cannot always

ways tranſmit its ſpirits through all the limbs of the body; but Love is ſo abſolute in its ſtate, that it never finds reſiſtance to its will; all the Paſſions riſe up to execute its commands, and as the motion of the Moon is thought to cauſe the ebbing and flowing of the Sea, ſo the motion of Love brings with it peace and trouble into the mind.

Now this Love, whoſe nature is ſo hidden, has ſeveral branches, and may be divided into natural and ſupernatural. The latter is that which God diffuſes into our will, to make us capable of loving him as our father, and of aſpiring to glory as our inheritance. The former is that which nature impreſſed on our ſouls, to unite us with objects which are agreeable to us; and this is divided into ſpiritual and ſenſible love. The ſpiritual reſides in the will, and deſerves rather the name of virtue than of Paſſion; the ſenſible is the lower part of the ſoul, and its commerce being with the ſenſes, it is therefore properly called Paſſion. Theſe two Loves are again divided into two others, one of which is called the Love of friendſhip, and the other the Love of intereſt. The firſt is the more noble, and he who is influ-

enced by it, has nothing in view but the advantages of him he loves; he wiſhes or procures him good, and without any other conſideration than honour and his friend's ſatisfaction, will make a ſacrifice of himſelf for his ſake, and deem himſelf happy to lay down his life to aſſure him of his affection: 'Twas this generous paſſion that performed all the fine actions which are recorded in hiſtory; it was the ſame that raiſed admiration in Tyrants, and made thoſe enemies of Society wiſh to love and to be loved, juſtly judging that Sovereigns are better guarded by their friends than by their ſoldiers, and that all their power is weak, if not ſupported by the friendſhip of their ſubjects. The Second Love, which is the intereſted, is as common as it is unjuſt; for moſt affections being founded on utility or pleaſure, thoſe who devote themſelves to them, have not ſo much friendſhip as Self-love, and if they did but declare their ſentiments, they would confeſs that they love themſelves in their friends, and do not cheriſh them ſo much for the ſake of virtue, as for their expectancies from them. We therefore ſee that theſe affections are not laſting but ſo long as they are uſeful or agreeable, and that the

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ſame intereſt which gave life to them, reduces them at length to the ſtate of death. Their attachment is to the fortune, but not to the perſon, and they are a commerce which ſubſiſts only whilſt maintained by the hope of profit or pleaſure.

Of the many ſorts of love, which Philoſophy has taken notice of, we conſider here only that which reſides in the inferior part of the Soul, whether it has virtue or intereſt for its ground-work; and as we know its nature, we will now examine its qualities. The firſt is, that it always ſeeks after Good, and never attaches itſelf to an object, that has not its appearance or reality: For as nature is the work of God, its diſorder cannot be ſo great as not ſtill to retain ſome remains of its primitive inclinations; and having been deſtined for poſſeſſing the Sovereign Good, it muſt neceſſarily ſigh after it. By an error therefore very well deſerving to be excuſed, it ſeeks a connection with every thing that bears its image, and by an inſtinct which has continued with it in its diſorder, it ſuffers itſelf to be charmed with all things that make a ſhew of goodneſs or beauty. As if it had found what it ſought, it indiſcreetly becomes attached to it, and by

a deplorable misfortune often admits lies for truth. It incurs the guilt of idolatry, thinking to perform acts of piety, and rendering to works what is due only to the workman, is culpable of the ſame crime as a Lover, who by a ſtrange infatuation of mind, ſhould forget the miſtreſs he ſerves, and become enamoured of her picture. This fault ſhould be rather imputed to man than to his love, for that being blind, it follows its inclinations; not being able to diſcern the appearance of truth, it loves the good that preſents itſelf; not to want that it ſeeks after, it unites itſelf to that it finds, and is only culpable by being too faithful. But man can plead no excuſe for his tranſgreſſion, becauſe reaſon is his guide, and he may learn from reaſon, that all the good things which are objects of the ſenſes, are but ſhadows of that which he ought to love. He muſt therefore correct his love, and hinder its attachment to objects, which are fine and ſplendid in reality, but do not conſtitute the Sovereign Beauty he wants to enjoy. When he judges the qualities they poſſeſs may lead him aſtray, he ſhould avoid them as ſnares, and make noble efforts againſt himſelf, to diſengage himſelf from

Creatures,

Creatures, that they might not make him forget the Creator.

From this firſt property of Love, there ariſes a ſecond, and this is, that it is never at reſt, being always in queſt of what it loves. Seeing ſo many ſhadows, as it does, of that ſupreme Beauty which it adores, it is always in action. Leaving one to take up the other, it inveſtigates in all, what it cannot find in one alone, and its change is not ſo much a proof of its levity as of their vanity. It becomes wiſe at their expence; not finding what it requires in the beauty it was infatuated with, it repents of its errors, and courts another object, which it is ſtill conſtrained to break off with, as poſſeſſing but a part of that Univerſal Good it is captivated with. Its inconſtancy would laſt as long as life, if Reaſon did not inform it, that what it deſires is inviſible, and that our ſojourning here, is not deſtined for poſſeſſion, but for hope. Then it vilifies what it eſteemed, and conſidering that natural beauties are but degrees to raiſe us to the Supernatural Beauty, it loves them with reſerve, and uſes them as means to arrive at the propoſed end.

The powerful impreſſion made by this Beauty on Love, cauſes its third property, which

which is, that it cannot live at reſt, and that ſolicited by its deſires, it is always in a ſtate of action. It reſembles the Stars in its nature, which are in perpetual motion; the end of one labour gives birth to another, and before finiſhing its firſt deſign, it forms a ſecond. It reſembles likewiſe thoſe conquerors, who egged on by ambition prepare conſtantly for new engagements, without ever taſting the pleaſure of victory. I cannot therefore approve the invention of Poets, who have feigned that Love was the Son of Indolence; for if his genealogy be true, it muſt be confeſſed that he retains but little of the mother's temper. And indeed, that unfortunate Poet, who was the Martyr of Love, and who ſaw himſelf juſtly perſecuted, for having forged arms againſt the chaſtity of women, confeſſes that this paſſion is active, that ſo far from being born in an inert ſtate, it obliges its partizans to become ſoldiers, and that in order to love, one muſt reſolve to wage war. Hence it happens that St. Auguſtine mingling ſacred with prophane love, makes them both equally active, and acknowledges that a true affection cannot be idle. Ambition, which is the love of honour, is a good proof of this, by making ſo great an impreſſion on the heart of the

Ambitious,

Ambitious, that they have no manner of reſt, and conſtantly give themſeves more pain, than they make thoſe oppreſſed by them ſuffer. Avarice, which is the love of riches, not leſs authorizes this truth than Ambition, becauſe the wretches poſſeſſed by it, tear up the bowels of the earth, that they might not be uſeleſs, and ſearch after hell, as it were, before their death, that they might not be exempt from labour during their life. That property is ſo peculiar to Love, as not to be found in the other paſſions, for though our deſires are the firſt rivulets that flow from that ſource, yet if they admit of any relaxation, and are tired of ſeeking out a diſtant Good, they permit us to take a little reſt: We often wipe away our tears, and if we do not make peace, we procure ſome ſort of truce with grief; we do not always meditate revenge; anger is leaſt durable, when moſt impetuous and violent; our hatred ſleeps ſometimes, and it is a new injury that muſt awake it; our joys are ſo ſhort, that the longeſt laſt but moments, and they are ſo deeply in love with a tranquil and undiſturbed ſituation, that they ceaſe being agreeable, ſo ſoon as they become active. But Love is always in action; it does not wait till age gives it ſtrength to act; it forms

forms deſigns as ſoon as born; when deſires and hopes abandon it, ſtill it cannot help thinking of what it loves, and vainly entertaining itſelf with the notions of a happineſs it cannot poſſeſs. In ſhort, activity is ſo natural to it, that its life conſiſts in motion, and as the heart, it ceaſes to live, when it ceaſes to move.

Hence proceeds its fourth property, which is the ſtrength that accompanies it in all its deſigns: For though ſtill in the birth, it is vigorous if true, and yielding proofs of its courage, it tames monſters which it is not yet acqnainted with, and meaſuring its ſtrength by its deſires, believes it can do every thing it pleaſes. Difficulties do not deter it, when propoſed for ſtopping its courſe; then does it fancy that the deſign is to make trial of its will, and ſpurred on by glory it makes an effort to conquer them, admitting no excuſes nor giving any itſelf. Before it will own to its want of power, it tries its whole force, and often reduces enemies, whom the moſt generous virtues dared not to attacked. Hence the ſcriptures compare it to * death, not only becauſe it ſeparates us from ourſelves,

* Aug. in Pſal. 121.

ſelves, to unite us with what we love, but becauſe nothing can reſiſt it: For of the many pains divine Juſtice has at hand to puniſh us, death is the only one which we cannot ward off; we guard againſt the injury of the elements by cloaths and houſes; we conquer the ſterility of the earth, by the ardour of our labour; we correct aliments, by the help of medicine; we ſubject wild beaſts to our obedience, by cunning or ſtrength; we often convert our pains into pleaſures, and we draw advantages from the wretchedneſs of our condition, which we might not have found in the ſtate of innocence: But nothing can reſiſt death, and if Phyſicians have diſcovered ſecrets to prolong life, they are ſtill at a loſs to find means of defence againſt this enemy. It commits ravages all over the earth, it pardons neither age nor ſex, and Palaces, environed by many guards, cannot ſecure Kings from its aſſaults: And thus it is that Love finds no difficulties but what it ſurmounts, no pride but what it humbles, no power but what it ſubdues, and no rigour but what it ſoftens.

Laſtly, by another property not leſs conſiderable than the foregoing, it ſpreads a charm

a charm upon labour, can mingle pleaſure with trouble, and to animate us to difficult actions, can deviſe means to make them agreeable or glorious. Hunting is rather an occupation than diverſon, it is an image of war, and men that purſue wild beaſts ſeem to initiate themſelves in the ſtudy of conquering their enemies: victory is here doubtful as well as in battles, and honour is ſometimes purchaſed by the loſs of life: Yet all theſe toils are the hunter's pleaſure, and his paſſion for that exerciſe makes him call a paſtime, what reaſon ſhould make him call a puniſhment. War has nothing agreeable, its very name is odious; though injuſtice, diſorder, and fear might not accompany it, its horrors are abundantly ſufficient to excite a general conſternation; in it death is ſeen in a hundred different ſhapes; it has no exerciſe, wherein peril does not ſurpaſs glory, and it puts the ſoldiery upon no trials, that are not as bloody as honourable: Yet thoſe, who love war, make it their delight, all its uglieſt features they eſteem beautiful, and by an inclination reſulting rather from their love than humour, find all their pleaſures in its dangers, and taſte the ſweetneſs of peace amidſt the tumults of war,

war, whence it may be ſaid that the labours of Lovers are never troubleſome, and that with the view of ſerving the object of their love, they feel no pain, or if they do, they cheriſh it.

But there would be no end if we were to take notice of all the properties of Love; I therefore paſs over to its effects, which being its images, will repreſent to us its natural diſpoſition, and teach us what it deſires, by diſcovering to us what it can do. The firſt of its miracles is that which is called * Extacy, for it abſtracts the Soul from the body which ſhe animates, to unite her with the objects which ſhe loves; it ſeparates us from ourſelves by a ſweet violence, and there happens on that wonderful diviſion, what Holy writ attributes to the Spirit of God: For the true Lover is never with himſelf, and if we want to find him, we muſt ſeek for him in the perſon whom he adores; he would have us know that contrary to the laws of prudence, he is always out of himſelf, and that he has renounced all the cares of ſelf-preſervation, ever ſince he became the ſlave of his love. The Saints derive their glory from this

* Dionyſ. de divin. nominib. cap. 4.

this extacy, and the Truth that ſpeaks from their mouth, obliges them to confeſs, that they live * more in Jeſus Chriſt than in themſelves. Now, as to live in another, one muſt die to himſelf, it follows that death, accompanies that life, and that ſacred and prophane Lovers cannot love without obliging themſelves to die. 'Tis true, that death is of advantage to them, as procuring them a life more agreeable to them than that which they have loſt: For they riſe again in thoſe whom they love, and by a miracle of love, are born again out of their aſhes as the Phœnix, and recover life in the very boſom of death. Whoever conceives not well this truth, cannot underſtand the words whereby St. Paul informs us, that † we are dead to ourſelves, and alive in Jeſus Chriſt.

This effect produces another which is ſcarce leſs admirable; for as Lovers have no other life than that which they borrow from their love, it happens infallibly that they are transformed into it, and that ceaſing to be what they were, they begin to be what they love; they change condition as well as nature, and by a wonder which ſhould

* Gal. c. 2. † Col. c. 3.

ſhould ſurpaſs all belief, if it was not common, become like unto what they cheriſh. 'Tis true, that this power is more viſible in divine than prophane love; for though Kings debaſe themſelves by loving their Subjects, and renounce their grandeur, whenever they engage in friendſhip; yet they do not raiſe to the throne all thoſe they love; jealouſy which is inſeparable from royalty, does not permit them to give their crown to him who poſſeſſes their heart: But though they ſhould proceed to that exceſs, the maxim would be true in regard to them only, and their ſubjects could not change condition by the effort of their love; for to love grandeurs, one does not become the Sovereign; to love riches, one is not more amply provided with them; the affection for health, has never yet cured the ſick, and we never yet have ſeen the mere paſſion of knowledge make men learned: But divine love has ſo much power, that it raiſes us above ourſelves, and by a ſtrange metamorphoſis, makes us be what it had made us love; it reſtores innocence to the guilty; of ſlaves it makes children; it changes Demons into Angels, and not to diminiſh its virtue by

thinking to exaggerate it, it is ſufficient to ſay that of men it makes Gods.

We therefore do wrong to complain of our wretchedneſs, and to accuſe our Creator for not having equalled our condition to that of Angels; for though theſe pure ſpirits have great advantages over us, and though we hope for no other happineſs than what they poſſeſs, yet we are happy enough, ſince we are allowed to love God, and are made to hope, that Love tranſforming our nature into its own, we ſhall only exchange our mortal and periſhable part, to acquire that which is incorruptible and eternal. Such is the conſolation of divine Lovers, and the only means to aſpire without being criminal to the felicity which Lucifer cannot wiſh for without impiety.

I cannot conclude this chapter without juſtly reproaching all thoſe, who being capable of loving God, bind down their affections to earth, time, and frivolous purſuits, thereby depriving themſelves of that ſupreme felicity, which the Divine Love holds out and promiſes to them. By loving creatures, they cannot ſhare in their perfections, without partaking of their defects. After great labour and anxiety

xiety they ſometimes change an obſcure and tranquil condition, for another more oſtenſible, but more dangerous. We thus conſtantly run ſome riſque in placing our love on creatures, and the advantage that may accrue from this love, is never ſo pure, as not to be found mingled with ſome diſgrace; for whatever paſſion we may entertain for them, we are not aſſured of their having any for us; and yet it is in this mutual affection, in this friendly correſpondence, that the wonderful change is performed, which paſſes for the principal effect of Love: But conſecrating our affections to God, we do not expoſe ourſelves to the leaſt reverſe of fortune; his perfections are not accompanied with faults, and by making an exchange with him we well know that it cannot be to our diſadvantage: Our Love is never without gratitude, being rather the effect than the cauſe of his, and we do not love him, without his loving us firſt. He is ſo juſt, that he never denies to our affection the reward it deſerves. He is not of the diſpoſition of thoſe faithleſs miſtreſſes, who amidſt the circle of their Lovers prefer ſuch as have moſt grace in the external embelliſhments of

form to thoſe who have moſt love. In our commerce with him we are fully aſſured that he who has moſt charity, will have moſt glory, and that the moſt faithful Lover will be always the moſt honoured.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE ILL USE OF LOVE.

NOTHING being ſo ſacred but may be prophaned by ſome ſacrilege, we need not be aſtoniſhed, if Love, the moſt holy Paſſion of our Soul, meets with impious perſons to make it inſtrumental contrary to its inclination, to their pernicious deſigns. As it ſeeks only after the Sovereign good, it is with ſome ſort of violence, it is conſtrained to love thoſe particular goods, which are but ſhadows of that which it deſires. Therefore to deceive it, ſin muſt have diſordered our nature, and muſt have converted our natural love into ſelf-love, making of the ſource of our whole well-being, the origin of all our ills. During the ſtate of Innocence, man did not love himſelf but for God, and Nature was ſo well tempered with Grace, that all his inclinations were holy.

holy. In this happy condition, Charity was confounded with ſelf-love, and man did not dread doing an injury to his neighbour by loving himſelf: But ſince his diſobedience, his love changed its nature, and that which could behold with the ſame eye, the advantages of others and his own, began to ſeparate them, and forgetting what he owed to God, made a God of himſelf. He confounded all the laws of Innocence, as if he had been the only one exiſting in the world; he renounced the ſweets of Society; he formed a reſolution to regulate his affections by his intereſts, and to love nothing but what was uſeful or agreeable to him. This miſchief ſpread as a poiſon throughout nature, and without the help of Grace, Reaſon could not guard againſt it; the fineſt actions loſt their luſtre by it, and Philoſophy with all its precepts, could not reform a diſorder, which had rather ſtruck deep roots into nature than into the will: It made ſome efforts to reſiſt the monſter, and perceiving a glimmer of light through the ambient darkneſs, confeſſed that man was not ſo much for himſelf as for his country, and that he ſhould rather ſtudy the glory of the ſtate, then the good of his family:

It judged that the love of the neighbour ought to be modelled on our own, and believed that by preſcribing to treat him as ourſelves, it had corrected all the abuſes of human Society. But, as the diſorder lay not in the mind alone, its advice was not ſufficient to effect a cure, and it was obliged to confeſs, that none but He who had produced men, was able to reform them: And indeed our calamitous ſituation found no remedy till Grace came to its aſſiſtance, neither did we breathe in true liberty, till Jeſus Chriſt came into the world to baniſh ſelf-love from our Souls. His coming had no other motive, and his doctrine no other view, than the deſtruction of that dreadful monſter. He attacks it by all his maxims, and not a word proceeds from his divine mouth, that does not give it a mortal blow. He proteſts that he will have no diſciples, who have not changed ſelf-love into a Holy averſion; and that he cannot ſuffer in his ſtate ſubjects, who are not diſpoſed to lay down their lives for the glory of their Sovereign. He does not condemn the exceſs of wealth, and the deſire of honours, but becauſe actuated by two very diſorderly paſſions, Avarice and Ambition. He does not

not oblige us to love our enemies, but in order to teach us to hate ourſelves. Mortification and humility, the ground-work of his doctrine, tend only to deſtroy that inordinate affection, which we entertain for the endowments of our own mind or body. In ſhort, he has not given us charity but to deſtroy ſelf-love, and he did not die on a croſs, but to put to death that enemy, which is the cauſe of all our quarrels and diſſenſions.

It ſeems, therefore, we ſhould acknowledge that this evil is comprehenſive of all others, and that there is no diſorder in the world but muſt look to it as its principle; and I believe, that not only there is no making a good Chriſtian of a man who loves himſelf to exceſs, but I maintain, that according to the laws of Politics and Morality, he can neither approve himſelf the honeſt man nor the good Citizen; for Juſtice is abſolutely neceſſary in all theſe conditions, and that virtue cannot coaleſce with ſelf-love. Juſtice requires that a reaſonable man ſhould prefer the inclinations of the Soul to the gratifications of the body, and ſhould preſerve to that Sovereign, all the rights of her authority: Self-love that always ſhews a propenſity to indulge car-

nal appetite, would have the ſlave govern his maſter, and the body retain command over the mind. Juſtice requires that a man of integrity ſhould form no wiſhes ſurpaſſing his merit or birth, and teaches him to be happy and innocent, he muſt preſcribe bounds to his deſigns: Self-love commands us to follow the bent of our inclinations, and to make vanity the rule of our deſires; it flatters our ambition, and the better to inſinuate itſelf into our mind, permits us whatever we pleaſe. Juſtice would have a good citizen prefer the public intereſt to that of his family; it would have him diſpoſed to loſe his fortune, and ſacrifice his perſon for the preſervation of the ſtate; it perſuades him that no death is more glorious than that which is ſuffered for the defence of the country, and that the Horatii and Scevolæ were not illuſtrious in the Roman Hiſtory, but for having offered themſelves up as victims for the glory of their republic: Though nothing is more natural to men than the love of their children, ſome have been found in whom Juſtice deſtroyed that * ſentiment, to preſerve that

* — Gnatoſq; Pater nova bella moventes,
Ad pœnam pulchrâ pro libertate vocabat,
Æn. 6.

that of good Citizens, and who ſolicited by that virtue, turned out the executioners of thoſe, whoſe fathers they were, teaching by ſo rigorous an example, that the love of the country ought to conquer the love of blood. A ſtate cannot be happy, wherein theſe maxims admit of doubt. As often as the public intereſt is made to give way to a private, ſo often it threatens ruin, and there will be no leſs difficulty in guarding againſt ſubjects, than againſt enemies. Yet ſelf-love makes a man exert his moſt ſtrenuous endeavours, for his own pleaſure or for his glory; it conſtitutes him the end of all his actions, and ſhuts him up ſo cloſe within himſelf, that it doth not allow him the leaſt conſideration of the public; if he renders any ſervice to the public, it is for his own private emolument, and when he appears moſt intent upon procuring the tranquillity of the ſtate, he either wiſhes for its ſervitude or plots its deſtruction. Marius and Sylla are proofs of theſe truths. Pompey and Cæſar have ſhewn how dangerous the Citizens are, who love themſelves better than the Republic, and who to retain their power, make no ſcruple of oppreſſing its liberty.

In

In religion, this unjuſt paſſion is ſtill more fatal, for Piety can never accord with ſelf-love. No ſenſible perſon will diſallow, that in order to be pious, it is neceſſary to be ſubmiſſive to the will of God; that we ought to receive from his hands, rewards and puniſhments with an equal degree of ſubmiſſion; that we ſhould adore his thunderbolts which have ſmote us, and to have as much reſpect for his juſtice as for his mercy; that we muſt exerciſe ſeverity on ourſelves to be obedient to him: that it is piety to immolate the innocent to him when he ſo requires, and as there is no creature that is not indebted to his power for life, there is not one but is obliged to loſe it for his glory. Now, what man's heart will be ſubmiſſive to theſe truths, if enſlaved by ſelf-love, and how ſhall he be faithful to God, if he is captivated with the love of himſelf? I therefore conclude that this inordinate affection is the death of families, the ruin of States, and the deſtruction of Religion; and that to live in the world, we muſt declare war againſt this common enemy of Society, and do violence to our deſires to conquer ſo pernicious a paſſion.

From

From this ſource of misfortunes flow three ſtreams that overwhelm the world, and cauſe a deluge, from the ravages of which it is difficult to eſcape with ſafety; for this diſorderly love gives birth to three other loves, that poiſon all ſouls, and baniſh all virtues from off the face of the earth. The firſt is the Love of Beauty, called Incontinence; the ſecond is the Love of Riches, called Avarice; the third is the Love of Glory, called Ambition. Theſe three capital enemies of man's ſalvation and tranquillity, corrupt all that is in him, and render him criminal in his mind, in his body, and in his goods. It is hard to ſay which of theſe monſters is moſt difficult to be conquered, becauſe beſides their native forces, they have likewiſe foreign ones, which they draw from our inclinations or our habits, and which make them ſo formidable, that without a miracle they cannot be well ſubdued. To conſider them notwithſtanding in themſelves, Ambition is the higheſt and ſtrongeſt; voluptuouſneſs the ſofteſt and ſweeteſt; Avarice the meaneſt and moſt obſtinate.

They are oppoſed different ways, and all morality is employed in furniſhing us with reaſons for defence againſt them.

The

The vanity of honours has cured ſome ambitious perſons; for having found that they laboured for a good, which did not happen till after death, and that for engaging in ſo many perilous actions, they could only hope for the adorning of their grave, or ſome Eulogium in Hiſtory, they ceaſed making their court to an idol, that ill rewards its ſlaves, and for a puff of wind which it promiſes, obliges them often to ſhed their own blood or that of their neighbour. The infamy of voluptuouſneſs, the diſaſters that accompany it, the diſguſt and remorſe that follow it, and the ſhame that never leaves it, have often cured men, in whom ſin had ſtill left a few rational reflections; age too is a corrective of it; but if there be any immodeſt old men, it is a diſorder in nature, and the phenomenon of ſeeing amorous purſuits under grey hairs may as much aſtoniſh us, as to ſee thoſe mountains, whoſe top is covered with ſnow, and whoſe bowels abound with flames. The miſery of riches, the pains taken in accumulating them, the cares they create in retaining them, the evils they bring upon their poſſeſſors, the facility they afford for contenting unjuſt deſires, the regret that is

felt

felt in leaving them; all theſe particulars are prevailing conſiderations to inſpire the contempt of them in thoſe who are not yet become their ſlaves: But when once they exerciſe their tyranny over minds, I think the malady incurable. Age that mitigates the violence of other paſſions, exaſperates this. The covetous never love riches more than when they are ready to loſe them; and as love is more ſenſible when it apprehends the abſence of what it loves, avarice is more violent, when it apprehends the loſs of its ſtores. But in the whole, it will be ſufficient to ſay, that the ſureſt preſervative from theſe diſorders, is to guard againſt ſelf-love: For as natural love conſtitutes all the paſſions, ſo diſorderly love occaſions all vices, and whoever takes care to weaken this paſſion, by the exerciſe of penitence or charity, finds himſelf reſcued from Ambition, Avarice, and Impudicity. But to arrive at this ſupreme degree of felicity, we muſt remember, that in whatever ſtation Providence chuſes to place us, we are not for ourſelves, but for the public; and that we ought never to love our ourſelves to the prejudice of our Sovereigns. In nature, we are a portion of the univerſe; in civil life,

life, we are a part of the ſtate; in Religion, we are Members of Jeſus Chriſt. In all theſe conditions, ſelf-love ought to be ſacrificed to the univerſal Love; in nature we muſt die to make room for thoſe that follow us; in the ſtate we muſt contribute our fortune, and blood for the defence of the Prince; and in Religion we muſt make Adam die to give life to Jeſus Chriſt.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE GOOD USE OF LOVE.

MORALITY does not conſider ſo much the goodneſs of things as the laudable uſes they are put to; it neglects natural perfections, and makes account only of their rational deſtination; Metals are indifferent to it, and it pays no other regard to them than as an Earth, which the Sun or ſome other cauſe has made a change in of colour; but it blames the abuſe of them, and approves the good purpoſes they are made to ſerve; it ſuffers pain at ſeeing the wicked abuſe them for oppreſſing the innocent, for corrupting Judges, for violating

lating laws, and for ſeducing women; it ſees with pleaſure, the good uſe them, for feeding the poor, for cloathing the naked, for redeeming captives, and for relieving the neceſſitous. Nothing is more prized than that ſprightlineſs, which nature has beſtowed on fine wits; it is the key that opens to them the treaſures of Sciences, whether they have a mind to make reſearches in them, or to make communications of their knowledge; it is the engaging charm of company, and it is a quality that makes itſelf beloved ſo ſoon as it appears: Yet Morality holds it in no eſteem but ſo far as it is properly conducted, and St. * Auguſtine, who acknowledges it to be a grace, confeſſes that for not having put it to a good uſe, it had been pernicious to him and had kept him in error. Love undoubtedly is the moſt holy of our Paſſions, and the greateſt advantage we have received from nature, as by it we can unite ourſelves with good things, and perfect our Soul by loving them: 'Tis the ſpirit of life; 'tis the bond of the univerſe; 'tis an innocent artifice, whereby we change condition without changing

* Aug. Lib. 4. Confeſſ. c. ultimo.

changing nature, and transform ouſelves into the perſon we love: 'Tis the pureſt and trueſt of all pleaſures; 'tis a ſhadow of the felicity the Bleſſed are repleniſhed with: The Earth would be but a Hell, if Love was baniſhed from it; and it would be an extreme rigour, if God having permitted us to ſee beautiful things, ſhould forbid us to love them: But to conduct properly this paſſion, we muſt learn from Morality, what laws ſhould be preſcribed to it, and what liberty we are able to allow it.

There are three objects of our love, God, Man, and Creatures deſtitute of Reaſon. Some Philoſophers have doubted whether we could love the firſt: His grandeur had perſuaded them, that he rather required our adoration than our love: But though this ſentiment may coincide with religion, and may deſerve, ſo much the more our eſteem as having entered the mind of the Prophane; yet we cannot deny but that love has been given us for uniting ourſelves with God; for beſides perceiving that this inclination is impreſſed by the hands of nature on the very eſſence of our will, and that without the inſtruction of Parents and Maſters we

ſeek after the Sovereign good, Reaſon teaches us, that he is the abyſs of all perfections, and the center of all love; ſo that we cannot dread of being guilty of exceſs by loving him with all our might. He is ſo good that he cannot be loved to the degree he is amiable, and what effort ſoever man may make, he is obliged to confeſs that the goodneſs of God ſurpaſſes always the greatneſs of his love. Wherefore ſublime minds, that come neareſt to him, complain of their coldneſs, and wiſh that all the parts of their body were converted into tongues for praiſing him, or into hearts for loving him. They lament that his greatneſs being ſo well known, his goodneſs is ſo little loved, and that having ſo many ſubjects he has ſo few lovers. We muſt not therefore preſcribe bounds to this paſſion, when it regards God, but all ſhould be conſumed in deſires, and wiſh their hearts dilated, to love infinitely, him who is infinitely amiable. But we muſt be careful not to rob him of what ſo lawfully belongs to him, and we ought to remember, that though his goodneſs might not require from us that duty, we are obliged for our own intereſt to pay him it: For our love is not ſatisfied but

when it reſts in God; it dreads infidelity in creatures; it has never ſo much confidence, as not to harbour always ſome reaſonable doubts, and though it might have ſuch ſufficient proofs of their good will, as ſhould baniſh ſuſpicion, it ſtill would be apprehenſive of death's robbing it of what its good fortune threw in its way, and in one or other of theſe juſt apprehenſions, it could not avoid being miſerable: But it well knows that God is immutable, and that he never deſerts us till we have deſerted him; it likewiſe knows that he is eternal, and that death being not leſs diſtant from his nature than changeableneſs, his affection cannot have an end but from our infidelity.

'Tis true, that ſome carnal Souls, complaining he is inviſible, cannot reſolve to give their heart to a Divinity, that does not gratify their eyes. Still all things are full of him; his greatneſs is diffuſed throughout all parts of the univerſe; every creature is an image to his perfections; it ſeems that he did not draw thoſe portraits, but to make himſelf known and beloved; and though he ſhould not have had recourſe to that artifice, we need only conſult our reaſon, to know what

what he is. Error cannot corrupt it: In the Souls of Pagans, he delivered true oracles. Theſe ſame men who offered incenſe to Idols, were very ſenſible that there was but one God. When nature ſpoke by their mouth, ſhe made them ſpeak the ſame language with Chriſtians, and they confeſſed truths, for which they perſecuted the Martyrs: For as Tertullian * obſerves, their Soul was naturally Chriſtian; when a danger ſurprized them, they implored the help of the true God, and not that of their Jupiter; when they took an oath, or made an aſſeveration, they raiſed their eyes towards Heaven, and not towards the Capitol; whence there is no reaſon to complain that God is inviſible, but we are rather to wiſh, that he ſhould be as much loved as he is known; and indeed, this complaint is no longer admiſſible, ſince the myſtery of the incarnation, wherein God became man to treat with men, wherein he has given ſenſible proofs of his preſence, and wherein clothing himſelf with our nature, he has permitted our eyes to ſee his beauties, our hands to touch his body, and our ears to hear his voice: Since that happy moment he has made

* Tertull. in Apologet.

himſelf our ally; and he who was our Sovereign, is become our brother, that this two-fold quality might oblige us to love him with more ardour, and permit us to addreſs him with more liberty. We cannot therefore fail in the uſe of the love we owe him, but by being too reſerved or too faithleſs: But the love we render unto men, may be two ways defective, as we may abuſe it by giving them too much, or by not giving them enough, which will more amply appear from the Sequel.

Friendſhip is undoubtedly one of the principal effects of love, and the moſt innocent pleaſure men can taſte in Society. Barbarians revere its name; thoſe that deſpiſe the laws of civil life, eſteem that of friendſhip, and they cannot live in their foreſts, without ſome confidents, who know their thoughts, who rejoice in their good fortune, and are ſorry for their afflictions. Thieves and robbers the declared enemies of public liberty, who make war in time of peace, and who ſeem as if they deſigned to ſtifle that love which nature has eſtabliſhed among all men, have notwithſtanding ſome reſpect for friendſhip; they keep up between them ſomething of a ſhadow of Society;

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they keep faith with each other, though it be prejudicial to the State; they keep this faith ſometimes amidſt tortures, and would rather loſe life than betray their companions. People, in fine, do not ſubſiſt but by the efficacy of this virtue; and whoever ſhould baniſh it the earth, muſt raſe towns, and ſend back men into the deſarts. It is more powerful than the laws, and he that ſhould eſtabliſh it firmly in kingdoms, could neither require torments nor puniſhments of any kind to keep men to their duty. But it ought to be circumſcribed by certain limits in order to be juſt. To be true, it ought to be founded on piety; thoſe who deſire to love one another, ſhould make their friendſhip a ſtudy of virtue, and by their mutual communication ſhould endeavour to make themſelves better; their minds ought to be rather intermingled than united; this mingling ſhould give birth to a perfect community of all things; ſubſtance ſhould no more admit of partitions, and the words, *meum* and *teum*, that cauſe all the diviſions in the world, ſhould be intirely baniſhed from it. When theſe conditions meet in friendſhip, it cannot be blamed; even the exceſs may be deemed laudable, becauſe

being more divine than human, and more founded on Grace than Nature, it ought to be diſpenſed from all thoſe laws, that have been made only for vulgar friendſhips. But in both, the pains that await them, muſt be endured, and we muſt remember, that as there is nothing ſo perfect in this world, but has its faults, ſo there is nothing ſo agreeable, but is accompanied with its diſguſts.

Friendſhip is the ſweetneſs of life, and he that is not poſſeſſed of that virtue cannot hope for happineſs; it is the moſt rational contentment that can be taſted in the world, and of all pleaſures, not one can be found more innocent nor more real: But it carries about with it its troubles, and he that begins to love ought to prepare for ſuffering; abſences are ſhort deaths, and death is an eternal abſence, which leaves in us as much regret, as preſence gives ſatisfaction. A man, who loſes his friend, loſes the half of himſelf; he is dead and living both together, and death does not accord with life but to make him more wretched: But though their deſtiny might be happy enough to carry them off on the ſame day, they cannot avoid the miſeries that accompany life; it ſeems that being united

united by affection, they have given Fortune a greater power over them, and that their Soul did not paſs into two bodies, but to be more ſuſceptible of pain. Ariſtotle would not therefore have a man procure many friends, for fear of being obliged to ſpend his whole life in bewailing their diſgrace; or that requiring of them the ſame duties, he might not trouble their joy, and make his friendſhip a cauſe of mourning to them. 'Tis true that theſe uneaſineſſes are agreeable, and that by a juſt diſpenſation of love, they are always blended with ſome contentment; tears are ſweet when ſhed through friendſhip; if they eaſe one, they comfort the other, and make both find a real pleaſure in a common miſery: Thus their ailment carries its remedy with it, it is more worthy of envy than pity, becauſe he that ſuffers it, and he that weeps for it, are equally aſſured of their mutual fidelity.

But it is much harder to regulate the friendſhip of men with women, and to ſet bounds to a paſſion that adviſes only with itſelf, and does not believe itſelf real, unleſs it be expreſſive; for which reaſon moſt Divines condemn it, and though

not criminal but becauſe it is dangerous, they forbid its uſe in order to avoid the danger. In fact, this virtue is never ſo pure, without being in ſome degree clouded; it deſcends eaſily from the mind to the body, and though it might be with danger, it is never without ſcandal. The age is too corrupt, to judge ſincerely of theſe communications; and if the public aſſented approbation of them, it might ſtill be preſumed, that the colouring was only ſpecious to palliate irregular affections, as under the pretext of friendſhip, every one would take the liberty to make love. I am well perſuaded that there have been in all times women of the ſtricteſt virtue, yet they have not been exempt from calumny. Paulinus did not ſeek interviews with the Empreſs Eudoxia but becauſe ſhe was learned; he was enamoured of her mind and not of her body, and if he often approached that fine Sun, it was to receive light from it and not heat: Yet their frequent converſations excited jealouſy in the young Theodoſius, and an apple as fatal as that of Paris, cauſed the death of Paulinus and the baniſhment of Eudoxia. I am very certain that Souls are of no ſex, and that in the body of a woman we may find

find the wit of a man; I am alſo certain that virtue does not diſdain the advantages of beauty, and that it is often more eloquent in the mouth of a young Lady than in that of an Orator: There have been Muſes as well as Amazons, and men have no qualities which women do not poſſeſs with as much or more excellence. Auguſtus followed the counſels of Livia, and in the moſt important affairs, conſulted her as often as he did Mecenas and Agrippa. The ſchool of the great Origen was open to Females of all ages and conditions; he judged them not leſs capable of the ſecrets of Scripture and the myſteries of Religion than men: So that from all theſe reaſons and examples we may well conclude, that the converſation of women is not leſs uſeful than agreeable, and that if their friendſhip has its dangers, it has likewiſe its advantages.

Notwithſtanding the favourable light the queſtion juſt now appeared in, we may be aſſured that a virtuous woman ought to have no other friend than her huſband, and that ſhe has renounced friendſhip the moment ſhe has engaged in marriage; ſhe ought to have no more maſters nor humble ſervants, when ſhe has once ſurrendered her liberty, and

and the moſt holy affections may juſtly awake ſuſpicion, as they may ſerve as a maſk to criminal. Points of complaiſance between perſons not of the ſame ſex, are rarely innocent; the ſame ſpeeches that entertain their minds, bring on an attachment of their will, and love gently ſlides into the heart, under the name of agreeableneſs and civility: the malady is formed before it is known; one has often a fever, which is ſcarce believed to be an emotion, and the poiſon has already infected the heart, when not thought to have been taken in at the mouth: In ſhort, the peril is equal on all ſides; men attack ſtrongly, and women defend themſelves feebly; the liberty of converſation makes men more inſolent, and its ſweets women leſs courageous. Friendſhips attended with more damage than profit ought therefore never to meet with partizans, eſpecially when the vain ſatisfaction of the ſenſes, expoſes to danger the ſalvation of Souls. We live in a Religion that orders us to deprive ourſelves of pleaſures which are not purely innocent; we are inſtructed by a maſter, who commands his diſciples to pluck out the eyes, and cut off the hands that have given ſcandal; we are taught

taught in a ſchool, where we are forbidden to look at a woman to luſt after her: and yet under the pretext of ſome ill cuſtom, we would have it lawful to court their affection, and to engage in friendſhip with them, that begin by diſorderly inclinations, that are kept up by a frivolous intercourſe, and that terminate by criminal pleaſures. Modeſty and chaſtity run ſufficient riſques without laying new ſnares for them; luxury in apparel, liberty in converſation, and what is called civility, wage a ſufficiently open war on continence, without the additional help of artifice and ſtratagem to ſurprize it. If men were Angels they might be allowed to contract friendſhip with women; if death had diveſted them of their bodies, they might without ſcandal converſe together and ſatisfy their inclinations. But whilſt they have feelings common with beaſts, and whilſt beauty makes deeper impreſſions on their ſenſes than virtue, they muſt imitate that Prophet who had condemned his eyes not to behold thoſe innocent faces, which ſeem as if they ſhould inſpire only the chaſtity of thought: They ought, in fine, never approach thoſe malign conſtellations that burn more than

than they enlighten, and excite more ſtorms than ſuperinduce the calm of peace.

To remedy theſe diſorders we juſt implore the help of charity; for it is charity that purifies love, that reforms its exceſſes, and mends its faults. Charity will not have love to be exceſſive, nor yet confined to ourſelves or our families; it would have it diffuſed over the whole world, and iſſuing from our heart, to paſs into that of our enemies. It has its birth in marriage, and extends to the children that are its fruits; but in this ſtate it is ſtill carnal; we cannot commend in men a paſſion, which is remarked in Tygers; we cannot eſteem feelings in reaſonable creatures, which we ſee in the wildeſt beaſts: In its progreſs, it paſſes on to kindred and neighbours, and begins to ſhew itſelf rational; for though the man that loves his relations, loves alſo his own blood, and though by going out of his perſon, he does not go out of his family, yet his love is more extenſive than that of fathers, and is communicated to perſons who do not affect him ſo much as his children: In its vigour, it proceeds to ſtrangers; it receives them into its houſe,

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it ſhares with them its ſubſtance, and without conſidering their diſpoſitions or languages, it is enough they have the appearance of men to be objects of its liberalities: In this ſtate, it has acquired a good growth; but to be perfect, it muſt deſcend to enemies; ſo that by giving us ſtrength to conquer our own inclinations, it obliges us to do good to thoſe who procure evil to us; when arrived to this pitch, it may hope for rewards, but if it ſtops in the midſt of its career, it ſhould expect nothing but chaſtiſement. Theſe words comprehend the whole uſe of this paſſion, and nothing further can be well added without appearing weak or unneceſſary; I now therefore come to the laſt object of our love, which are creatures deſtitute of reaſon.

Here it is ſurprizing that men do not join with the Stoics, and hold their opinion as a law for all the people of the world; for they maintain that creatures deſtitute of reaſon do not deſerve our love, and that our will had been given to us for no other purpoſes than to ſeek an union with God and men. Whether or no this maxim be a paradox, it is certainly extremely reaſonable; for of what ſignification is it to place our affection on creatures, which

which not knowing it, cannot be obliged to us for it, and which having no affection themſelves, cannot know it? No one ſeems to be more prodigal than the miſer, becauſe he engages his affection to an inſenſible metal, and loves it without hopes of a return of love. I find none ſo unreaſonable as him, who fixes his love on the beauty of a flower, which with all its odours, and all its pride and luſtre, retains not the leaſt ſentiments for its idolaters. I cannot endure the extravagance of ſome people's fancy, who lodge all their paſſions in a Dog or a Horſe, which do them no ſervice but what they are prompted to through inſtinct or neceſſity: I therefore believe that the profit or pleaſure we derive from them, ought to be the rule of our affection to them, or to ſpeak more correctly, we ſhould rather love ourſelves in them than love them on their own account; for they are too mean to merit our love, though ſome ſhadow of fidelity is remarked in Dogs, and ſome ſparks of love in horſes, yet both being deſtitute of reaſon are not capable of friendſhip. It would be prophaning our heart to attach it to inſenſible things; it is not juſt that the ſame ſoul which can love Angels, ſhould

ſhould love beaſts; that ſhe which can unite herſelf to God ſhould ſeek an union with metals, and lodge in the ſame heart the moſt noble of all ſpirits with the moſt imperfect of all bodies. I ſhall therefore uſe gold without loving it; I ſhall be its maſter, and not its ſlave; I will keep it for uſe in my exigencies, but not to adore it; I will let all know that it is of no other value, but what good uſe ſhall rate it at, and that it is not leſs unprofitable in the bowels of the earth, than in the coffers of miſers.

But not to be miſtaken in ſo important an affair, ſome diſtinction will not be amiſs, and it may be ſaid that Creatures can admit of being conſidered in three different States. Firſt, as ways that conduct us to our laſt end, and on this account they ought to be loved: Secondly, as nets or ſnares that confine us to earth and time, and in this ſenſe they ought to be avoided: Thirdly, as inſtruments which the Divine Juſtice adopts to puniſh us, and in this reſpect they ought to be revered: For when creatures lead us to God, when they are expreſſive to us of his beauties, and when their perfections raiſe us to the knowledge of him who is their ſource, there is no crime

in loving them, and it would be a kind of injuſtice not to acknowledge him in them whoſe images they are. To this God himſelf has induced us by his example; when he produced, he praiſed them, and giving them his approbation, obliged us to give them our love. It ought, however, to be moderate, and ſo as not to unite us to them, but ſo far as they are capable to unite us with the Creator. We muſt conſider them as pictures, which we do not love but upon account of the perſon they repreſent. We ſhould contemplate their beauties as ſhadows of thoſe of God, and never ſuffer their perfections to be ſo engaging, as not to leave us ſufficient liberty to break the chain that may bind us to them. If they are as inſtruments in the hands of the grand ſeducer to lead us aſtray; if by the permiſſion he has received from God, he employs them to tempt us; if with the ſtars he deſigns to make idolaters; if with gold he attempts to corrupt our innocence; if with wealth, he inflates our pride or flatters our vanity; and if by beauty he would deprive us of continence, we muſt avoid them as nets which are ſtretched out in different parts of the world to ſurprize us, and which ſince the fall of

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man ſeems to have changed inclination, their endeavours now appeared as exerted for his deſtruction, which were formerly for his ſafety. If laſtly, they ſerve the juſtice of God; if by a zeal for his honour they purſue his enemies on his territories, if the earth quakes under our feet, if the craſh of thunder portends ruin over our heads, if fire conſpires with water to declare war againſt us, we muſt ſuffer them with reſpect, and love them with ſo much the more ardour, as we can do it with leſs danger. In this ſituation they have nothing charming to flatter or deceive us; they are rather odious than amiable; they rather inſpire the fear of God than love of ourſelves, and by a happy effect, raiſe us to heaven and detach us from earth. This advice comprehends all that Religion teaches us concerning the uſe of creatures, and whoever occaſionally reduces it to practice, will find by experience, that they are never leſs dangerous than when more cruel, and that they never oblige us more than when they puniſh us with greater ſeverity.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF HATRED.

THEY who judge of things by their appearances only, imagine that there is nothing more contrary to man than Hatred, and that, as deriving his name from humanity, he ought not to ſuffer a paſſion which breathes nothing but blood, and has little ſenſation of pleaſure but in murder. Hatred, however, is a part of his being, and if he ſtands in need of love to prompt his attachment to objects, that may be conducive to his preſervation, he has an occaſion for hatred to keep him at a diſtance from thoſe that may deſtroy him. Theſe two motions are ſo natural to all creatures, that they ſubſiſt only by the love of their like, and by the hatred of their contraries. The world would have been already laid in ruins, if the elements that compoſe it, did not maintain it by their diſcordant concord. If water did not reſiſt fire by its coldneſs and humidity, it would have re-

duced all into aſhes, and having no further matter for nutriment, would have conſumed itſelf. Our humours, which are nothing elſe than temperate elements, preſerve us by their natural antipathies, and the bile would have dried up our whole body, if it was not conſtantly humected, as it were, with phlegm: So that the great and little world ſubſiſt only by the contrariety of their parts, and if the Author that produced them, appeaſed their jarring contentions, he ſhould ruin all his works, which would ceaſe to love each other, if they ceaſed to hate their contraries. What is ſeen in Nature, is obſervable in morality, where the Soul has its inclinations and averſions, to preſerve and defend herſelf, to ſeek connections with things that pleaſe her, and keep her diſtance from objects of diſpleaſure; and if God had not given her theſe two Paſſions, ſhe would have been reduced to the neceſſity of all the ills that attack her, without abilities to reſiſt them, without hopes to defeat them. Hatred is therefore as neceſſary as Love: We ſhould have reaſon to complain of nature, if having given us an inclination for good, ſhe had not alſo inſpired us with an averſion from its con-

trary, and had not inſerted in our Soul as great a degree of force to remove her from hurtful ſubjects, as to attach her to uſeful. Theſe two ſentiments are therefore different only by their objects; and to ſpeak exactly we ſhould ſay, that Love and Hatred are but the ſame paſſion, changing its name according to its different uſes, being called Love, when it entertains Complaiſance for good, and Hatred, when it conceives horrour againſt evil. Paſſing by its firſt effect, which we have already conſidered, we ſhall here examine the ſecond as to its nature, properties, and effects.

Hatred in its birth, is nothing more than an averſion we conceive for every thing that is contrary to us; it is an antipathy of our appetite againſt a ſubject that is diſpleaſing to it; it is the firſt impreſſion, which apparent or real evil makes on the inferior part of our Soul; it is the wound we have received from a diſagreeable object; and it is the principle of the motion our Soul makes to avoid, or defend herſelf againſt an enemy that purſues her. It has this in common with love, that it often anticipates reaſon, and is formed in our will, without conſulting our judgment.

ment. It takes offence at certain things, that are not diſagreeable in themſelves, and the ſame object frequently produces love and hatred in two different perſons; It ſometimes likewiſe happens, that according to the different diſpoſitions of our Soul, that which had diſpleaſed, becomes agreeable to us; and that which had wounded, cures us, and turns only the remedy of the evil it had cauſed. It has this different from Love, that it is much more ſenſible; for love often is formed in our Soul, without our yet knowing any thing of it: Our friends generally give us notice of its influence, and thoſe about our perſons inform us that we are in love: More than curſory reflections on ourſelves will be therefore neceſſary to bring us acquainted with this paſſion in its birth and progreſs; and being extremely ſweet, it ſo agreeably ſmites us, that we do not feel the ſmart of the wound till in time it becomes an incurable ulcer: But Hatred is felt as ſoon as conceived, becauſe proceeding from an object that does not touch but by wounding us; making us alſo ſuffer in its birth; and the moment of being our inmate becoming our puniſhment.

It is formed with as much celerity as love. But an inſtant is required to pro-

duce it in our will. With a little care in foſtering it, its flames ſpread into all the faculties of our Soul, and like the moſt active of the elements, it receives fuel from every thing it meets. But it is attended with the misfortune of being not ſo eaſily effaced as love. When it has ſtruck root in the heart, it cannot be torn out; time that produced, preſerves it, and Philoſophy does not find reaſons ſtrong enough, to cure a man belaboured by ſo painful a malady: Even Religion is never more embarraſſed than when it encounters ſo obſtinate a paſſion, and it ſeems that the Son of God did not deſcend upon the earth, but to teach us to conquer Hatred, and to pardon our enemies: He did not, moreover, oblige us to this duty, till he had died for his own, and he thought that in order to eſtabliſh ſo ſtrange a doctrine, it was neceſſary to confirm it by his example, to authorize it by his death, and to ratify it by the ſignature of his own blood. He therefore declared war againſt a paſſion, which has the advantage over others, of not ending even with life. It is ſo dear to men, that it becomes the ſubject of all their converſations; it ſerves them in the way of diverſion amidſt their diſcontents,

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and though it conſumes their bowels, it notwithſtanding comforts their hearts. There has been an inſtance of a * Princeſs, who having loſt her kingdom and liberty, found no other conſolation but in the hatred ſhe bore her enemy, confeſſing that the regret of her paſt felicity did not ſo much prey upon her mind as the deſire of revenge. Fathers have been ſeen ſtill meditating revenge, ſtill projecting means to propagate their hatred, though their Soul was at the ſame time, ready to wing flight from the body, and to leave not a ſpark of life behind; They left it as an inheritance to their Children; they bound them down to an eternal grudge, and they heaped horrid maledictions on them, if ever they ſhould be reconciled with their enemies. This paſſion in fine is immortal, and as it reſides in the intimate receſſes of the ſoul, it accompanies her wherever ſhe goes, and never leaves her even in a ſtate of ſeparation from the body. This the † Poets, who are the moſt excellent Painters of our affections, have endeavoured to repreſent to us in the perſons of Eteocles and Polynices, who

* Senec. in Hercul. Furent.
† Stat. in Thebaid. l. 2

retained their hatred after death, and went to put an end to in the infernal Regions the battle they had began on earth; this paſſion ſtill lived in their bodies diveſted of ſenſation; by a ſecret contagion, it even paſſed to the funeral pile that had been conſtructed for them, and it kindled war amidſt the flames that were to conſume them.

But we need not be ſurprized at its being ſo obſtinate, if we conſider its extreme boldneſs, and we may not find it ſtrange that it ſhould continue after death, ſince it puts men upon the reſolution of loſing life to revenge themſelves, and makes them taſte ſome pleaſure in dying, ſo they ſee their enemies die with them: For Hatred is not true when it is prudent, and it may be judged that a man is not intirely poſſeſſed by it, when to ſpare his own blood, he dares not to ſpill that of his adverſary. When once he has devoted himſelf to its tyranny, he never thinks of making too dear a purchaſe of the pleaſure of revenge, and whatever puniſhment may ſtare him in the face, he finds it agreeable, ſo it may tend to gratify his paſſion. Atreus * wiſhes to be cruſhed under

* Senec. in Thyeſte.

under the ruins of his palace, provided they fall on the head of his brother, and ſo cruel a death ſeems ſweet to him, if he could but ſuffer it in the company of Thyeſtes. Laſtly, Hatred is very powerful, becauſe there is no torment which is endured than can ſatisfy it, and it exerciſes a wonderful tyranny over thoſe poſſeſſed by it, as there is no crime but they are ready to commit in obedience to it.

If its properties are ſtrange, its Effects are not leſs fatal; for as Love is the cauſe of all generous and agreeable actions, ſo Hatred is the ſource of all ſuch as are baſe and tragic, and they who adviſe with ſo ill a Counſellor, are capable of all imaginable miſchiefs. Murder and parricide are but common effects produced by this unnatural paſſion. 'Twas it that ſhewed us in the earlieſt age of the world, that man could die in the bloom of life, and that a brother was not ſafe in the company of a brother. 'Twas it that forged arms for depopulating the world and deſtroying the beautiful work of God. 'Twas it that making man forget the mildneſs of his natural diſpoſition, taught him to mingle beverages with poiſon, to ſhed human blood amidſt the feſtivity of banquets,

quets, and to put to death under the pretext of hoſpitality. 'Twas it that inſtituted that fatal art, which teaches murder with method, which directs the killing of men in an orderly manner, and which obliges us to approve of a ſlaughter, when performed according to the law of nations. 'Twas it, in fine, and not avarice, that tore into the boſom of the earth, and went to ſeek after in its bowels that cruel metal, with which it exerciſes its fury; And to deſcribe in a few words all the miſchiefs it is the cauſe of, it will be ſufficient to ſay, that Anger is its eſſay, that Envy is its counſellor, that Deſpair is its miniſter, and that after having pronounced bloody ſentences as Judge, it ſees them conſummated itſelf as executioner. 'Tis true, that it never proceeds to theſe extremities without being diſorderly, but diſorder is almoſt natural to it, and if nature and Grace do not jointly labour to moderate it, ſoon will it become exceſſive; its fierceneſs is often likewiſe increaſed by reſiſtance; as an impetuous torrent it breaks down the dikes oppoſed to its rage, and believes itſelf allowed every thing, when forbid any thing. The remedy therefore preſcribed for Love is not leſs neceſſary for hatred,

hatred, and to cure a diſeaſe that becomes incurable with time, it ſhould be attacked in its birth, leſt, that getting ſtrength, it might run to ſo high a pitch of fury, as to prove utterly unconquerable.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE ILL USE OF HATRED.

AS moſt of the Effects produced by Hatred may paſs for diſorders, it may ſeem unneceſſary, after deſcribing its nature, to obviate the ill uſe that may be made of it, yet, not to be wanting to the laws we have preſcribed for ourſelves, this whole Chapter is deſigned for laying open its injuſtices, and it will be made evident to all, that of the many averſions that trouble our repoſe, ſcarce one can be found reaſonable. For, all Creatures, as the works of God, and bearing on their forehead, the character of him that produced them, have qualities that make them amiable; and goodneſs the principal object of love, is ſo natural to them, that it cannot be ſeparated from their eſſence. They muſt ceaſe being, to ceaſe being good, and

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ſo long as they ſubſiſt in nature, we are obliged to confeſs, that ſome tincture of goodneſs remains in them, which they cannot be deprived of, without abſolutely annihilating them. 'Twas therefore that God gave them his approbation at their birth; he made their Panegyric after creating them, and to oblige us to cheriſh them, informed us from his own mouth, that they were extremely good; ſo that the belief of their goodneſs may be ſaid to make an article of faith in the Chriſtian Religion. In what way ſoever they may oppoſe our humours or inclinations, we ought to believe that they have nothing bad, and that the very qualities that hurt us, are not without their purpoſes and uſes. Poiſons are of ſervice in medicine, and ſome patients cannot be cured, but by a preparation of poiſon. Monſters that ſeem to be the defects of nature, are ordained by that Providence which cannot fail; beſides contributing by their uglineſs, to enhance the beauty of other Creatures; they are preſages to warn us of our misfortunes, and invite us to lament our Sins: Even Demons have loſt nothing of their natural advantages; the malice of their will was not able to deſtroy the goodneſs

of

of their eſſence, and though conſummate in evil, they notwithſtanding poſſeſs all the good that belongs purely to their nature; they ſtill retain that beauty which they idolized; they enjoy all the lights they received at the moment of their creation; they have yet that vigour, which makes a part of their being, and if the power of God did not reſtrain them, they would gather the clouds into thunder, raiſe ſtorms, ſpread contagions, and confound all the elements. 'Tis true, that theſe advantages are their puniſhment, and that their lights and beauties are as inſtruments in the hands of the Divine Juſtice, to make them more wretched; but this conſideration does not hinder their nature being good, nor God from perceiving in their being, qualities which he loves and preſerves, as he perceives in their will, qualities which he deteſts and puniſhes. Therefore hatred appears uſeleſs; it ſeems that for exerciſing it one muſt go out of the world, and ſeek other creatures as objects of indignation; for there is nothing in the heavens or earth but is amiable; and if any thing occurs offenſive to our inclination, we muſt blame our own bad humour for it, we muſt accuſe ſin for it, which

which having diſordered our will, has given it unreaſonable antipathies, and forced it to hate the works of God. I well know that there are natural averſions between inſenſible creatures, and that it is no inconſiderable miracle, that the peace of the world is maintained by the diſcord of the elements. If theſe bodies, that compoſe all others, were engaged in no jarring ſtrife with one another, nature could not ſubſiſt, and God was pleaſed that their broils ſhould be the repoſe of the univerſe. But beſides that their contentions are innocent, as they do not attack to deſtroy but to preſerve each other, their combats ariſe from their faults, and they harbour a miſunderſtanding only, becauſe they are imperfect: For the other bodies that are more noble, and which natural Philoſophy calls Perfect Mixts, do not wage war upon one another. Though they may have different inclinations, they notwithſtanding love one another, and often do violence to themſelves not to trouble the world's tranquillity. Whence this juſt inference may be drawn, that if man has averſions from his neighbour, he muſt accuſe his own wretchedneſs for it, and confeſs that Hatred is an evident proof of his faults,

faults, for if he could comprehend the particular differences of others, he would love in them what he found in himſelf, and could not hate in their perſon, what he obſerved in his own: But he cannot endure their advantages, as not poſſeſſing them himſelf; the boundaries which nature has preſcribed for him, circumſcribe him within himſelf, and ſeparate him from all others: If he was an univerſal Good, he would love all particular goods, and if he had all the perfections that exiſt in all men, he would find none to give him offence; but becauſe he is poor, he is unjuſt, and his averſion proceeds from his poverty. God does not ſuffer thoſe unhappy diviſions; his infinite Love cannot admit of bounds; being the Sovereign Good, he loves every thing that bears its marks; comprehending in himſelf all perfections diſſeminated throughout his works, he cheriſhes them all together, and he has no averſions, becauſe he has no fault. Hatred therefore is a weakneſs of our nature, a proof of our indigence, and a Paſſion that cannot be reaſonably indulged againſt the works of God.

Self-love is the ſecond cauſe of its diſorder, for if we were more regular in our affections

affections we ſhould be more moderate in our averſions, and without conſulting our intereſt, ſhould hate nothing but what is really odious: But we are ſo unjuſt, that we judge only of things by their relation to us: We condemn them when they diſpleaſe us, we approve of them when agreeable to us, and by a ſtrange infatuation, do not eſteem them as good or bad, but by the ſatisfaction, or diſguſt they give us: We would have them alter their quality according to our caprices, and Cameleon-like aſſume our colours, and accommodate themſelves to our deſires: We fain would be the centre of the world, and have all creatures join with us in inclination: The handſomeſt ſeem ugly, becauſe diſagreeable to us; the brightneſs of the Sun offends us, becauſe the weakneſs of our eyes cannot bear it; the ſplendour of virtue dazzles us, becauſe it condemns our faults; and truth the ſecond object of love, becomes the object of our indignation, becauſe it cenſures our offences: Nothing ſhines with more conſpicuous luſtre than the light of truth, it diſcovers all the beauties of nature, which in vain would have produced ſo many excellent works, if truth did not teach us the knowledge of them:

them: Truth has more lovers than Helen of Greece; all Philoſophers make love to it; it is the ſubject of all their conteſtations; it awakes jealouſy in their hearts; they diſpute with as much warmth its poſſeſſion, as two rivals, the enjoyment of a miſtreſs; each ſeeks it by different ways, Theologiſts, in its ſource which is the Divinity; Naturaliſts, on the ſurface and in the bowels of the Earth; Alchimiſts, in the matrix of metals; and Painters and Poets, under colours and fables: Yet, this Beauty which inſpires all the world with love, is not without its enemies; it irritates thoſe its intention is to oblige; it looſes its friends whilſt thinking to retain them; if it creates itſelf love by teaching them, it makes itſelf hated by reproving them; and it becomes odious when it ought to be more amiable. It is therefore extremely dangerous to employ a paſſion which oftener attacks virtue than vice, and which contrary to the deſign of him who has given it, exerciſes vengeance on what is good, becauſe having ſome ſhadow of evil, it runs counter to our intereſts or pleaſures. To remedy this diſorder, I would counſel a due conſideration of the things we hate, and an examination

of them on their more agreeable ſide. Being good in the main, we ſhall always find in them ſome quality, which will oblige us to love them, and we ſhall obſerve even in our enemies advantages, which will engage our eſteem. The injuries they have done us, on which we ground the juſtice of our reſentments, will furniſh us with reaſons for excuſing them, and if we examine into them by cool deliberation, we ſhall own that there is ſcarce one that does not carry its excuſe with it. For to make uſe of Seneca's * words, and confound Chriſtians by Pagans, it ſeems there is no outrage but may admit of mitigation, when its motive or quality is attended to. Has a woman offended you? You muſt pardon the weakneſs of her ſex, and remember that it is as common to her to be guilty of faults as to be changeable. Has a Child done you an injury? You muſt excuſe his age, which does not yet permit him to diſcern between a good and a bad action. Has your enemy aſſaulted you? Perhaps you excited him to it, and in that caſe, reaſon counſels you to ſuffer in your turn for the miſchief

* Senec. Lib. 2. de Irâ. Cap. 30.

miſchief you have done him. Does a man in ſupreme authority deal hardly with you? If he puniſhes you, you ought to honour his juſtice; if he oppreſſes you, you muſt yield to ſuperior power. Has a good man perſecuted you? Think he has been impoſed on by others; or if it be his own act, his crime will make him forfeit his imputed quality of goodneſs. Has a wicked man hurt you? Be not aſtoniſhed at it; effects hold to their cauſes; ſome perſon will be revenged of him for you, and without wiſhing ſo, you have already got your revenge, for he is already puniſhed, becauſe he is guilty.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE GOOD USE OF HATRED.

AS nature does nothing in vain, and as among the many things ſhe has produced, there is not one but has its uſes, Hatred muſt likewiſe find its uſe; and that paſſion which receives birth in us with love, muſt meet with ſome objects, on which it may innocently exert its wrath: But as nature loves her works, as that common mother has an affection for

all her children, and as ſhe trains them up in ſuch perfect amity, that thoſe who violate it paſs for monſters, it is meet and juſt that Hatred ſhould reſpect them, and ſhould paſs out of the world to find ſome ſubject that provokes its indignation. It ought to fight againſt the diſorders of our ſoul, and attack enemies, whoſe deſign is to deſtroy virtue; it ought likewiſe to be on its guard, that appearance does not deceive it, and that thinking to do an act of juſtice, it may not commit a parricide. Good often lies concealed under the bark of evil, and things occur that ſeem bad becauſe contrary to us. Their contrariety, however, is a perfection; that which diſguſts our fancy, may be pleaſing to that of another; that which is diſagreeable in our eyes, contributes to the beauty of the Univerſe. This difference of ſentiment evinces that the evil we hate is more imaginary than real, and that we ought rather accuſe opinion for it than nature. Sin therefore is the ſole and only object of Hatred; and if we have a mind to make a proper uſe of it, we ſhould model it on that of God, and declare war againſt that monſter, which he expelled heaven, perſecutes on earth, and puniſhes in hell:

For

For this Paſſion is a chaſtiſement for the greateſt crimes; it is the torture of murderers that ſeem to bid defiance to the juſtice of men; it beſieges tyrants in their palaces, attacks them in the midſt of their guards, and in ſpite of the fortune that protects them, brings them to an account for all the violence they have committed: And indeed, thoſe go not unpuniſhed who are univerſally hated, and that ſin is already ſubjected to the rod of correction, which draws down the public hatred on the head of its author.

But not being conſtituted judges of men, and the juſtice of God not requiring an account from us of the ſins of others, it ſeems, none but our own ought to be the lawful objects of our hatred. Thoſe of our neighbour may admit of ſome excuſes; not knowing their intentions, we ſhould ſuſpend our judgments, and reſtrain our averſions; when ſo public, that they cannot be diſſembled, they ſhould excite more compaſſion than hatred in us, and rather draw tears from our eyes than reproaches from our mouth: Since God excuſes them, we ought not to condemn them, and ſince he hides them, we ought not to make them public. I might not, however, blame a man,

who preferring the glory of God to the welfare of Creatures, ſhould wiſh for the puniſhment of Criminals, or who not able to endure them, ſhould baniſh himſelf from their company, and make appear his juſt indignation by the diſtance he kept: For the hatred of ſin is an act of juſtice, and the zeal that incenſes us againſt ſinners is an effect of charity. David deſiſted from the praiſes of God, to make * imprecations againſt the wicked, and his intention was to give him an aſſurance of his love, by aſſuring him of the hatred he bore his enemies; but this averſion to be agreeable to God, ought to be perfect as that of David; and to be perfect, it ought to have two conditions as his had. It ſhould hate ſin, and love nature; it ſhould deteſt the work of the ceature, and cheriſh the creature of God; it ſhould in wiſdom and juſtice, not love ſin upon account of men, yet not hate men upon account of ſin. With theſe conditions, a good uſe may be made of hatred; this criminal paſſion becomes innocent, it ſides with two excellent virtues, and under the guidance of Grace, is at once conducive to enforce Juſtice and Charity.

But

* Pſal. 139.

But its exerciſe is directed with greater certainty againſt ourſelves, and we run a much leſs riſque, in hating our own imperfections, than thoſe of our neighbour: For ſelf-love will be an obſtacle to exceſs, and whatever holy furor charity may inſpire us with, it is moderated by the inclination we have to love ourſelves. It was therefore that the Son of God would have the hatred of ourſelves to be the foundation of his doctrine; he receives no diſciples into his ſchool, that are not taught that maxim by him; it ſeems as if his deſign was to baniſh ſelf-love from the earth, and to convert that irregular affection, into a holy averſion: He teaches us that we are criminals, and that entering upon the zeal of divine juſtice, we ought to hate what it deteſts, and puniſh what it chaſtiſes; he would have us all ice in matters of our own intereſt, and all flame to promote the intereſt of our friends: In ſhort, Hatred and Love, averſion and inclination are the two virtues that are learned in his ſchool, but he would have us ſo order them, that by beſtowing our whole love on our neighbour, we ſhould reſerve nothing but hatred for ourſelves: 'Tis true, that this command is more ri-

gorous in appearance than reality, for whatever ſeverity it may teſtify, it breathes nothing but ſweetneſs; under the name of hatred it hides that of love, and obliging us to hate ourſelves, orders us to love ourſelves with a well placed affection.

But all are not agreed on the manner of obſerving it. We are ſorry to ſee that Chriſtians do not explain this maxim more holily than the Prophane, confounding the doctrine of Seneca with that of Jeſus Chriſt. Moſt interpreters imagine, that the Son of God preſuppoſing we are compoſed of two parts at ſtrife with each other, would have us ſide with the more noble againſt the baſer, would have us prefer the inclinations of the mind to thoſe of the body, and that living as Angels and not as Beaſts, we ſhould entertain reaſonable ſentiments. Undoubtedly, if he had nothing elſe in view, we ſhould be obliged to own that his morality is not more ſublime than that of Seneca, and that by baniſhing only the love of the body, which is more groſs and leſs culpable, he would have left the love of the mind, which is more delicate yet more dangerous. That Philoſopher pleads always

ways for the * mind against the body; the tendency of all his fine maxims is to reinstate Reason in its empire and give it an absolute power over the passions; he cannot endure that a subject should become sovereign, and the pride that animates his whole doctrine, furnishes him with strong reasons to overthrow the cause of voluptuousness. He would have the soul treat her body as her slave, granting it barely necessaries, and retrenching superfluities; he would have her support it in order to serve her, and not love it but as a faithful minister, whom she employs for executing her designs; But he would have her likewise, when Reason should require it, to abandon that body to the flames, to expose it to wild beasts, and to oblige it to suffer deaths equally cruel and shameful. All these thoughts are bold, and must be allowed to proceed from a generous man, who avails himself to good advantage of the vanity of the mind, to conquer the pleasures of the body. But in curing a slight disease, he causes a more dangerous; closing a slight wound, he opens a deep one; expelling self-love the body, he drives it into the mind; and to hinder man's becoming a beast, endeavours

* Senec. Epist. 14. and 65.

vours to make a Demon of him. This Philoſopher's partizans are forced to acknowledge this truth; and if they who are enamoured of his maxims, ſhould ſeriouſly examine into the ſtate of their minds, they would ſoon confeſs, that they inflate courage more than raiſe it, and inſpire the ſoul with more vanity than fortitude. But the doctrine of Jeſus Chriſt is productive of a quite contrary effect: It ſubjects the body without making the mind inſolent; it attacks equally pride and voluptuouſneſs, and whilſt it ordains mortification to make the ſenſes obedient to Reaſon, it recommends abnegation, to keep the will ſubmiſſive to God. If I am therefore allowed to explain the intentions of Jeſus Chriſt, and be his interpreter, I believe the hatred he requires of us, ought to paſs from the body to the mind, and that in order to be perfect, it ought to extend to all the diſorders ſin has placed in us: For nature has loſt her purity, and our two conſtituent parts are become equally criminal; the inclinations of the ſoul are not more innocent than thoſe of the body, both have their infirmities, and tho' Philoſophers may ſay otherwiſe, both are corrupt. The mind is obſcured by darkneſs; ignorance

ignorance is natural to it; it learns with pains; it eaſily forgets; though truth is its object, it deſerts it for lies; and it is forced to confeſs, that there are errors which have more perſuaſive charms for it than truths: The memory is not more happy, though it may paſs for a miracle in nature, though it may retain all the objects of reminiſcence depoſited with it, though it may boaſt of repreſenting them without confuſion, and of being the living treaſure of all learned men: Still is it treacherous ſince our diſobedience by a contagion that has infected all the faculties of the ſoul; it fails us in our wants, and furniſhes us rather with uſeleſs than neceſſary things. The will, as the moſt abſolute, is alſo the moſt criminal; for though its inclinations for the Sovereign Good are ſo ſtrong, that ſin has not been able to deface them, yet it indiſcriminately ſeeks an attachment with all pleaſing objects; without liſtening to the counſels of reaſon, it follows the errors of opinion, and guides itſelf by the relation of the ſenſes, which are ignorant and deceitful meſſengers; ſo that man is neceſſitated to wage war againſt his ſoul as well as his body, and to extend hatred to his

two

two component parts, as being equally corrupt. To be the true and obedient disciple of Jesus Christ, he must manfully fight against darkness in his understanding, weakness in his memory, malice in his will, error in his imagination, perfidy in his senses, and rebellion in all the parts of his body. These pernicious qualities that spoil and degrade the work of God, are the true objects of our aversion; it is the evil we can hate with innocence, and punish with justice; it is the enemy we are obliged to oppose and conquer.

To comprehend in a few words the intentions of Jesus Christ, and the obligations of Christians, we ought to hate in ourselves all the disorders sin has caused and Grace cannot allow us; we ought to destroy in us all that Christian morality would have destroyed; but conscious to ourselves that victory is doubtful in this conflict, we should supplicate the Son of God, who prepares Crowns for the victorious, to give us Charity, that it may diminish self-love in our hearts, and increase in them the hatred of ourselves.

BOOK II.

OF DESIRE AND FLIGHT, OR AVERSION.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF DESIRE.

GOOD being the ſole object of Love, it does not aſſume new forms, without obliging that paſſion to adopt new uſes. Love therefore depends ſo abſolutely upon Good, that it changes names and offices as often as it changes condition. When Good is preſent and unveils all its beauties to it, it ſwims in pleaſure; when encompaſſed by danger, it is chilled with fear; when attacked by enemies, it catches up arms and is ardent in its defence; when remote, it is replete with affliction and pines in melancholy; when abſent, it is conſumed in wiſhes, and commiſſions its deſires to wing their flight after an object, whoſe diſtance creates ſo much uneaſineſs. For deſire is nothing more than the motion of the ſoul towards a good ſhe has

has already loved and is not yet poſſeſſed of. She dilates, expands, diffuſes herſelf for being united with it; ſhe endeavours to quit her body, and abſtract herſelf from herſelf, to join that which ſhe ſeeks; ſhe forgets her pleaſures to think of nothing but what ſhe loves; ſhe ſtruggles hard to conquer Nature and Fortune, and make preſent againſt their will the abſent Good ſhe deſires.

From this definition, it is eaſy to become acquainted with the properties, of Deſire, the firſt of which is Inquietude, which does not ſuffer the Soul that has conceived it to taſte any real ſatisfaction; becauſe ſhe is in a ſtate of violence, and fights againſt the body ſhe animates, to go and find an union with the object of her love: Nature reſtrains her in one reſpect, Love wafts her away in the other; She is divided between theſe two ſupreme powers, and feels agonizing pains, ſcarce leſs rigorous than death. There have been inſtances of ſome, who, in order to deliver themſelves from the tortures of inquietude, did voluntarily ſubmit to dreadful puniſhments, believing that all remedies were ſweet and gentle, that could cure ſo painful a melady. Baniſhment is undoubt-

undoubtedly one of the moſt cruel affiictions invented by juſtice to chaſtiſe the guilty; it ſevers us from all that we love, and it ſeems to be a long death, leaving us but a ſmall portion of life, to make us more wretched: Yet there has been a * mother; who choſe rather to ſuffer the rigour of that deſtiny than the violence of Deſire, and who was very willing to accompany her ſon in his exile, that ſhe might not be condemned to regret his abſence and long for his return. Nature therefore having ſeen that deſire was a puniſhment, gave birth to hopes for ſoftening its rigours; for whilſt we abide here on earth, we form no wiſhes, but our mind promiſes itſelf the completion of them. It is in Hell only, where theſe two motions of our ſoul are divided, and where the Divine Juſtice condemns its enemies, to form deſires without hopes, and to languiſh after a happineſs which they can never poſſeſs. They ſigh for the Sovereign Good, and whatever hatred they may have conceived againſt the God that puniſhes them, they notwithſtanding naturally love him, and wiſh for his enjoyment,

* Senec. Conſolat. ad Helv. Cap. 18.

joyment, though not allowed to hope for it. That desire makes their whole punishment, and that longing is a torment, which is more unsupportable to them than the heat of flames, the company of Devils, and the eternity of their prison. If they could be without desires, they would be without pain, and all other sufferings that dismay vulgar souls, would seem supportable to them, if they were not condemned to wish for a happiness which they cannot hope for.

But it is not in Hell only this passion is cruel, it afflicts also all men upon earth, and as it serves divine Justice with a means to chastise criminals, it serves Mercy with a holy artifice to exercise the Innocent; for the goodness of God makes them to be consumed in desire; they are absorbed in an inquietude that cannot end but with their life; they make efforts to abstract themselves from their bodies, they invite death to their assistance, and say with the Apostle, * I desire to be dissolved and be with Christ. Justice employs also desires to be revenged of sinners, and by a conduct

* Phil. 1. 6.

duct not leſs ſevere than reaſonable, abandons them to that paſſion for their torment; they deſire but to afflict themſelves, and their Souls form diſorderly wiſhes, which proving ineffectual, leave them in a languiſhing ſtate, that laſts as long as life.

Theology finding this paſſion to be the cauſe of all our misfortunes, thought it could not better deſcribe felicity, than by informing us that it was the end of all deſires. Philoſophy might have told us that it is the end of all our calamities, and the beginning of our welfare, in making us forget our miſeries by the ſweets of its pleaſures; but Theology, well knowing that deſires are the moſt violent puniſhments we ſuffer here below, is contented to ſay, that felicity is its reſting hold, and that when we begin to be happy, we ſhall ceaſe to wiſh. We muſt therefore acknowledge that deſire is connected with all the other paſſions of our Soul, and that it ſupplies them either with arms for fighting againſt us, or forces for annoying us; for ſuch as make the greateſt ravages in our hearts, would be dead or languid, if they were not animated by deſire. Love is not cruel but becauſe it wiſhes for the preſence of what it loves; hatred does not gnaw our bowels,

but becauſe it deſires vengeance; ambition is not reſtleſs, but becauſe it wiſhes for honours; avarice does not ſet its votaries on the rack, but becauſe it hankers after riches; and all paſſions are not inſupportable, but becauſe they are accompanied with deſire, which, as a contagious evil, ſpreads into all the affections of our Soul, to make us wretched.

If ſo cruel, it is ſcarce leſs ſhameful, and we are obliged to confeſs that it is a proof of our weakneſs and indigence; for we have not recourſe to wiſhes but when power fails us; we do not make our deſires appear, but when we cannot effect them: They are marks of our impotence as well as of our love; they inform the Kings of the earth that their will is greater than their power, and that they deſire many things they cannot execute: 'Tis true, that deſires ſometimes animate them to thoſe grand enterprizes, wherein difficulty is always mingled with glory; 'Tis true alſo, that deſires ſtimulate their courage, and are incentives to that noble ardour, without which nothing generous is undertaken, and executed: But they likewiſe teach them that there is not one but God, who being able to do all he wills, cannot

cannot form an uſeleſs wiſh, and that it belongs only to him to change when he thinks proper all his deſires into effects: He rather wills things, than wiſhes for them, and concludes rather events, than deſires them: But in Princes impotence often hinders the execution of their deſires; they are conſtrained to make vows and and implore the aſſiſtance of heaven when that of earth fails them. Poor Alexander ſeeing his dear Epheſtion die, could teſtify his love to him no otherwiſe than by his deſires. He, who diſtributed the crowns of Kings he had ſubdued, and made ſlaves of Monarchs, was not able to reſtore health to his favourite; the wiſhes, the prayers, he ſolicited heaven with for his cure, were equally proofs of his weakneſs and his grief, and he made known to the whole earth in his perſon that the wiſhes of Princes are ſufficient teſtimonies of their want of power.

Deſires too in all men are public marks of a concealed poverty; for every Soul that deſires, is neceſſitous. She goes out of herſelf to ſeek in another what ſhe wants; ſhe diſcovers her wretchedneſs by letting her wiſhes appear, and ſhe acquaints every one that the felicity ſhe enjoys is only ſo in

appearance, being far from the completion of all her deſires. The nature of this paſſion was therefore very properly expreſſed by the great Tertullian, where he ſays, * that "it is the glory of the thing deſired, and the ſhame of him who deſires it;" for a thing muſt be amiable to light up our deſires, and muſt have attractive charms and perfections to win us over; but certainly, the will alſo that wiſhes for it, muſt be indigent, and muſt ſuffer wants, obliging it to ſeek after their remedy. Deſire is therefore the honour of Beauty, and the ſhame of the Unchaſte; Deſire is the glory of Riches and the infamy of Miſers; Deſire is the praiſe of Dignities and the blame of the Ambitious, and as often as Princes conceive that paſſion in their Souls, they inform us that their fortune is more ſplendid than real; and that it does not afford all the ſatisfactions it promiſes, becauſe they are obliged to deſcend from their thrones, to go out of their palaces, and by ſhameful purſuits to ſeek out a foreign good, which they do not find in their perſon.

The

* Tertul. de pœnit.

The higheſt praiſe, which Holy Writ gives to God, is that whereby it teaches us, that he is * ſufficient to himſelf, and that poſſeſſing all things in the immenſity of his eſſence, he is not obliged to frame wiſhes, nor to break off his tranquil compoſure, to ſeek contentment in his creatures. The world contributes in not one reſpect to his grandeur; When nothing occupied the place of the Univerſe, when there were neither Angels nor Men to know and love him, his felicity was not leſs intire, and all the praiſes we now give him, add nothing to his glory: When we immolate victims to him, when we make the earth reſound with his praiſes, when we burn incenſe on his altars, and when we enrich his temples with the ſpoils of our houſes, we are obliged to proteſt that all our preſents are uſeleſs to him, that he does us a favour in accepting them, and that we offer nothing to his grandeur, but what we have received from his liberality. Deſire is therefore a mark of indigence; and every wiſhing creature declares its poverty.

* God every where in the Scripture is called Sadai, which ſignifies ſelf-ſufficient.

But not to diſhonour intirely this paſſion, we muſt confeſs that it is likewiſe a proof of our dignity; for it extends to all things, and pretends ſome right to every thing that can find admittance into our imagination; it inveſtigates effects in the boſom of their cauſes; it perſuades itſelf that it may aſpire to every thing that can be conceived, and that it may place amongſt its riches all the goods it is not yet poſſeſſed of: Every poſſibility flatters it; immenſity ſeems to come ſo near within its graſp, that it embraces all the promiſes of fortune, and nothing has happened to the moſt fortunate of men, but it believes it may expect with ſome ſort of juſtice. 'Twas therefore that a * Doctor of the Chriſtian Church ſaid, that the Apoſtles, though quitting nothing, had quitted a great deal, becauſe they had renounced their deſires, and that by diveſting themſelves of a paſſion, which in their extreme poverty gave them a right to all ſorts of wealth, they could boaſt of having left all for Chriſt. And indeed, the heart of man is infinitely capacious, and cannot be filled up but by the Sovereign Good; it is always

* Gregor. Magn. Hom. 5. in Evang.

always empty till it poſſeſſes him who formed it; all other good things keep it anhungered, and far from gratifying it, irritate its deſires and do not appeaſe them: Hence it happens that we cannot ſet bounds to them; that the end of one is the birth of another, and that we run from objects to objects to find that of which others are but the ſhadows.

Hence ſprung all the diſorderly deſires that corroded the heart of the greateſt monarchs; hence proceeded the ambition of Alexander, who found the earth too narrow, and was vexed that his conqueſts were terminated by the boundaries of the world; hence was derived the avarice of Craſſus, who fancied himſelf poor, though the wealthieſt of the Romans, and who traverſed frightful deſarts to make war upon a people whoſe only crime was their riches. Theſe diſorders have no other ſource than the capaciouſneſs of our heart and the infinity of our deſires, which following the good that ſolicits them, and finding none to ſatisfy them, conſtantly ſeek after new ones, and never preſcribe bounds to themſelves. Though our mind is not ſufficiently enlightened to know the ſupreme truth in all its extent, and though our will has not

powers ſufficient to love the Sovereign Good in as great a degree as it is amiable, yet both are infinitely capacious, and all the things of the earth cannot reach their point of fullneſs. A natural truth, though in the main ſublime, ſerves as but a ſtep to our mind for aſcending to a higher; and a created goodneſs, how rare ſoever it may be, does but extend our heart and dilate our will to make it capable of a more excellent. In this manner do our deſires change objects perpetually; they deſpiſe thoſe they had eſteemed, and making always a farther progreſs, find at the end that nothing can ſtop their carrier but Him who can ſatisfy them.

From theſe three properties we have explained, it is eaſy to obſerve the effects deſires produce in and out of us. By ſeparating the Soul from the body, they cauſe all thoſe raptures and extaſies which are attributed to the exceſs of love. As ariſing from indigence, they oblige us to aſk, and by a neceſſary conſequence make us troubleſome to our friends. As they ſuppoſe an abyſs in our heart, we need not be aſtoniſhed that every thing granted cannot ſatisfy them, and that after having purſued ſo many different objects, they are at length tired

tired of running ſo long a race, and ſeek reſt in the Sovereign Good, which is the end of all lawful deſires.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE BAD USE OF DESIRE.

WHOEVER ſhould take the vulgar for judge in this matter, muſt undoubtedly imagine, that no pleaſure in the world is more ſolid or innocent, than to ſee our deſires changed into effects. This is the common wiſh of our friends; and indeed, if they formed none but good, nothing would be more agreeable nor more uſeful than their completion, and we ſhould have reaſon to deem ourſelves happy, when after a long purſuit, they were at laſt accompliſhed; but being for the moſt part unjuſt, their ſucceſs is often prejudicial to us. I join in opinion with Seneca, and hold with him, that * the better part of our friends innocently deſire evil for us, and frame wiſhes in our favour more pernicious than the imprecations of enemies. If we deſire to live in peace and happineſs with

* Senec. Epiſt. 60.

with ourſelves, we muſt pray to God that nothing of what is wiſhed on our account might happen to us; even our Parents contribute to our misfortunes through an exceſs of affection, and during our infancy draw down on our heads the anger of heaven by the injuſtice of their wiſhes; ſo that we need not be ſurprized if in more advanced years ſo many diſgraces fall to our lot, ſince thoſe that love us beſt have procured them for us.

The diſorder of our deſires has three cauſes: The firſt is ſelf-love, which not being able to deface from our Souls the inclination we have for the Sovereign Good, turns this inclination towards periſhable things, and cauſes it to wiſh for them with as much ardour as if they were eternal; for our heart ſighs always after God; tho' its good deſires are weakened, they are not ſtifled; they ſtill have an attachment to good, and ſin could not take away an inclination ſo natural to them; but Reaſon which ſhould keep them to order, being clouded by darkneſs, they fall into miſtakes, and ſeek a connection with all the objects that are agreeable to them. Man inveſtigates a Beauty which time cannot change, which old age cannot make

make to fade, and which death cannot obliterate. So ſoon as his eyes ſee the adumbrations of it on a face, they kindle his deſires, and he imagines that it is the eternal Beauty which is to ſatisfy him. He ſighs after a good that ſhould put an end to all his miſeries, ſhould ſmother all his cares, and cure him of all the ills that preſs hard upon him. When opinion has falſely perſuaded him, that gold is a metal aſſiſting us in all our wants, opening the door for us to dignities, facilitating the execution of our deſigns, and making us to triumph over all difficulties, he commands his deſires to purchaſe a good, from which he expects all his happineſs. In ſhort, man goes in queſt of a ſolid and real glory, which may ſerve as a reward to virtue, and be an accumulation of honour to him, that cannot be worn out by years, nor tarniſhed by the noxious breath of calumny. When Error has figured to him that battles are heroic actions, that conqueſts are the works of Sovereigns, he orders his deſires to ſeek after theſe glorious occaſions, and to engage in unjuſt wars; he forms the deſign of overthrowing cities, ruining States, and carrying horror and death into all parts of the world, to make him-

himſelf illuſtrious in hiſtory. There is an eaſy remedy for all theſe evils, for as the will has not loſt all its good inclinations, nothing ſeems wanting but to clear up the underſtanding, and fortify it by ſolid reaſons, that it may be able to oppoſe the falſe maxims of the world.

The ſecond cauſe of diſorder in our deſires is the imagination, which makes no other uſe of its advantage than to irritate them; as otherwiſe they would be pretty regular if this embroiling power did not ſet them in confuſion. Nature ſeeks only to deliver herſelf from the inconveniencies that may be a trouble to her; ſhe does not require the magnificence of ſumptuous edifices, and ſo they ſhelter her from the injuries of the air, all their ornaments are uſeleſs to her; ſhe does not wiſh for the luxury of apparel, and in this reſpect, ſo her confuſion is hidden, and her body defended from the rigour of cold, ſhe is ſtill innocent enough to condemn this ſuperfluity; ſhe does not ſtudy the exceſs of pleaſure in eating and drinking, and provided life is ſupported, and the cravings of hunger and thirſt appeaſed, ſhe ſlights all their concomitant delights: But the imagination, which ſeems to have no other exerciſe

exerciſe ſince the corruption of our nature, but to invent new pleaſures to guard us againſt our primitive misfortunes, adds diſſolution to our deſires, and introduces irregularity into our wiſhes: It counſels us to incloſe large tracts of ground and pieces of water in our parks; it obliges us to build palaces more ſuperb than our temples, and larger than the towns of our anceſtors; it employs all ſorts of artiſts for clothing us; it ſets all nature to work for gratifying our pride; it makes worms ſpin to cover us in the garb of ſilk; it ranſacks the bowels of the earth and the abyſs of the Sea for diamonds and pearls to adorn us; it hunts after delicacies in food, will have no liking to meats but what are exquiſite, deſpiſes common fare, adopts unknown articles as dainties, ſtrives to awake the appetite when quite torpid, confounds ſeaſons to give a ſtimulus to the pleaſures of the table, and ſeeks a remedy againſt ſummer heats from the repoſitories of ice and ſnow to cool our wines; In a word, the imagination makes our deſires intelligent; it inſtructs them to wiſh for things they were not acquinted with, and by viciating our natural propenſities, makes them to commit exceſſes, of which they

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are not guilty but becauſe they are obedient to it. Thus our debaucheries ſpring from our advantages, and we are not more diſorderly than beaſts, but becauſe we are more enlightened; for Ariſtotle making a * diſtinction of our deſires, calls by a ſtrange way of ſpeaking, the moſt modeſt, irrational, becauſe common to us with them; and the moſt inſolent, rational, becauſe proper and peculiar to ourſelves. 'Tis for this reaſon, I think, Philoſophers would have us reduced to the condition of beaſts, and therefore propoſed nature for our example, believing ſhe was leſs irregular than Reaſon: 'Tis likewiſe on the ſame account they divided our deſires into neceſſary and ſuperfluous, ſaying that the one were limited, and the others infinite; that the neceſſary found wherewithal to content themſelves in exile and ſolitude, but that the ſuperfluous were far from being ſatisfied in cities and palaces. Hunger is not ambitious, requiring only food for preventing inanition, and giving life its proper exertions; but all thoſe viands that are dreſſed with ſo much care are in fact puniſhments of gluttony, which perplexes itſelf in

* Ariſt. Ethic. c. 11.

in contriving means to refect the appetite after it is ſatisfied, and to re-excite thirſt after it is quenched; for it complains that the neck is not long enough for taſting meats, that the ſtomach is not large enough for receiving them, and that natural heat is not prompt enough for digeſting them; yet wine is not ſo agreeable to it, if not drank out of precious veſſels; and if alſo not preſented by a beautiful hand it cannot gain upon itſelf to quaff it off with its due reliſh. But natural deſires are not accompanied with all theſe diſguſts; what is abſolutely neceſſary, is almoſt always agreeable to us; and nature, a good mother, has intermingled pleaſure with neceſſity, for our comfort. Let us then make uſe of a benefit, which we may place in the rank of the moſt ſignal; and let us believe that ſhe never more ſenſibly obliged us, than when ſhe took away diſguſt from all our natural deſires.

The third cauſe of their diſorder is that we do not ſufficiently conſider the quality of the things we deſire. We often corrupt the nature of deſire, and by extreme violence force it to ſeek for a thing it ought to avoid. We only look to the appearance of objects; we cloſe in with them indiſ-

indiſcreetly without reflecting on their imperfections, and thus make regrets ſucceed wiſhes, and pain pleaſures; we deſire real evils, only becauſe they have ſome ſhadow of good, and when after a long purſuit we poſſeſs them, they become inſupportable to us: By a change of opinion we condemn our deſires, and accuſe heaven of having been too eaſy in granting them to us; we know by experience that there are intreaties God does not hear but when he is irritated, and that we meditate wiſhes whoſe accompliſhment is fatal to us; We reſemble that * Prince who repented his wiſhing for gold, and was full of affliction for obtaining his wiſh; it became his puniſhment; he deteſted what he had ſo fondly requeſted, and finding himſelf poor in the midſt of abundance, prayed to be delivered from an evil he had procured for himſelf. Abſence makes us ſet a value on the greater part of our effects, and their preſence raiſes contempt in us; they appear great to our imagination when placed at a diſtance from us, but when brought under cloſe inſpection, loſe their falſe grandeur; all their advantages vaniſh as ſhadows

* Ovid. Metamorph. 11. de Midâ.

dows before the Sun, and we convert our eſteem into contempt, our love into hatred, and our deſires into abhorrence.

Prophane Philoſophy deſiring to remedy ſo many evils, gives us a counſel that throws us into deſpair; for without reforming our ſoul, it would have us moderate our deſires. As if the diſorder lay only in our wiſhes, it forbids us the uſe of them, and adviſes us, if we are willing to be happy, to wiſh for nothing. It makes happineſs to conſiſt in the ſecluding of this paſſion. It thinks of having pronounced an Oracle when it has ſaid by the mouth of Seneca, that he who has ſet bounds to his deſires is as happy as Jupiter, and that without ſuperadding to our riches or augmenting our pleaſures, we need only abate our deſires to find ſolid contentment. But certainly it deceives us, by flattering and promiſing us an imaginary happineſs, depriving us at the ſame time of the means of acquiring one that is real. It conſigns us over to the indigence Sin has left us in, and forbids us the uſe of deſires. It leaves us with the inclination Nature has given us for the Sovereign Good, and does not permit us to ſeek after it. It would have us

be poor, and not affected thereby, and add to the misfortune of poverty that of inſolence and pride. When we ſhall reign in heaven, and find perfect felicity in the fruition of the Sovereign Good, we ſhall baniſh all wiſhes; but whilſt we groan upon earth, and ſuffer ills that oblige us to go out of ourſelves to find remedies for them, we ſhall conceive juſt deſires, and ſhall learn from Religion, the means of employing them for the glory of Chriſt, and for the Salvation of our Soul.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE GOOD USE OF DESIRE.

THOUGH nothing is more common than Deſires, yet nothing is more rare than their good uſe, and of the many perſons that form wiſhes, but few are found that know how to regulate them; for this Paſſion is as free as Love, and being its firſt production, cannot ſuffer reſtraint. It is ſo puffed up with glory, that it will receive no laws but from the Sovereign

Sovereign Good; it holds in contempt the authority of Princes, and knowing itſelf to be independent of their empire, is neither diſmayed by their menaces, nor moved by their promiſes. Kings, who are well acquainted with the extent of their own power, make no encroachments on the liberty of the heart; they may puniſh actions and forbid words, but muſt leave thoughts and deſires ſubordinate to him, who ſeeing into the bottom of hearts, can reward or puniſh them eternally: They enact no laws for keeping them ſubmiſſive, acknowledging that it is God alone that can repreſs them, and that he is the only one among all Sovereigns that has a right to ſay to his ſubjects: "Thou * ſhalt not covet." Such therefore muſt paſs for inſolent who attempt to reform deſires without his intervention; ſo that all the advice we can give on this head neceſſarily preſuppoſes his aſſiſtance: But after paying that ſubmiſſion to him from whom we hold all things, it ſeems we may uſe that Paſſion on certain conditions, which will make it to us both uſeful and glorious.

* Exod. c. 20.

The view of nature in giving us deſires, was in order to our acquiring the Good that was wanting and neceſſary to us; They are helps in our indigence, they are hands to our will, and as theſe parts of the body labour for all the reſt, our deſires, in like manner, labour for all the paſſions of of our ſoul, and by their watchful and aſſiduous care oblige our love and our hatred. But this advantage would become pernicious to us, if having been given for relieving our poverty, we rather made it inſtrumental for encreaſing it. Before therefore we engage in the ſearch of a Good, we ſhould reflect if it be great enough to enrich us, and if its fruition can annihilate the wiſhes, its privation had excited; for if it only irritates them, and if inſtead of curing our ills, it exaſperates them, we muſt have loſt judgment for the ſake of retaining deſire. I ſhall therefore deſire only thoſe real goods that can reſcue me from my miſeries; and that my paſſion may be reaſonable, ſhall not wiſh for them but ſo far as they ought to be wiſhed for: I will weigh their qualities and adjuſt my wiſhes to their merits; I will endeavour to acquire wealth, not to be ſubſervient to my vanity, but to help me

me in my wants; I will make uſe of food to ſupport my body, and not to irritate my appetite; I will ſue for honours as helps to a growing virtue that ſtands in need of ſome foreign ſuccours to defend it againſt vice; I will even indulge myſelf in innocent pleaſures, but will avoid their exceſs, and remember that they partake of the nature of thoſe fruits, that are agreeable to the taſte and pernicious to the health. With this moderation our deſires will be reaſonable. If they attach us to the things of the earth, neceſſity will be an excuſe to us, and we ſhall eſteem glorious a ſervitude, that is common to us with the Saints.

We ſhould alſo be careful to entertain but feeble deſires for periſhable things, and wiſh with moderation and reſerve for what may be taken from us with violence. The Philoſophy of the Stoics is too auſtere to be attended to; its maxims tend more to ſink us in deſpair than correct our hearts. It abſolutely forbids us to wiſh for any thing that may be taken from us, and it employs all its falſe reaſons to perſuade us that the good which comes to us through deſires, cannot be real. Chriſtian Philoſophy, which knows that our felicity is

not inherent to ourſelves, and that we muſt paſs out of it to conſolidate, if poſſible, an union with the Sovereign Good, condemns that maxim; and knowing alſo that we are liable to be deprived of other goods, it orders us to deſire them without uneaſineſs, and to conſider that their poſſeſſion is not ſo ſecured to us, as not to be ſometimes interrupted. It prepares us for their loſs, when it permits the means for acquiring them; it teaches us that the deſire of periſhable things ought not to be eternal, and that we ſhould poſſeſs without attachment, what we ought to leave without regret; it informs us, that the goods of Fortune and Nature depend on divine Providence, that it lends but does not give them to us, that it refuſes them to its friends and grants them to its enemies, and diſpenſes them in ſuch manner, that if they be not marks of its hatred, they are not in fact teſtimonies of its love. Together with theſe ſubſtantial reaſons it gently perſuades us, that they ought not to be the principal objects of our deſires, and that to ſecond the intentions of our Sovereign, we ſhould love them with remiſſineſs, deſire them with moderation, poſſeſs them with indifference, and reſign them

them with pleaſure. But the principal uſe we ſhould make of ſo noble a paſſion, is to employ it as a means to raiſe us to God, to form of it a glorious chain that may inſeparably link us to him. Being the only object of love, he is likewiſe the only object of all deſires: They wander from their end when they go from him; they loſe themſelves when they do not ſeek him, and remain in the midſt of their courſe, when they do not arrive to him: He is the ſource of all perfections, and being as they are without mixture and blemiſh, there is nothing in them but what is perfectly deſirable. We ſee Creatures that have charms creative of deſires, and yet their imperfections make them to be ſlighted. The Sun has ſo much ſplendor and beauty as to have made Idolaters; a part of the world ſtill reveres him, and the Chriſtian Religion which has ſpread into all parts of the earth, has not been able to undeceive all Infidels: Yet is he ſubject to debilities, adviſing Philoſophers, that he is but a mere creature; his light ſuffers limitation, and he cannot at the ſame time enlighten both our hemiſpheres; he ſuffers eclipſes and cannot avoid them; he faints away, as it were,

and finds himſelf offuſcated by a Star that yields to him in magnitude and beauty; if he has favourable influences, he has alſo malign; if his warmth revives and exhilarates men, it kills them likewiſe, if he is the father of flowers, he is alſo the parricide; if his brightneſs gives us light, it dazzles us; if his heat warms Europe, it burns Africa; ſo that the moſt noble of all Stars has its defects, and if it furniſhes us with deſires, it inſpires us with averſion and contempt. But God has nothing that is not amiable; all his perfections behold numberleſs Angels, deſtined to honour them, and retain immortal Lovers adoring them ſince the origin of the world: Men that know, deſire them, and wiſh for death to be able to poſſeſs them.

It is therefore the Sovereign Good we are under an obligation to make reſearches after; 'tis for him that wiſhes and deſires have been given us; our heart is criminal, when it divides its love and gives but a part of it to him that entirely deſerves it. The abundance of God and indigence of Man, are the firſt bonds of the alliance we contract with him; he is all and we are nothing; he is an abyſs of mercy, and we are an abyſs of miſery; he has infinite per-

perfections and we have innumerable faults; he poſſeſſes no grandeur that is not to be wiſhed for, and we ſuffer no want that does not oblige us to form wiſhes; he is all deſirable and we are all deſires; and to expreſs well our nature, it is ſufficient to ſay, that we are but a mere capability of God. We have not a part in our body nor faculty in our ſoul, that does not oblige us to ſeek him; we traverſe the world by our deſires, we run aſtray in our affections; but after having conſidered the beauties of heaven and the riches of the earth, we are conſtrained to enter into ourſelves, to wean ourſelves from that which ſeems intimately connected with our being, and to confeſs that none but God alone can fill the capacious powers of our heart. Let us draw theſe advantages from our miſery, and let us rejoice and be glad that nature has given us ſo many deſires, becauſe they are as wings that raiſe us to God, and chains that bind us to him.

On all other occaſions deſires are of no account, and after conſuming us in ſighs for a long time, they are far from giving what they made us hope for; they harraſs whilſt they poſſeſs us, and when deſpair has

has made them pine away to death, they leave us nothing but the ſhame and regret, of having liſtened in fond credulity to ſuch bad counſellors. 'Tis true, however, that they awake the ſoul, and give her ſome vigour to acquire the good ſhe wiſhes for; but the good ſucceſs of our enterprizes does not depend on their efforts; and if the things we love, coſt us nothing but deſires, all ambitious men would be Sovereigns, all miſers rich, and we ſhould ſee no lovers venting bitter complaints againſt the rigour, or infidelity of their miſtreſſes; women would take their huſbands out of their grave, mothers would cure their ſick children, and Captives would recover their liberty; We ſhould perform as many miracles as wiſhes, for if the powers of wiſhes were by us reducible to acts, all evils of conſequence, muſt be baniſhed the earth. But experience teaches us that they are for the moſt part impotent, and that their accompliſhment depends on that ſupreme Providence, which can at pleaſure convert them into effects. Thoſe, however, regarding our Salvation never remain unprofitable. Here it is neceſſary deſires ſhould be ſtrong and fervent. Our converſion does not depend merely

merely on our will; an animated deſire of grace effaces all our ſins, and though God is ſo great, it has coſt them that poſſeſs him little more than wiſhes to obtain him. This paſſion dilates our Soul, and renders us capable of the good it makes us to ſigh after; it extends our heart and prepares us to receive the felicity it procures for us; it ſtrikes the ears of God, makes itſelf heard without ſpeaking, and is ſo powerful in heaven that nothing is refuſed to its entreaties. It glorifies Chriſt, and exhibits the moſt ancient of his names, having been known by that of the * Deſired of all nations, before he was known by that of Saviour. His Prophets honoured him by that title before his birth; he who marked out to us the time of his coming, had the preſage of it from his wiſhes, and deſerved to be called by an Angel the † Man of Deſires. And indeed, his deſires forwarded the myſtery of the Incarnation;—thoſe of the Virgin obtained its accompliſhment, and ours will find its effects: They do not ceaſe to aſk them of God.

CHAP-

* Haggai. c. 2. † Dan. c. 9.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, EFFECTS, AND GOOD AND ILL USE OF AVERSION, OR FLIGHT.

NATURE would have been wanting to us in our neceſſity, if having given us Love for good things, ſhe had not given us deſires to procure them. Such as are now conſtituents of our happineſs would be ſo many ſources of infelicity to us, if permitted to love, we were prohibited to wiſh for them; the Sovereign Good would ſerve only to make us wretched, and its virtue in attracting hearts, would contribute to our miſery, if we were deſtitute of the power to acquire it. We ſhould have as much reaſon to complain of that indulgent Mother, if having imimpreſſed on the heart a hatred for evil, ſhe had not alſo engraved on it that Paſſion called Flight to remove us from the ſame: Otherwiſe we ſhould ſee our enemy, and not be able to defend ourſelves; we ſhould hate vice and be conſtrained to ſuffer it, and by an unhappy neceſſity ſhould lodge a gueſt,

a gueſt, whom we could not prevail upon ourſelves to love. But herein Nature has made good proviſion: Her provident care, always watchful for her children, has given us a paſſion that flies from evil with as much impetuoſity, as deſire ſeeks after good: It keeps at a diſtance from every thing that may hurt us, and following the inclinations of Hatred, whoſe daughter or ſlave it is, avoids all diſagreeable objects, or obſtinately reſiſts its enemies. 'Tis the firſt ſuccour we have received againſt evil; 'tis the firſt effort and firſt ſally, the concupiſcible appetite makes to reſcue us from it.

Though this paſſion is almoſt always innocent, and cannot become criminal but by ſurprize, it notwithſtanding is attended with its ill uſe, and is conſtantly ſubject to be employed againſt the deſign of Nature. Thoſe therefore who harbour it, are obliged to conſider whether the evil they ſtrive to avoid, is apparent or real, or whether opinionthat eaſily gains on the mind, has not perſuaded them lies for truths; for it is evident that of two things that bear the name of evil in the world, there is but one that properly ſpeaking has merit. Guilt and Puniſhment are the two moſt com-

common objects of our Flight, and moſt men ſo confound them, that it is not known which is the more odious. Puniſhment being more ſenſible than Guilt, is more carefully avoided, and there are few that do not prefer being criminal to being wretched. We fly from the plague and ſeek ſin; we remove from all infected places, the bad air of which may cauſe an alteration in our health, and we mingle with bad company, who may deprive us of our innocence: Yet Religion obliges us to believe that puniſhments are the effects of divine Juſtice, that they have beauties which though auſtere, are nevertheleſs agreeable: that God is honoured by the puniſhment of his enemies, and that he finds as much ſatisfaction in the chaſtiſement of criminals as in the reward of the Juſt. The greateſt Saints have acknowledged that our puniſhments are favours, which contribute not leſs to the ſalvation of men than to the glory of their Creator; they have confeſſed that we muſt adore the arm that deals the blow againſt us, that we muſt love our wounds on account of the hand that ſtruck them, and that we muſt acquaint the world that the thunderbolts of heaven are juſt, ſince even

even thoſe that have been ſmote by them adore them. But ſin is a real evil not without every thing that is odious; its cauſe is a diſorderly will, its object is a ſupreme Goodneſs which it offends; and if on the part of him that commits it, the malice ſuffers limitation, it is infinite on the part of him, againſt whom it is committed. It violates all the laws of nature, it diſhonours men and angels, and all the ills we ſuffer, are juſt puniſhments of its diſorders. 'Tis therefore againſt this horrid miſchief that we have received averſion; and it cannot be more juſtly employed, than to amove us from a monſter, whoſe abode will be hell, and puniſhment, death eternal.

Next to ſin nothing ſhould be more carefully avoided than its partizans, who in order to extend its empire endeavour to render it amiable or glorious. Nature, as the pure work of God, cannot ſuffer ſin, and to baniſh it from off the face of the earth, ſhe loaded it with confuſion and fear. It dares not to appear in broad day, it hides itſelf in darkneſs, and lurks in ſolitary places, where it has no other witneſſes but its accomplices. But its partizans enthrone it, and have recourſe to all ſorts

ſorts of artifices to beſtow on it an accumulation of glory; they cover it with the mantle of virtue, and when ſeeming to bear ſome affinity to its enemy, they ſtrive to make it paſs for the ſame; they change their names, and committing two crimes by one action, deprive virtue of honour to give it to ſin: They call Revenge, noble Courage; Ambition, a generous Paſſion; Impurity, an innocent Pleaſure; and by a neceſſary conſequence, call Humility a baſeneſs of mind; the pardon of injuries a cowardice of heart; and Continence a ſavage diſpoſition: They ſpread about theſe falſe maxims, make their diſorders contagious, and their errors hereſies; they ſeduce ſimple minds, and preſenting poiſon in cryſtal glaſſes make the innocent drink it up; even the moſt courageous meet with difficulties in guarding againſt them; the moſt acute wits ſuffer themſelves to be perſuaded by their bad reaſons, and as the freſhneſs of bloom is inſenſibly defaced by the heat of the ſun, the purity of Souls is corrupted by their evil converſation. We are therefore obliged to have recourſe to the help nature has given us, which is, to excite that paſſion that amoves us from evil,

evil, and ſupplies us with forces to fight manfully againſt it.

But its principal employment ought to be againſt Impudicity, and it ſeems that Heaven did not give birth to Averſion, but with the view of ridding us of an enemy which cannot be conquered but by flight. All the Paſſions march to ſuccour Virtue, when ſhe engages in war againſt Vice. Anger is ſpirited up in her defence: Audacity furniſhes her with weapons; Hope promiſes her victory; and Joy that always attends on generous actions, ſtands forth as her reward. But when ſhe attacks Impudicity, ſhe dares not employ all theſe faithful ſoldiers; and well knowing that the enemy ſhe encounters, is as crafty as powerful, ſhe dreads their ſeduction or their being drawn in by artifice to its party. Anger in fact agees eaſily with love; and the quarrels of lovers are frequently conducive to re-kindle their extinct flames; Hope keeps up their affections, and Joy often receives birth from their deſires; ſo that here none but Flight remains with Virtue for her defence, and of the many aſſiſtant Paſſions in all her other deſigns, there is not one but this Amotion to ſecond her againſt Impurity. She, however,

deems herſelf ſtrong enough by this aid, and there is no beauty ſo charming, inclination ſo ſtrong, nor opportunity ſo dangerous, but ſhe flatters herſelf to be able to ſurmount, if accompanied by this faithful paſſion. By it chaſtity reigns in the world; by it virginity is preſerved; by its prudence men imitate Angels, and by it in the weakneſs of their fleſh they triumph over Devils.

But the moſt wonderful effect it produces in the world, is when ſeconding the efforts of Charity, it ſeparates us from ourſelves, and anticipating the violence of death, divides the ſoul from the body: For man has not a greater enemy than himſelf; he is the cauſe of all his own diſorders, and the Chriſtian Religion agrees with the ſect of the Stoics in declaring, that he can receive no real diſpleaſure but what he procures for himſelf. 'Tis therefore he is obliged to keep at a diſtance from himſelf, and to entertain no commerce with his body, for fear he ſhould take part in its weakneſſes; he muſt avoid its company, if he deſigns to preſerve his innocence; and his ſoul by the help of flight muſt be detached from a part of that which She animates. The mourner amidſt

amidſt the bitterneſs of affliction, is debarred ſolitude, as ſerving to repreſent to him pictureſque images of his grief; he finds ſorrows mitigated amongſt objects of diverſion, and at length ſuch train of thought buries his cares in oblivion: In like manner, ſinners are kept from being alone, leſt they might converſe too much with themſelves; it is not adviſable to conſign them over to their own thoughts, for fear of being over-buſy with themſelves; and a thouſand artifices are uſed to carry them away from themſelves, to prevent the deſtruction they might meditate: For it is well known that in ſolitude all all the ſchemes they concert have an evil tendency; they think of laying ſnares for chaſtity, they ſet in order the courſe of revenge, they add ſpurs to their anger, and ſetting aſide the fear and ſhame that reſtrained them in company, give looſe reins to all their paſſions. To cure them of ſo many diſorders they muſt be ſevered from themſelves, and in order to conduct this deſign with ſucceſs, Flight ſhould be commiſſioned to take charge of it, as by innocent artifices it can abſtract the ſoul from the body, and remove men from whatever may be hurtful to them.

Being under ſo many obligations to it, and particularly indebted to it for true peace of mind, the certain pledge of future happineſs, it will not be amiſs to aſſign the reſt of this Chapter to the Conſideration of its properties, and a more exact knowledge of a Paſſion, from which we receive ſo many good offices. It is to Hatred what deſire is to Love: Tho' ſeeming to behold evil with the view only of removing from it, good is ſought by it in round-about ways, and as ſeamen, it turns the back on the port it would arrive at. Its effects are as powerful as thoſe of deſire, and the unfortunate that fly a great danger, engage in as many ſharp conflicts as thoſe that are in ſearch of a great happineſs. Deſire calls in Hope to its aſſiſtance to acquire the good that ſeems too difficult for being attained; in like manner Flight implores the aſſiſtance of Fear, to get rid of the evil ſurpaſſing its power. Deſire is a mark of our indigence, Flight a proof of our weakneſs; and as by deſiring we obtain what we want, by flying we eſcape from that which attacks us. Deſire dilates our heart, and renders it capable of the good it contends for; Flight, by a quite contrary effect, cloſes up our

ſoul

ſoul and ſhuts the door againſt the enemy that would force it; ſo that theſe two Paſſions are faithful miniſters of Hatred and Love, and as the latter undertakes nothing generous without the aſſiſtance of deſire, the former executes nothing memorable without the help of Flight; and as we owe the poſſeſſion of good to Deſire which ſought it, we owe alſo the removal from evil to Flight, by which it met with a repulſe.

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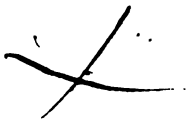

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PASSIONS;

DEMONSTRATING

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Delectando et monendo. HOR.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PASSIONS, &c.

BOOK III.

OF HOPE AND DESPAIR.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF HOPE.

THE art that lifts itſelf up from the earth to conſider the heavens, and that neglects all the beauties of the heavens to admire only thoſe of the Stars, informs us that the Sun changes aſpects and influence in changing houſes; for though he loſes nothing of his virtue in this ap-

parent courſe, though the eclipſes that ſecrete him from our eyes, do not rob him of the brightneſs they hide from us; and though his diſtance from us does not diminiſh his heat: Yet there are places in the heavens, where his aſpects are more favourable, and his influences more benign; there are conſtellations which he cheriſhes, and in which he takes pleaſure to oblige all Nature; it ſeems alſo that they heighten his luſtre, augment his force, and that he never appears more powerful than when acting in conjunction with them. Morality, which knows no Sun but Love, confeſſes that it acquires new powers by aſſuming new faces; for tho' always the ſame, and though the different names we give it, do not change its eſſence; yet it adjuſts itſelf to the ſentiments of our ſoul which it employs, and produces in conjunction with them effects, either more rare or more common. It is gloomy in ſorrow, violent in anger, prompt in deſire, enterprizing in courage, tranquil in joy, and dejected in deſpair. But it is never more agreeable than in Hope: This is the throne on which it appears with moſt pomp; this is the affection, in which it acts with the greateſt efforts;

ſorts; and this is the Paſſion in which it flatters us with moſt ſweetneſs. And indeed, it is the moſt generous mouvement of our Soul; it ſeems Nature had deſtined it for aſſiſting great men in their moſt noble enterprizes, and that nothing memorable can be executed without the help of this paſſion. Alexander did not undertake the conqueſt of Aſia but by its ſollicitation; making a partition of all the poſſeſſions he had received from his father, he only reſerved hope for his ſhare, and he who found the world too little, contented himſelf with its promiſes. 'Twas hope, and hope only that Cæſar conſulted, when he reſolved to change the State of the Roman Republic, and make himſelf the maſter of that proud Sovereign, which gave kings to all the nations of the earth. All Conquerors have been its Slaves, and the Ambition that commanded them borrowed its force, and took advice only from the Hope, that rouzed and ſpirited up their courage.

But it is not ſo intimately familiarized to Princes, as not to retain a communication with their ſubjects, and extend its cares to the loweſt conditions of men. It preſerves the bonds of ſocial life, and all

who welcome ſo pleaſing a gueſt, are principally influenced by its motions. The farmer does not cultivate his fields, the merchant does not go to ſea, the ſoldier does not fight battles, unſolicited by the ſweets of Hope. Without any ſecurity, and with all its promiſes uncertain, it ſees thouſands obeying its orders, and expecting its rewards. It has more ſubjects than all Sovereigns together, and may boaſt that both are equally acted by its counſels. 'Tis it alone, that contents all men, and amidſt the difference of condition, induces them to expect the ſame ſucceſs. 'Tis it that promiſes the huſbandman a plentiful harveſt, the mariner a favourable wind, the ſoldier victory, and the father obedient children. All engage themſelves on its word, and what is moſt ſtrange, it is ſtill believed after being detected in lies; it throws, however, ſuch a ſpecious colouring over its new promiſes, that on their aſſurance new enterprizes are formed, and new dangers engaged in. Huſbandmen cultivate the earth after a bad year, and ſtrive to conquer the ſterility of their grounds by the aſſiduity and perfection of their labours; ſailors put again to ſea after a ſhipwreck, and decoyed by hope, forget the

the rage of Storms and the Sea's faithleſsneſs; Soldiers return to battle after their defeat; elated with hopes, they attack the enemy they have beaten, and flatter themſelves that Fortune will be tired in always favouring the ſame party: In ſhort, there is no condition ſo wretched but this paſſion adminiſters conſolation to. Though addicted to deceit, it would fain appear faithful, and even in its levity will give proofs of conſtancy; for it accompanies its ſlaves to death, it follows delinquents to their places of puniſhments, it enters into priſons with captives, it mounts the ſcaffold with ſtate criminals, and with whatever ill ſucceſs it has repayed our deſires, there is no man that can prevail upon himſelf to quit claim to its blandiſhments.

But as there is no advantage in the world, that does not contain the allay of ſome defect, ſo hope is not without a ſhare of the mixture, and if it flatters men by its ſweetneſs, it diſmays them by the fear that attends on it; for the good it deſires is abſent and difficult; its abſence diſturbs it, and its difficulty frightens it; it well knows that what it ſeeks, is doubtful; even the name it bears informs it that the

event of its enterprizes is uncertain, and every time it conſiders the dangers that threaten it, it turns pale as well as fear; it ſeems to be of the temper of that great General, who never began a battle without trembling, as if he had apprehended the hazards his courage was likely to expoſe him to: It dreads its own efforts, and its boldneſs occaſions the greateſt part of its timidity. This maxim is ſo true, that ſome Philoſophers were of opinion, that our hopes gave birth to our apprehenſions, and that in order to be without fear, we ſhould entertain no hopes; for though theſe two paſſions ſeem to imply a contrariety, becauſe the Soul that hopes is full of confidence, yet they proceed from each other, and notwithſtanding the badneſs of their aſſociation, they mutually aid, and ſeldom deſert one another: They go along together, as Criminals with their Guards, faſtened by the ſame chain, and almoſt reduced to the ſame ſervitude; But I am not aſtoniſhed at their near affinity to each other, as having ſo many relations, and both being the paſſion of a man in ſuſpenſe, whom the expectation of futurity keeps in a ſtate of reſtleſsneſs.

When,

When, unattended by fear, the knowledge of its ſtrength aſſures it of the good ſucceſs of its enterprize, it falls into another extremity, and furniſhes our enemies with means to ſurpriſe us; for it is natually indiſcreet, and whatever good advice may be given it, it looks to the good that attracts, and does not conſider the evil that ſurrounds it. Imprudently running into danger, and guided only by ſeductive appearances, it runs the riſque of forfeiting its liberty to ſatisfy its inclination: Thus we ſee fiſhes ſwallow the hook, becauſe covered with ſome bait; wild beaſts give into toils, fancying to find ſome prey in them, and ſoldiers fall into an ambuſcade, believing to gain ſome advantage: Whence Hope may be deemed a raſh counſellor, ſeeing but a falſe glimmering amidſt the darkneſs of futurity, and diſcovering but apparent goods, to throw us into hidden and real evils. For theſe reaſons, Politicians always diſtruſt its ſuggeſtions, and the great men that govern ſtates, do not eaſily give credit to a paſſion, which has more warmth than wiſdom, more courage than prudence. But though it ſhould make good all it promiſes, and though the happineſs it bids us to retain in expec-

tancy, might not receive a mixture of diſguſt; ſtill ſhould we have reaſon to complain of its management, becauſe feeding us with future proſpects, it makes us forget what is paſt, and obliges us to ground our contentment on the moſt uncertain part of our life.

Time that meaſures all the things of the world has three diſcriminations, the paſt, the preſent, and futurity. The preſent is but a point; it flows ſo rapidly that it cannot be ſtopt; we are catched in a lie every time we ſpeak of it; it never hears the beginning and end of the ſame ſpeech; when we think to adopt it for a witneſs, or inſtance it in for an example, it ſlips out of our hands; we find it no longer preſent, and that it has already paſſed; Futurity ſucceeds it, but is ſo hidden, that the wiſeſt of the world cannot diſcover its firſt moments; its darkneſs is ſo thick as not to be diſſipated by all the light of prudence; the ſucceſs of things is ſhut up within its abyſs, and cannot be known without entering into eternity: One muſt be a Prophet to penetrate into its ſecrets, and all therein in regard to us is ſo doubtful and ſo confuſed, that often the days we appoint for our triumph, are deſtined far

for our defeat, and the hours we reſerve for our diverſions, are ſuch as heaven has ordained for our puniſhment; The paſt is no more, it flies, and we fly from it; our wiſhes that affect ſome right over futurity, have no pretenſions to it; they cannot diſpoſe of what is no more, and that ſupreme power which all things obey, will make no alteration in that part of time, till it ſhall pleaſe him to reform the world, and by drawing our body out of duſt, ſhall render to the preſent, all that the paſt had taken from it. 'Tis true, that our memory has ſome juriſdiction over it; it makes uſe of it for our conſolation; it recollects all our former ſubjects of happineſs for the ſweet recreation of our minds, and by an innocent artifice, converts our paſt diſaſters into preſent felicities; it reſuſcitates our friends that we may enjoy their company; it converſes with the dead without horrour, and in ſpite of the neceſſary laws of time, makes the paſt to revive, and reſtores to us all the gratifications it had robbed us of. And indeed, this is that part of our life which Philoſophers love beſt; it is that over which Fortune has no further power, and which cannot be incommoded by poverty, belaboured

boured by fear, nor abuſed by hope; 'tis a ſacred time, which accidents dare not meddle with; 'tis a treaſure, we cannot be robbed of, and Tyrants that may have power over the remainder of our life, have none over that which is paſt; we are in peaceable poſſeſſion of it, and let deſtiny do what it can, there is no depriving us of a good we enjoy from the ſenſations of our reminiſcence: Yet Hope deprives us of theſe innocent acquiſitions, and looking to nothing but futurity, hinders our thinking on what is paſt; it impoveriſhes to enrich us, it ſtrips us of certainties to buoy us up with uncertainties, and by an extreme injuſtice, draws us out of tranquillity to engage us in ſtorms.

I muſt confeſs that Prudence and Religion conſider futurity, but do not pay that regard to it which hope does. Religion does not ground herſelf on that uncertain futurity, which amuſes the generality of men, but on an aſſured futurity promiſed us in the holy Scriptures: She labours to acquire it, and employs all her reaſons to perſuade us that it ought to be the principal object of our deſires; ſhe deſpiſes that deceitful futurity which human hope ſeeks after, and eſtimates it at ſo low a rate, that

that ſhe would not have us deem it a part of our life; ſhe forbids us to think of the morrow, and even condemns the falſe prudence of men, who amaſs treaſures and build palaces, as if they were certain of living out an eternity; ſhe would not have us defer to that unknown time the effect of our good reſolutions, and by her profound knowledge of the uncertainty of all things, forbids us likewiſe to delay repentance, and commands us to hold the preſent day, as the laſt of our life. True Prudence conſiders futurity rather as a ſource of evil, than as a ſource of good, and when deſirous of piercing into its darkneſs, rather counſels with fear than hope; ſhe diſtruſts every thing depending on Fortune, and well knowing in how great a degree the beſt conjectures are doubtful, always waits futurity for with uneaſineſs: Knowing alſo that good ſucceſs is out of the reach of her power, ſhe leaves to divine Providence the care of its management, and is not aſtoniſhed when ſhe ſees the wiſeſt counſels followed by unproſperous events; ſo that hope is blameable for embarraſſing us in a time not at our diſpoſal, and placing all our happineſs on moments and hours, which lie perhaps beyond

beyond the courſe of our lives. 'Tis true, the condition of our nature obliging us to pretend ſome right to futurity, it is meet we ſhould give ſomething to the ſucceſſion of time, and that having ſo few preſent advantages, ſhould flatter ourſelves with ſuch as futurity promiſes; but we ſhould never concenter our wiſhes in them as the ſole objects of deſireable things, as it muſt be the height of imprudence to forget the paſt, and quit the preſent, to feed perhaps on the inanity of future contingencies.

From all theſe good and ill effects of hope, it is eaſy to know and to define exactly its nature. It is therefore a motion of our iraſcible appetite, ardently ſeeking after abſent, difficult, and poſſible good. The motion of the ſoul it has in common with all other paſſions; but it is different from fear, by conſidering the good and not the evil; from joy, by looking to an abſent good, and not a preſent; and from deſire, by not ſeeking after abſolute good, but that which is difficult. All theſe qualities inform us that it may have its good and ill uſes; that if the young abuſe it in pleaſures, the old uſe it properly in their affairs; and that if it be pernicious to prudence when indiſcreetly

ſupported

ſupported on the uncertainty of futurity, it is uſeful to Religion, when grounded on eternity. We ſhall ſee the proof of theſe truths in the following chapter.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE ILL USE OF HOPE.

THE Paſſions cannot be more inſolently abuſed, than when employed againſt the deſign of nature, or when by forcing their principal properties to claſh with each other, they are made ſubſervient to infamous maſters, who by artifice or violence oblige them to deſert the part of virtue. The ill uſe moſt men make of Hope cannot therefore be more evidently demonſtrated, than by ſhewing that they run counter to its inclinations, and averting it from its lawful object, propoſe others unſuitable to it. According to the reaſoning of all Philoſophers, that paſſion ought to conſider an abſent, difficult, and poſſible good: Whence I conclude that the riches, honours, and pleaſures of life cannot be its real objects, as having only the

the appearance of good, and that it is Opinion, which never calls things by their proper names, that has honoured them with an unmerited title. Reaſon teaches us, that all theſe things retain no other value but that which is attributed to them by ignorance and lies. Before Avarice had extracted gold from the bowels of the Earth, and by a thouſand tortures had made it aſſume its dazzling colour, it paſſed only for an uſeleſs ſand or lump of rubbiſh. Honour in ſo great a degree depends on opinion, that it is merely its work, and virtue muſt eſteem herſelf very wretched, if ſhe had no other reward but that which frequently is beſtowed on crimes, which have been the reſult of fortunate chance, or are marked by ſome impoſing luſtre. The pleaſures of life, far from being nocent enough, are too pernicious to man, to be ranked among the good things of his real well-being: Shame and regret accompany them; pain which they fly from with ſo much care, conſtantly finds them out, and makes them to carry about with them the torment of all the exceſſes they had committed. This probably was what induced the Sage to call all theſe imaginary

good

goods by the name of deceitful * pictures, which are nothing in fact as they appear to the ſenſes: For it ſeems to thoſe who judge only of pieces of painting by the eyes, that they ſee birds flying in the air, plains extending beyond the reach of ſight, and perſons projecting, as it were, from the piece; yet when they approach, theſe they find to be nothing more than touches of the pencil, cauſing a deception of the ſenſes, and exhibiting things that are not: So it is with all thoſe periſhable goods of which opinion has inhanced the reputation, and which are indebted for their principal value to the weakneſs or ignorance of men: They are but ſhadows of good, which containing no ſolidity, cannot be objects of hope: The wiſeſt have therefore deſpiſed them, and there have been Philoſophers who never more candidly acknowledged their vanity than amidſt their pomp and grandeur.

The example herein given us by † Seneca, is too uſeful not to deſerve attention: He ſays that Attalus had conceived a ſecret affection for wealth, and though he profeſſed himſelf the Philoſopher, had imagined

* Wiſd. 15. † Senec. Epiſt. 110.

gined that their goodneſs was on a par with their beauty, and that they contained as much ſweetneſs as ſplendour. He fortunately aſſiſted at a triumph, wherein all the magnificence of Rome was oſtentatiouſly diſplayed. He ſaw veſſels of gold and cryſtal, whoſe exquiſite workmanſhip added to their value; ſuperb habits, whoſe colours were ſtill more precious than the ſtuff; troops of children and women, whoſe different beauties charmed equally the eye; ſlaves loaded with chains, who had but ſhortly before worn crowns and bore ſceptres; he ſaw all the ſpoils of the Eaſt, and thoſe coſtly treaſures which ſo many Kings had amaſſed during the length of ſo many ages; he ſaw, in fine, all that the Roman power had acquired moſt rare, ſince its ambition had given way to its avarice: This Philoſopher, however, was cured of his diſtemper by the very means that ſhould ſeem to increaſe it, and he made an ample confeſſion of the vanity of wealth in the midſt of its triumph. Reflecting on all that he had ſeen, and remarking that theſe things were not leſs uſeleſs than ſeductive, he generouſly deſpiſed them. This pomp, ſaid he, could laſt but a few hours; the ſame afternoon

noon has ſeen its beginning and end, and though the chariots that carried all theſe treaſures paſſed on ſlowly, they nevertheleſs paſſed away in a ſhort time; what probability then is there, that what could not divert us a whole day, ſhould occupy our thoughts during our whole life, and that we ſhould not make a long puniſhment of a thing that was not able to beſtow on us a long pleaſure? Thus it was that this Philoſopher learned virtue, where others conceived nothing but vanity; and every time objects preſented themſelves to his eyes whoſe appearance might give room to deception, he ſaid; "My ſoul, what doſt thou admire? Is it the pomp of a triumph thou ſeeſt, where things are ſhewn, and do not ſuffer themſelves to be poſſeſſed, and where whilſt they pleaſe us, they paſs away and vaniſh from before our eyes?"

If riches, not being real goods, cannot be the object of our hope, all others which the world promiſes us cannot ſatisfy it, as not being ſufficiently diſtant: For this paſſion extends its views very deep into futurity; neglecting preſent things, it ſighs after abſent, and makes its felicity conſiſt in a well-being that has not yet happened. It

ſeems it would teach us that this world is not its abiding place, and that all the things that flatter our ſenſes, and charm our eyes or ears, are not thoſe it wants; it ſoars adventurouſly bold into Heaven, and carrying with it its pretenſions into eternity, does not eſteem abſent what is ſhut up in the ſucceſſion of time; by a generoſity that cannot be enough praiſed, it deſpiſes all the grandeurs imagination can figure to itſelf an idea of, and aſpires only to that ſupreme felicity, which * the eye has never ſeen, the ear has never heard, and the heart has never conceived. Thoſe therefore do it an injury who conſtrain it to an attachment for all the objects of our earthly goods, and throw it into a ſtate of languiſhing after things, that have not one of the conditions its good ought to poſſeſs. Beſides being abſent, it ſhould be alſo difficult, and give trouble to thoſe that are willing to acquire it. This term occaſions error in moſt minds, and men finding difficulty in the ſearch of the goods they wiſh for, imagine conſequently that they deſerve to be hoped for. The Avaricious, who croſs the ſeas, who go to diſcover unknown lands, and ſeek

* 1 Cor. 2

new diſeaſes under new climates, perſuade themſelves that riches are very deſirable, as being ſo difficult to be obtained. The Ambitious, who enjoy not one hour of pleaſing reſpite, and who find a thouſand real hells in the imaginary paradiſes they frame to themſelves, believe that honour is the only object of hope: But Philoſophy pretends to annex difficulty to grandeur; it confounds the name of difficult with that of noble and generous; it condemns all thoſe who ſigh after infamous goods, and who forgetful of their noble origin, conceive no deſires but ſuch as terminate in contemptible things. Hope, too courageous to eſteem ſmoke or dirt, pities all the baſe ſouls that involve themſelves in infinite troubles for acquiring riches or honours: 'Tis true, they coſt their votaries many labours, but to be difficult, they are not the more to be wiſhed for; the troubles that encompaſs them, do not make them the more glorious, and they reſemble the puniſhments of criminals, which are equally rigorous and infamous.

Laſtly, all that the generality of men deſire is not the end of hope, being moſt commonly impoſſible: For though this paſſion be bold it is prudent; it meaſures its

ſtrength; and though it engages in glorious enterprizes, it would fain have ſome aſſurance of their coming to paſs; it aſpires only to the goods it can obtain, and quits the purſuit of them, ſo ſoon as found to ſurpaſs its power; it chuſes rather to paſs for reſerved than raſh, and to confeſs its impotence, rather than make a ſhew of vanity. Yet all they that hope, exceed theſe bounds, and diveſting this Paſſion of natural prudence, raiſe their deſires beyond their merits, and ſeek often things equally unjuſt and impoſſible. A ſlave in irons promiſes himſelf liberty; a criminal in the Executioner's hands ſtill hopes for pardon; a man baniſhed the Court ſtill pretends to a ſhare in the government; and there is ſcarce a wretch but flatters himſelf indiſcreetly with ſome imaginary felicity: They perſuade themſelves that heaven will work a miracle in their favour, and that for the accompliſhment of their deſires, it will change the order of the univerſe.

But of all theſe mad folks, none are more deplorable than the far advanced in years, who ſeeing death already painted on their faces, ſtill promiſe themſelves a long life; they daily loſe the uſe of ſome parts of their body, they ſee only by art, 'tis with difficulty

difficulty that they hear, they walk with pain, and whatever they do, they have freſh proofs of their debility: Still they hope to live, and becauſe our firſt progenitors lived ſeveral ages, they believe that by taking care of themſelves, they ſhall guard againſt death, and taſte after the many ſins they have committed, a favour granted only to thoſe who had not yet forfeited all their innocence. To conceive ſo unreaſonable a thought, we muſt renounce our judgment, and be intirely unacquainted with the misfortunes, that are inſeparably connected with old age: For all kinds of death admit the admixture of ſome hope; a fever leaves us after a certain number of fits; conflagrations are extinguiſhed much in the manner they have been kindled; the ſea throws up on its ſhores thoſe whom it had ſwallowed up; a ſtorm drives ſhips into port, and the ſoldier touched with pity gives life to his ſuppliant enemy: But he whom old age leads on to death, has no further reaſon to hope; no indulgence can be granted him, and Kings that prolong the lives of Criminals, cannot in ſuch reſpect be of ſervice to the old; their death may be eaſier, but it is more certain; and as no longer they ought to be in dread to die, in

like manner they ought no longer hope to live. But having now ſufficiently conſidered the injurious treatment of Hope, we ſhall paſs in review the good offices that may be rendered to it, by employing it according to its inclinations, and according to our wants.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE GOOD USE OF HOPE.

THE Chriſtian Religion is intirely founded on hope, and making no account of the felicity of this world, it need be no matter of ſurprize if ſhe ſighs after a happineſs to come. She confeſſes that ſhe is not of this world, and does not find it ſtrange to be perſecuted in an enemy's country. She is confident that ſhe is called from this wretched world to a more happy, and that having nothing to poſſeſs on earth, ſhe ſhould hope for all in heaven. 'Tis there that ſhe directs her wiſhes; 'tis there that ſhe expects to receive the effects of Chriſt's promiſes, and to enjoy that glory, of which ſhe has here but the pledge.

pledge. She well knows that our Salvation is here only begun, and is not to be compleated but in heaven. All Chriſtians inſtructed in her ſchool, wait with a holy impatience the happy day, when the Son of God ſhall puniſh his enemies, and crown his ſubjects. They deem themſelves already ſaved becauſe ſo in hope, and amidſt ſo many afflicting evils, comfort themſelves in that virtue which promiſes a great deal, and ſtill gives more. This ſalutary hope never yet confounded any one, and tho' for a time it ſuffers its claimants to be perſecuted, it inſpires them with ſo much courage, that far from feeling their pains, they taſte the happineſs of Angels in the midſt of their puniſhments, and betray no daſtardly mind, no ſervile ſenſibility at the fierce menaces of tyrants, and cruelty of executioners. Whatever accident may befal them they are always confident, and knowing that Chriſt is the foundation of their hope, they are perfectly undiſturbed; the ſituation of their mind is tranquil and compoſed amidſt all the alarming changes on the earth.

But whatever advantage Chriſtians may draw from this ſublime virtue, it muſt be confeſſed that it has nothing common with

that Paſſion which conſiders futurity, and ſeeks a poſſible and difficult good: The one is a Chriſtian virtue reſiding in the will, and the other is a paſſion reſiding in a ſenſible appetite; the one is a pure effect of nature, the other is a pure work of grace; the one by its own ſtrength can only extend to time, the other by its own vigour aſcends to eternity; the one, in fine, does not make good all it promiſes, and often failing in word to its lovers, conſigns them over to confuſion and regret, but the other is ſo faithful in its promiſes, that thoſe who have fought under its banners, confeſs that its rewards far exceed all their ſervices. However, notwithſtanding their difference, nothing in the main hinders their agreement. The beſt uſe that can be made of human hope, is to ſubject it to divine hope, and make it aſpire by its help, to the poſſeſſion of eternal goods: For though Paſſion is unacquainted with eternity, and being engaged in the body, ſcarce riſes higher than the ſenſes, nevertheleſs it has ſome inclination to follow Grace, and ſuffer itſelf to be guided by its motions. As it obeys Reaſon, it may likewiſe obey Piety, and as conducive to the utility of Moral virtue, it may in like manner be

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ſerviceable to Chriſtian virtue. And if it be not giving it too much advantage, I think as it interferes with Patience and Fortitude, for forming moral habits, it may alſo coaleſce with Hope and Charity, for forming ſupernatural: But without engaging in a diſpute of the ſchools, it will be ſufficient to ſay, that if all our paſſions can admit of being ſanctified by Grace, Hope not being of a worſe condition than the reſt, may pretend to the ſame favour, and contribute to all the good works of Chriſtians.

I therefore do not doubt but that the Saints made good uſe of it, and that enlightened by the light of faith, they placed in Jeſus Chriſt all the Hope, they did in their Sovereigns, or in their Gods, whilſt they lived in Paganiſm: I do not doubt but that this generous Paſſion, which had animated them in perils for the glory of their Princes, did alſo animate them for the cauſe of the Son of God; and I hold for certain, that as by its own prevalency it could have made good ſoldiers, it could equally by the aſſiſtance of Heaven make courageous Martyrs: For nature is the foundation of Grace, and as faith preſuppoſes Reaſon, the ſtrength of a Martyr

tyr preſuppoſed the hope of a man, and that Paſſion muſt have operated in the heart of thoſe generous Athletes, whilſt Grace acted in their will. God daily makes uſe of the mouth of Prophets for explaining his myſteries; when he reveals to them the ſecrets of futurity, he adopts their words to declare them to his people, and in them accords Nature with Grace, to execute his deſigns.

I therefore think that the beſt uſe which can be made of Hope, is to ſubject it to three Chriſtian virtues, which will know how to employ its warmth to good and uſeful purpoſes. The firſt is that which bearing its name, by an innocent artifice weans it from earth, and prompts it with deſires for heaven: For tho' human hope is remakable for great generoſity, it cannot pretend to the happineſs of eternity, and though in the Soul of the Alexanders and Cæſars, it aſpired to divine honours, this was not ſo much by its motion as by that of vanity: But when taught by faith, that God has choſen us for his children, and Jeſus Chriſt has made us his brethren, to conſtitute us the heirs of his kingdom, it wiſhes through humility what others wiſhed for through ambition. The ſe-

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cond virtue it may ſerve is patience, which in all her ſufferings has no other conſolation left but hope; for whilſt ſhe engages in ſharp conflicts with pains and ſorrows, ſhe would be a thouſand times cruſhed and overwhelmed by their violence, if this glorious paſſion did not repreſent the rewards prepared for her, and did not mitigate preſent ills by promiſes of future happineſs. For the better underſtanding of this, it will not be amiſs to know that Patience is a virtue equally meek and penſive; ſhe diſplays no ſplendour to the eye, and though ſhe undertakes great things, ſhe declines all the pomp of theatrical exhibition, obſcurity and deſerts being more agreeable to her, as contenting herſelf in the contemplation of him, who is to crown her ſufferings: She can likewiſe exert no violence, and though her enemies are ſo powerful, ſhe ſtill defends herſelf by ſuffering, and does not render us victorious but with the loſs of life: Scarce does ſhe allow herſelf the liberty of complaint, and ſhews ſo little ſenſibility in regard to her doings and pains, that thoſe unacquainted with her accuſe her of ſtupidity: ſo great a coldneſs requires to be animated by the warmth of Hope, and ſo gentle a virtue

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wants the aſſiſtance of an active Paſſion: 'Tis therefore meet that amidſt the multiplicity of her diſagreeable ſenſations, ſhe ſhould ruminate, as ſhe does in fact, on the rewards promiſed her, and ſhould amidſt her piercing pangs of grief, ſoar to Heaven on the wings of Hope, and ſee with the eyes of Faith, the felicity prepared for her.

But the principal uſe we ought to make of this Paſſion, is when Fortitude, engaged in Pain, attacks thoſe dreadful enemies that ſtrive to triumph over its courage. There is this difference between Patience and Fortitude, that the firſt contents itſelf with ſuffering, and the ſecond wants to act; the one conceals itſelf through modeſty, the other produces itſelf through generoſity; the one is mild, the other is ſevere; the one, properly ſpeaking, ſuffers pains which it cannot avoid, and the other endures torments, which it might have delivered itſelf from: But with all their diſcriminations, they have this in common that they cannot do without Hope; 'Tis the Soul that gives them life, and theſe two excellent virtues would never have attracted to them the ſight of men and angels, were they not animated by that Paſſion

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which looks to futurity. Vanity is not powerful enough to inſpire us with a contempt of pain, and the Sect of the Stoics with all its pride, has diſpoſed but very few Philoſophers, to ſuffer generouſly the violence of tortures and the cruelty of executioners: But the Chriſtian Religion has produced numberleſs Martyrs, who have conquered flames, withſtood the fury of wild beaſts, and triumphed over infidel Emperors. Their fortitude was founded on the virtue of Hope, and whilſt endeavours were uſed to corrupt them by promiſes, to affright them by threats, and ſubdue them by torments, they raiſed themſelves to heaven in ſpirit, and were attentive to the rewards God prepares for his faithful ſervants.

'Tis undoubtedly on this account that the great Apoſtle enobles Hope by ſo many glorious titles, and to expreſs its wonderful effects, employs all the ornaments of his divine eloquence. Sometimes he call it an * Anchor that firmly keeps ſteady our ſhip on the ſea, that makes us find tranquillity amidſt the rage of ſtorms, and fixes our deſires on heaven and

* Heb. c. 6.

and not on earth. Sometimes he calls it a * Buckler, by the defence of which we repel all the fiery darts the enemy hurls againſt us. Sometimes he calls it our Glory, and repreſents it to us as an honourable title, which defacing our ſhame, makes us to hope, that after having been enemies of God, we ſhall become his children, and in that quality have a ſhare in his inheritance. By all theſe eulogiums, he teaches us, that Hope is neceſſary to us in all ſtates of life, that we can with profit have recourſe to it in all our neceſſities, that it is our ſecurity in tempeſts, our defence in battle, and our glory in diſgrace. But we muſt guard againſt its being of this world. Forbidding us the love of the world, it propoſes another love to us more happy and more innocent, which ought to be the object of all our deſires. We ſhould therefore ſlight periſhable goods to acquire eternal; we ſhould remember that it is exceeding difficult to have at the ſame time pretenſions to heaven and to earth, and that to obtain the promiſes of Chriſt, we muſt deſpiſe thoſe of the world.

* Eph. c. 6.

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CHAPTER IV.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, EFFECTS, AND GOOD AND ILL USE OF DESPAIR.

OF all man's Paſſions, Deſpair is that, which has been the moſt remarkable for obtaining the praiſe and blame of antiquity. It has paſſed as the laſt effort of courage in thoſe great men who ſought death to preſerve their liberty, and who had recourſe to ſword or poiſon to reſcue themſelves from the inſolence of a victorious enemy. Poets and Orators never appear more eloquent, than when they deſcribe the death of Cato; and they palliate that mad action with ſo much art, that if Faith had not perſuaded us it was an execrable deed, we ſhould take it for an heroic action. Seneca* was never ſo laviſh in the praiſe of virtue as of that crime: It ſhould ſeem his deſign was by the commendations he beſtows upon it, to reduce men to a degree of deſperation, and oblige all that are wretched to be guilty of ſuicide. He

* Senec. de Prov. c. 2.

He images that all the Gods came down into Utica to contemplate ſo glorious a ſight, and that it was their pleaſure to honour with their preſence, a Stoic Philoſopher, who not able to endure Cæſar's domination, though he ſuffered that of Pompey, came to the determinate reſolution of planting a dagger in his boſom, of tearing out his bowels, and with his own hands of ſevering his Soul from his body; for no other purpoſe, than to boaſt he could taſte the ſweets of death. But I am not aſtoniſhed at Seneca's making a murder paſs for a ſacrifice, ſince he approves of * drunkenneſs, and makes a virtue of it, that he might not be obliged to blame Cato, who was accuſed of it. Others have abſolutely condemned Deſpair, and as there have been inſtances of men, who devoting themſelves to its dark ſuggeſtions, dipped their hands in their own blood, they judged that ſo ſtrange a paſſion ought to be baniſhed the ſoul, and that on no occaſion or occurrence in life it is allowable to ſecond or follow its motions.

Both theſe parties are equally unjuſt, and their ſentiments are a violation of thoſe of

* Senec. de Tranquil. anim. c. 15.

of nature: For with whatever diſaſter Fortune may threaten, and whatever ſignal infelicity ſhe may prepare for us, we ſhould never make an attempt againſt our life. Our birth and death are intirely dependent on our Sovereign, and He only, who has brought us into the world, can make us go out of it: He has left to us the diſpoſal of all the conditions of our life, having only reſerved to himſelf its beginning and end: We are born when it pleaſes him, and we die when he orders it: To haſten the hour of death is aſſuming his right, a right he is ſo jealous of, that he often works miracles to convince us that he is the maſter of it. But if deſpair is prohibited on this occaſion, there are many others wherein it is permitted; and it ſeems that Nature has never more evidently made appear the care ſhe takes of man, than by giving him a paſſion, which is efficacious to deliver him from all the ills, againſt which Philoſophy cannot preſcribe any remedy.

Though Good be an agreeable object, and powerfully attractive of the will by its charms, yet it is ſometimes environed by ſo many difficulties, that the will cannot approach it: Its beauties cauſe her to lan-

guiſh, ſhe is conſumed in deſires, and Hope that ſolicits her, obliges her to fruitleſs exertions: The more ſhe is enamoured, the greater is her pain, and the more the good ſhe ſeeks is excellent, the more ſhe is miſerable; that which ſhould cauſe her happineſs, compliçates her trouble; ſhe is, in ſhort, unhappy becauſe ſhe cannot help loving an object, which ſhe cannot acquire. This torment would be as durable as her love, if Deſpair did not come to her aſſiſtance, and if by a natural prudence it did not oblige her to deſiſt from an impoſſible reſearch, and deſtroy deſires that ſerve only to afflict her. As this paſſion detaches us from a difficult good, and ſurpaſſing our power, there are a thouſand occaſions in life, wherein it may be uſefully employed; and there is no condition in the world, howſoever elevated, but may ſtand in need of its aſſiſtance: For the active forces, or ſtrength of all men muſt admit of limitation, and the greater part of their deſigns are impracticable. Hope and Courage that animate them, have more heat than conduct; under theſe blind guides, they muſt fall down precipices, if Deſpair did not with-hold them, and if thro' a knowledge of their weakneſs, it did not divert them from

from engaging in raſh enterprizes: Deſpair is therefore a faithful Counſellor, never deceiving us; and it deſerves no blame, if, not being called upon till the ſtate of matters is truly deplorable, it gives more ſalutary than honourable advice: We muſt rather accuſe Hope, which too eaſily engages us in danger, and praiſe Deſpair, which finds means to deliver us from it.

The misfortunes of the greateſt Princes are in a great meaſure owing to their not having been ſufficiently attentive to its admonitions: for if before undertaking war they meaſured their ſtrength, they would not be forced to make an ignominious peace, and ſubmit to the law of a victorious enemy; but unfortunately they do not implore the aſſiſtance of Deſpair, till unable to give them any, and they do not conſult that Paſſion, till all things are reduced to extremities. It is not, however, uſeleſs, even on that emergency, and its advice may be attended to with ſome advantage, though at the ſame time precipitate: It has often preſerved ſtates in a civil war, and ſaved intire armies by an honourable retreat; for when Princes find that their forces are not upon a par with thoſe of their enemies, and that the whole

advantage lies with the oppoſite party; Deſpair influenced by Prudence obliges them to retire, and this Paſſion repairing the faults of hope and boldneſs, prevails on them to reſerve their ſoldiers for a time, when they might promiſe themſelves certain victory: Thus is Deſpair more prudent than courageous, and thinks more of the ſafety than glory of the ſtate; it profits by the croſs accidents it has obſerved, and deems itſelf ſufficiently glorious, when able to eſcape the fury of its purſuers. 'Tis true, that ſeeing all the ways to ſafety ſhut up againſt it, and death ſtaring it in the face on all ſides, it chuſes the more honourable, and recalling Hope it had baniſhed, reſolves to die or to conquer. For this reaſon great Captains never reduce the conquered to deſpair; and knowing that this paſſion becomes courageous when irritated, they conſtruct bridges of gold for it, open all paſſes to it, and let the torrent ſpread wide in the fields, leſt it ſhould ſwell its rage from reſiſtance, and bear down the dikes oppoſed by its impetuoſity. Herein the nature of Deſpair is ſtrange, for it ſprings from fear, and its timidity conſtitutes the greateſt part of its prudence; it rather conſiders in the good offered it, the difficulty that diſmays, than the glory that at-

attracts it, and whether it retains more coldneſs or leſs courage than Hope, it does not regard ſo much ſucceſsful as unproſperous events; yet when the peril is extreme, and the diſaſter threatens to be ſo great that it cannot well be avoided, it makes a virtue of neceſſity, and fights enemies that even Hope would not dare to ſtand againſt. It often wreſts laurels out of the hands of the conqueror, and making efforts that may paſs for miracles, ſurmounts Nature, preſerves the life of men by making them deſpiſe it, and gains the victory by ſeeking an honourable death.

From all theſe effects it is eaſy to judge of the nature of Deſpair, and to know that it is a moſt violent motion, whereby the Soul keeps at a diſtance from a difficult good, which ſhe believes ſhe cannot acquire, and whereby alſo ſhe ſometimes approaches it, not ſo much for poſſeſſing it, as to defend herſelf from the evil that threatens her: For in its birth Deſpair is timid, and has no other deſign than to diſſuade the Soul from vainly ſeeking after an impoſſible Good; but in its progreſs it becomes bold, and when it perceives that by avoiding a difficult good, it engages in an infamous evil, it takes courage and exerts

all its ſtrength and powers to obtain a thing whoſe loſs is eſteemed certain. This paſſion therefore is not ſimple, and in order to explain its nature, it may be ſaid that it is a compound of fear and hope, and that as it is more cowardly than the former in the beginning, it is in the end more generous than the latter; but in both theſe times it ſtands in need of conduct, and for being uſeful to virtue, ſhould avoid two dangerous extremities that bear its name and tarniſh its glory. The one may be called Cowardice, the other Raſhneſs. It is guilty of the firſt, when by not knowing its ſtrength, it declines a good it may acquire; and it falls into the ſecond, when by not examining its weakneſs or the greatneſs of the danger, it undertakes a thing impoſſible, and embarks in a deſign, neceſſarily attended with unproſperous ſucceſs. 'Tis Reaſon's buſineſs to keep it under a proper regulation, and ſee when it may fly without infamy, and attack without raſhneſs. If it be a lawful good we can juſtly attain, we never ought to deſpair. Obſtinacy is laudable on this occaſion, and a man cannot be blamed that makes attempts beyond his abilities, to acquire a happineſs, which his duty counſels

ſels him to ſeek after; but if what he covets is difficult and periſhable, he muſt cure himſelf by a rational Deſpair of his vain deſires and fond hopes.

But it is proper to obſerve, that if this paſſion is often innocent under the law of Nature, it is always criminal under that of Grace; for natural Hope being founded on our own ſtrength, it is allowable to reſign it to embrace Deſpair, and it will be no way inconvenient for the man, whoſe wretched ſtate is well known, to ſet aſide his deſigns when it is impracticable for him to put them in execution: But ſupernatural Hope being founded on the divine Power, it is forbidden to loſe ſight of it, and it is a capital crime to ſuſpect God of untruth or weakneſs. Thoſe therefore who deſpair of their ſalvation, offend againſt his higheſt perfections, and render themſelves unworthy to receive the pardon of their ſins, the moment they ceaſe to hope. The Scripture teaches us that God is good and powerful; thoſe therefore that perſuade themſelves that he is not willing to, or cannot pardon them, are guilty of an outrage againſt his power and goodneſs, and by the ſame crime offend his two moſt excellent qualities: And if we are willing

to believe * St. Auguſtin, They that devote themſelves to deſpair imitate the proud, and equal themſelves to God by relinquiſhing the hope of their Salvation. For when they fall into Deſpair, they imagine that the Mercy of God is not ſo great as their ſin, and by an injurious preference, raiſe their Malice above his Goodneſs; they preſcribe bounds to an infinite Love, and diveſt him of perfections, who poſſeſſes even all thoſe our mind cannot imagine.

'Tis true, that if Deſpair be criminal under the Law of of Grace, there is an exceſs of Hope which is ſcarce leſs dangerous; and there are Chriſtians who do not perſiſt in their ſins but from a vain confidence they place in the mercy of God: They do not flatter themſelves with his Goodneſs, but in order to offend him; they do not think of the graces he ſhews ſinners, but to abuſe them, and by unreaſonable conſequences which Philoſophy had never taught them, they conclude they ought to be bad, becauſe God is Good, and that he may not be offended, becauſe he puniſhes none but his real enemies. If theſe infamous Criminals had not loſt their judgment with their

* Aug. l. de vera et falſa pœnitentiâ. Cap. 5.

their piety, they would reaſon after a different manner, and would ſay, that as God is Good, they ought to be obedient; that as he pardons, they ought to be cautious in offending him; and that as he loves their ſalvation, they ought to love his honour. But though they might not attend to theſe juſt conſiderations, their notions of the Mercy of God ſhould not maintain them in their fooliſh confidence; for beſides that it perfectly agrees with his Juſtice, and that the one makes no incroachment on the right of the other, he has ſo tempered his promiſes with his menaces in the Scriptures, that they baniſh from our Soul both Deſpair and Preſumption, to aſſure thoſe in deſpair, that he has propoſed repentance to them, of which the gate is open to all who ſincerely deſire to repent; and to intimiditate the preſumptuous, who by their delays contemn his mercy. He has made the day of death uncertain, and reduced us to the neceſſity of dreading a moment, which as unknown, may ſurprize All.

BOOK V.

OF COURAGE AND FEAR.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF COURAGE.

IF the difficulties accompanying virtues enhance their value, and if the moſt painful are the moſt beautiful, it muſt be confeſſed that of the Paſſions, Courage ought to be eſteemed the moſt glorious, as being the moſt difficult, and as undertaking to encounter whatever is moſt dreadful in the world. Though Hope is generous, and though good does not ſeem agreeable to her unleſs auſtere; yet its beauty gives the invitation, and the charms it is poſſeſſed of, give her ſtrength to ſurmount the difficulties that encompaſs it: But Courage deſtitute of this aſſiſtance, conſiders an object that is no wiſe amiable: She attacks evil, and coming tothe help of Hope, declares war againſt her enemies, and has no other reward in view in the Conflict

Conflict than glory. She is much of the temper of Conquerors, who leaving all the ſpoils to their ſoldiers, reſerve nothing but honour to themſelves; for all who deſcribe her nature, agree, that ſhe is a paſſion of the ſoul, that ſeeks dangers to fight againſt and conquer them; She may therefore be called a Natural Force, and a diſpoſition to that generous virtue, which triumphs over pain and death. By enterprizing nothing but what is difficult, ſhe is more ſevere than agreeable; a certain ſeverity perceptible on the face of thoſe whom ſhe animates, ſufficiently indicates that ſhe finds her pleaſures in labours, and that ſhe has no other amuſement, than ſuch as ſhe takes in ſurmounting pains; ſhe has no other conſolation but glory, no other food than hope: With this feeble aid ſhe attacks all her enemies, and gains almoſt as many victories as ſhe fights battles.

But to throw more light on this matter, it will be neceſſary to obſerve that Good and Evil are the two objects of all our Paſſions. Love contemplates Good, and in order to acquire it, employs Deſire and Hope: Sometimes Love finds it of ſo difficult acceſs, that through Deſpair it relinquiſhes

quiſhes its pretentions, judging it a point of prudence to renounce a happineſs that cannot be obtained. Hatred on its ſide deteſts Evil, and to oppoſe an enemy, that declares perpetual war againſt it, employs the Paſſions relevant from its empire; it makes uſe of Flight and Fear to keep it at a diſtance, and ſometimes uſes Courage and Anger to fight againſt and conquer it. But as Deſpair would never quit a difficult Good, if Fear had not perſuaded it, that the difficulties accompanying it cannot be ſurmounted; ſo Courage would never undertake to attack a terrible evil, if Hope had not promiſed her victory. Whence theſe two paſſions with different objects may notwithſtanding agree. Though the one ſeeks good, and the other provokes evil, both exert their endeavours for the repoſe of the mind, and by ſeparate routes, ſeek the ſame end. 'Tis true that the condition of the one is more delectable than that of the other; for Hope looks only to the good ſhe deſires, and if ſometimes ſhe caſts her eyes on the difficulties that debar acceſs to it, this is rather thro' neceſſity than inclination, and if ſhe expoſes herſelf to any danger, it is not ſo much for glory as for profit: But Courage con-

conſiders nothing but the evil, and by a certain confidence accompanying her in all her deſigns, flatters herſelf ſhe ſhall conquer it by her own ſtrength. Hope eaſily conceives an enterprize, and being as much addicted to levity as vanity, engages in all enterprizes which ſhe judges to be glorious and poſſible: But her fate would be to retreat with confuſion, if Courage did not come to her aſſiſtance, and by a certain innate ſpirited conduct did not happily atchieve what this companion had raſhly undertaken. Hope reſembles trumpets ſounding the alarm, but never entering the battle; Courage on the contrary, reſembles thoſe ſoldiers, who in ſilence reſerve their whole ſtrength for charging the enemy. Hope promiſes all and gives nothing, and faithleſs as ſhe is, cannot help deceiving men by fine words, which are far from being always attended with good effects: But Courage promiſes nothing, and gives a great deal; ſhe attempts impoſſibilities to ſatisfy the promiſes of Hope, and ſtrives to ſurmount the difficulties that retard their execution. In fine, ſhe is ſo generous, that her deſigns, though difficult, are notwithſtanding proſperous; and ſhe is ſo accuſtomed to conquer,

quer, that the Poets, to throw a ſpecious colouring over the victories ſhe gains againſt the laws of war, have feigned, that ſhe was animated by an inwardly-prompting Divinity, and that her exertions were rather more miraculous than natural.

That theſe different qualities may more evidently appear, I ſhall add examples to reaſons, and ſhew by ſome remarkable hiſtories, how much more conſiderable Courage is than Hope. There was never a more powerful Monarch than Xerxes, and his power never appeared with greater magnificence, than when he formed the deſign of ſubduing Greece. His army conſiſted of two millions of men; the expanſe of country was too narrow for diſplaying the ranks of a corps, whoſe parts were monſtrous. The earth groaned under the weight of the engines, that were carried along, to batter and beat down the walls of the towns that ſhould make reſiſtance. The aſtoniſhing number of his ſoldiers and horſes dried up rivers for their drink, and the ſhowers of arrows ſhot from ſo many hands darkened the face of the Sun. This Prince's flatterers could tell him, that the ſea was not

not ſpacious enough to carry on its boſom all his fleets, nor Greece large enough for the quartering of all his troops: Yet Leonidas ſeized upon the Straits of Thermopylæ, and entrenched in theſe mountains, reſolved to fight him at the paſs with three hundred men. Hope and Courage elated undoubtedly the heart of that generous Captain, and theſe two Paſſions animated him to an enterprize equally difficult and glorious. Hope repreſented the glory that ſhould accrue to him, from oppoſing the common enemy of Greece, from preſerving the liberty of his Country, from ſecuring temples from conflagration, from defending cities from pillage, and from ſaving women from the inſults of a victorious Barbarian. She forgot not to point out to him all the honours Sparta ſhould heap upon him, the Statutes that ſhould be erected to the memory of his name, the praiſes he ſhould receive from the mouth of all people, and the pompous titles Hiſtorians ſhould beſtow upon him in their writings: Perhaps ſhe would have flattered him with an impoſſible victory, and perſuaded him that by diſorder ſpreading through an army, which had many men and few ſoldiers, it would be eaſy to de-

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feat it: But Courage, more true than Hope, acknowledged the greatneſs of the danger, and without deceiving that valiant Leader, gave him a full and exact view of the real ſtate of things, that tho' his death was certain, he ought not to abandon the poſt he had taken; that it was not neceſſary he ſhould conquer, but die, and that he would do enough for the ſafety of Greece, if loſing his life, he deſtroyed confidence in his enemies. He believed the counſel of that generous paſſion, and reſolved to ſuſtain the ſhock of an army which he could not ſtop, and exhorted his ſoldiers to prepare both for fighting and death. In this example, it is eaſy to judge, that Hope conſiders only the good that ſolicits her, and Courage looks only to the threatning evil; that the one entertains only notions of the glory ſhe promiſes herſelf, and the other is principally taken up with the peril ſhe has to encounter; that the one feeds herſelf with an imaginary pleaſure, and the other conceives ideas of real pain: 'Tis true, that the latter finds contentment in her duty, and ſings the ſong of triumph in the midſt of her defeat; for though ſhe does not gain a victory over the Perſians in the perſon

ſon of Leonidas, ſhe gains it over the fear of death; and ſhe is fully-ſatisfied in having conquered the moſt violent of her enemies; ſhe is regardleſs of being worſted by men, ſo ſhe proves victorious over fortune; and good ſucceſs is indifferent to her, provided ſhe ſurmounts the apprehenſion of danger.

If it be allowed to join fable with hiſtory, we ſhall ſee in the perſon of Jaſon, the different motions of theſe two paſſions. The conqueſt of the golden fleece is the motive of his voyage. Hope makes him put to Sea, and promiſes him that a favourable wind will ſwell his ſails, and waft him ſafe, in ſpite of ſtorms, to the ſhore of Colchos. She repreſents to him that the eyes of all Greece are open upon him, to be ſpectators of his exploits, and that he does not carry one Captain along with him in the expedition that is not ready and willing to fight manfully under his ſtandard; that in ſo noble an enterprize the profit is connected with the glory, and that the reward he expects from it, is as rich as it is honourable. But Courage that cannot flatter, points out to him armed men to fight, monſters to ſubdue, and an ever watchful ſerpent to ſur-

prize: Yet he accepts all theſe conditions, and undertakes to attack all theſe enemies, on the confidence of his own ſtrength. He is not certain he ſhall conquer the bulls and ſerpents, but he is very certain of conquering fear; he knows that ſucceſs depends on fortune, yet knows alſo that his courage depends on the ſettled and undaunted diſpoſition of his mind; it is enough for him to deſpiſe all the monſters that ſhew themſelves to him under horrid appearances, and without gaining other reward, he reputes himſelf ſufficiently glorious, ſo he can but triumph over fear.

By theſe two examples the advantages of Courage over Hope appear very evidently, but in their oppoſitions, ſome relation notwithſtanding is found between them; and it ſeems that the ſame cauſes that make us to hope for Good, make us alſo deſpiſe Evil: For youth that has much heat fancies nothing impoſſible, and becauſe the vigour it feels gives aſſurance, it eaſily engages in difficult and glorious deſigns: Good ſucceſs likewiſe nouriſhes that paſſion, and when fortune is favourable to great Generals of armies, they ſeldom decline engaging the enemy, though their own troops are not ſo numerous, fully perſuaded that their very name is capable of

of ſtriking terror, and being accuſtomed to conquer, they cannot dread a misfortune that has not yet happened to them. Power contributes not leſs than good ſucceſs to make men brave; for when a Prince commands over extenſive territories, when every town may ſupply him with an army, when his revenues permit him to keep ſtanding forces for years together, when his neighbours are in fear of him, and when he can take the field at any time to oblige them to become his ſubjects, there is no war but he may undertake, nor victory but he may promiſe himſelf. But of all things nothing inſpires men with more Courage than innocence. The enemies that attack them may be powerful, and may have other advantages in their favour; but they imagine that God ought to take part with them, and that he who protects the innocent being intereſted in their cauſe, is obliged to defend it: In this confidence, they march on without dread amidſt dangers; they are not apprehenſive of ill ſucceſs, and waiting the help of heaven, promiſe themſelves certain victory. Both may be miſtaken, and as theſe paſſions become illuſtrious virtues, when under the guidance

of Prudence, they may likewiſe degenerate into ſhameful vices, when they ſuffer themſelves to be governed by indiſcretion. This we ſhall examine in the following Chapters.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE ILL USE OF COURAGE.

COURAGE having no other guide than hope, we need not be aſtoniſhed, if ſhe attacks enemies ſhe cannot conquer, and if the deſigns ſhe forms, are commonly attended with ill ſucceſs. It is very unlikely that raſh enterprizes ſhould be proſperous, and that actions not influenced by prudence ſhould have a happy iſſue. Fortune becomes tired of favouring the audacious, and having often reſcued them from the danger, wherein they had indiſcreetly engaged, ſhe deſerts them with ſome ſort of juſtice, and puniſhes their raſhneſs, to cure that of others. For this reaſon, all men are obliged to examine the Counſels Hope gives them, and to meaſure their ſtrength, before they follow the motions of Courage; for though theſe

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are generous, the greater part of the Soldiery confounding them with the ſpirited ideas of valour, they notwithſtanding prove fatal, occaſion daily the loſs of armies, and bring on the ruin of States. But to find the ſource of this miſhap, it will be proper to know, that as the Paſſions reſide in the inferior part of the ſoul, and know not how to reaſon, they conſider only their object, and by a blind impetuoſity, approach or keep from it; they do not even take notice of the circumſtances accompanying it, and without comparing difficulties with their ſtrength, they imprudently engage in the combat, or ſhamefully take to flight. Their judgment is ſo quick, that it is almoſt always precipitate; for having liſtened to the relation of the ſenſes, they conſult their inclination, and without waiting the orders of Reaſon, bear away the whole man, and force him to follow their motions. Hence it comes to paſs that he repents him of his deſigns, that he condemns what he had approved, and cannot often finiſh what he had begun.

But of all the Paſſions, not one is more unhappy than Courage. She attacks powerful enemies, ſhe contends with pain

and death, combats are her ordinary exerciſes, and ſhe often bathes herſelf in tears or in blood; ſhe is conſtantly encompaſſed by dangers, and wherever ſhe turns, ſees nothing but frightful images, and ghaſtly ſpectres. Yet ſhe borrows no force, nor receives any advice but from Hope: Her egger on to danger, and her counſellor is one and the ſame; that which makes her act, is that which arms her hand, and by vain promiſes engages her in extreme difficulties: She therefore ſees moſt of her projects to prove abortive, and often acquires nothing from all her uſeleſs exertions, but the regret of having followed bad counſels; moſt of the time ſhe diſcourages herſelf, and perceiving her enterprizes exceed her abilities, ſuffers herſelf to be diſmayed with fear, dejected by deſpair, and conſumed by ſorrow: And indeed, theſe paſſions almoſt always ſucceed, and we ſee by experience, that thoſe who in the beginning of battles have been more courageous than men, at length become more timid than women: The fire of Courage is ſoon kindled, but is often as quickly extinguiſhed; and as the rage of waves is converted into froth, ſo the violence of the bold changes into timidity,

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and of all the confidence, they ſeemed to place in their deſigns, little elſe remains to them but an imbecility equally ſhameful and criminal.

'Tis true that Anger ſometimes takes the part of Courage, and adminiſters a ſupply of new force, when the greatneſs of the danger has made her own, as it were, to evaporate: But this aſſiſtance is not always to be relied on; the ſoldier, who fights from the ſuggeſtions of ſo feeble an aid, is in as great danger of loſing the victory, as that other who places his hope in deſpair; and the former is no more certain of conquering than the latter, who does not reſolve to fight but becauſe he cannot retire. Deſperadoes have been ſeen to die with arms in their hands, and if ſometimes they have revenged their death, they have not always preſerved their life; the bold alſo, for being animated with anger, have not been obſerved to extricate themſelves more happily from the dangers, they had ran headlong into. The force of Anger is as much circumſcribed as that of Courage, and if both are not guided by Prudence, they muſt expect fatality in the event. That which has ſucceeded on one occaſion does not ſucceed in others, and

Heaven is not obliged to grant the ſame ſucceſs to all raſh enterprizes. The example of Alexander ſhould not ſerve as a rule to all Conquerors; he did not live long enough to be a proper ſubject of imitation; fortune that had followed him in his youth, would have perhaps deſerted him in his old age; his raſhneſs was not always ſo happy, and if he had began his conqueſts by Europe, he would not have carried them ſo far into Aſia: Rome in her juvenile ſtate might have ſtopped ſhort the courſe of his victories, and ſhe that could confine Pyrrhus within his States, might have driven him back into Macedon.

I am of Seneca's opinion, and believe with him, that this Prince had more courage than prudence, and more raſhneſs than courage. In fact, his fortune oftener preſerved him than his valour, and if heaven had not made choice of him for puniſhing the pride of the Perſians, he might have been defeated in the firſt battle. He would not take the advantages the greateſt Captains uſually do, when their forces are unequal to thoſe of the enemy. He would not attack Darius's Army by the favour of a dark night, but by a raſhneſs, deſerving more reproaches than it received praiſes,

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wanted to wait for the day, and to have the Sun for witneſs of his victory. He believed he ſhould have ſtolen victory, if he had gained it in the night, and though Parmenio counſelled him to prefer the lives of his ſoldiers to the glory of his arms, he deſpiſed that advice, and to ſhew that he held all his advantages from fortune, rejected all the maxims of prudence. It may therefore ſeem an indiſputable fact, that his preſumption has occaſioned the ruin of all the Princes that took him for their pattern; and that his conduct has been more fatal to conquerors, than rocks and ſtorms to ſeamen. I know that Cæſar left much to Chance, and that he could not imagine the deſtruction of the Roman Republic without having conceived a very exalted opinion of his good fortune; but if the deſign was very raſh, the execution was as prudent; for he joined artifice to force, and did not abandon to hazard, what he could conduct by virtue; and we are obliged to acknowledge, that his victories are not leſs the work of Prudence, than of his Fortune. He did not ſhew himſelf boldly adventurous but on occaſions when Counſel was uſeleſs; and he did not boaſt of his good fortune, but to con-

conjure down the ſtorm's rage, and ſpirit up his Pilot with his own confidence. In ſhort, he made good uſe of Hope in all his enterprizes, but kept it ſubordinate to Prudence, thus teaching all Generals of Armies a uſeful leſſon; that to be valiant, they muſt be more wiſe than raſh.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE GOOD USE OF COURAGE.

THOUGH the Paſſions are more criminal than innocent, inclining, by reaſon of the diſorder of our Nature, more to the ſide of vice than virtue; yet with a little help they may be made virtuous. Their inclinations are good, but their judgments are precipitate; they conſtantly ſeek good, and as conſtantly reſiſt evil; but this they commonly do with too much warmth, herein imitating Orators, who defend a good cauſe with bad reaſons; or they reſemble thoſe unhappy innocents, who betray themſelves amidſt tortures, and by not having conſtancy enough, confeſs crimes they have not committed. They make, indeed, themſelves culpable by not being ſuf-

ſufficiently patient, and become vicious by being not able to ſuffer the abſence of good, or the preſence of evil. If Hope did not purſue the honours ſhe cannot acquire, ſhe would never bring the Ambitious to deſpair; and if Courage did not engage in oppoſing misfortunes which ſhe cannot conquer, ſhe would never be accuſed of raſhneſs. But this fault is not without its remedy; for if Courage liſtens to the admonitions of Reaſon, if after having calmed the fury of her firſt emotions, ſhe conſents to be guided by Prudence, then will ſhe change her Nature, and from a mere paſſion, as ſhe was, will become a glorious virtue. Courage and Fortitude contemplate the ſame object, and their inclinations are ſo nearly related, that Fortitude may be called a rational courage, and courage a natural Fortitude. Their enemies are common, they aſſemble all their forces to oppoſe them, they are actuated by the ſame motives, and they ſeek the ſame end.

Fortitude, according to its true definition, is a ſcience that teaches us to ſuffer, or to repel, or to provoke evils. She reſolutely endures all the calamities that are inherent to nature; ſhe will not admit of any

any diſpenſation in general laws, and therefore knowing that the neceſſity of dying, is a ſentence pronounced againſt all men, ſhe never appeals from it. In a tranquil ſituation of mind, ſhe ſees the approach of ſickneſs, and the firſt remedy ſhe adopts for the cure, is the thought that diſeaſes ſpring up from our conſtitution, and make a part of ourſelves. Contagion does not terrify her, and whether ſhe conſiders it as a puniſhment of ſin, or an effect of nature, ſhe does not accuſe the ſtars on that account; neither does ſhe pretend to be exempt from an ill, which does not pardon even Sovereigns. She repels by a generous contempt, all diſaſters, the ſtrength of which ſeems grounded on the illuſions of error, and which perhaps are not otherwiſe offenſive to our body, but becauſe they hurt our imagination. She defends herſelf from poverty by deſiring only neceſſaries, and deſpiſes honours, obſerving them to be oftener the reward of vice than virtue. She ſlights as frivolous all voluptuous indulgence, well knowing that it is only gloſſed over with an agreeable appearance, and that under a ſpecious name, it hides pains as ſhameful as real. She provokes grief and pain to make trial of her

her courage; ſhe ſeeks out calamity as an occaſion to practiſe virtue, and if ſhe had not experienced the misfortunes of life, ſhe would believe herſelf ignorant of the more noble half of the things ſhe ought to know. She has rather an avidity than deſire for dangers, and as the ill ſhe ſuffers makes a part of her glory, ſhe runs to meet it, believing it to be a cowardice to wait its coming. She has, in fine, conquered death with all the horrid aſpects it had aſſumed to affright her, and the cruelty of Tyrants has not invented puniſhments, which Fortitude has not triumphed over. Scœvola made a mockery of flames, and ſaw his right hand burn with a more undaunted reſolution than his enemy could ſhew in looking at it. Regulus did honour to the gibbet on which he died. Socrates made a ſchool of his priſon; his executioners became his diſciples; and the poiſon he was compelled to take, made his innocence glorious. In a placid diſpoſition of mind did Camillus ſuffer baniſhment, and Rome would have remained captive, if this illuſtrious Exile had not reſtored her to liberty. Cato put himſelf to death, and if he ſuffered himſelf to be conquered

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by impatience, he might boaſt at leaſt that he had retained his liberty.

But without borrowing prophane examples, wherein virtue is always mingled with vice, Chriſtians have no Martyr but has ſurmounted tyrants, and amidſt the rigour of puniſhment, has given many ſignal proofs of fortitude. Such as Ignatius have provoked fierce and cruel beaſts, and if that ſort of death had been a favour, they eagerly ſought and endured it with pleaſure. Such as Lawrence have conquered the agonizing pains of fire, and whilſt their body waſted away drop by drop its animal life over red hot coals, their tongue uttered reproaches in deriſion of the impotence of their judges, or with gladneſs re-iterated the praiſes of Jeſus Chriſt. Such as Clement and Agatha, have tired out their executioners; their martyrdom laſted thirty years; the moſt famous cities in the world ſerved as Theatres to their combats; the whole earth was ſprinkled with their blood, and Heaven wrought many miracles to prolong their life, and render more auguſt their triumph. But if Fortitude animated by charity has ſuſtained all theſe efforts and conquered all theſe enemies, Courage may alſo

alſo pretend therein to a good part of the glory: For it is ſhe that makes Martyrs, and though Grace is more powerful than nature, ſhe does not make ſlight of its aſſiſtance. As the ſoul and body conſpire together for the practice of virtue, ſo nature agrees with Grace to reſiſt and conquer ſin. Courage is the foundation of all fine actions, and if that generous Paſſion had not elated the heart of the primitive Chriſtians, Fortitude would not have gained ſo many illuſtrious victories. Their affinity is ſo great that they cannot ſeparately ſubſiſt. Fortitude without courage is in a languid condition, and Courage without fortitude is raſh. Virtue requires the aid of paſſion, and paſſion the conduct of virtue. Courage is the beginning of fortitude, and Fortitude is the perfection of courage; or to ſpeak more clearly, Courage is an imperfect virtue, and Fortitude an accompliſhed Paſſion.

But to arrive at this perfection, it muſt have three or four remarkable circumſtances. The firſt is, that it ſhould be accompanied with juſtice and prudence; for he that arms himſelf to ruin his country, does not deſerve the name of courageous; his deſign diſhonours his paſſion, and

and by not having made choice of a lawful end, his courage becomes criminal. Cataline may take up arms, and ſpirit his ſoldiers to battle by his example; he may be covered with blood intermingled with that of his enemies; he may die ſword in hand in the midſt of the engagement, and fury and anger may be ſeen painted on his face after death; yet, will he never paſs for a man of courage: his courage was not diſcreet, becauſe treſpaſſing againſt all the laws of Prudence, he had engaged in ſo pernicious a deſign: His courage was not temperate, becauſe he had not gained over his ſoldiers, but by gratifying their avarice or their luſt: His courage was not juſt, becauſe he had conſpired againſt his country; and this was rather a hardneſs, than greatneſs of courage, becauſe for acquiring glory, he had been guilty of parricide. The ſecond is, that the motive of courage ſhould be generous, and that the courageous man ſhould not expoſe his life on a trivial conſideration. He is well acquainted with its value, and without ſuffering himſelf to be carried away with vanity, he knows alſo that it is precious. He preſerves it with great care, and if he expoſes himſelf to danger, it muſt

muſt be on ſome adequate motive. There is a wide difference between a valiant and a deſperate man; the latter ſeeks death to deliver himſelf from his miſeries, but the former ſeeks it only to ſatisfy his duty, and content his inclination. He will not therefore run into danger to acquire a little honour; the example of raſhneſs will have no influence over his mind; he will deſpiſe all the maxims which indiſcretion and folly endeavour to give a ſanction to; but he will go where the trumpet calls him; he will throw himſelf, when he has orders for ſo doing, amidſt ſquadrons of cavalry, he will die a thouſand times over, rather than quit the poſt aſſigned him, and he will cover with his body the place he could not defend with his ſword. The third is, to make trial of his ſtrength before he attacks the enemy. Virtue is too rational to oblige us to impoſſibilities; ſhe only requires of us the things that are in our power, and in all enterprizes would have us conſider, if the means are proportioned to the ends we ſeek after. A few ages paſt nothing was held more glorious than the conqueſt of the Holy Land, and if the grandeur of Chriſtian Monarchs could receive an augmentation

from wiſhes, it ſeemed to be the univerſal deſire that they would add to their auguſt qualities, that of the Deliverers of Paleſtine. But they, who engaged in that deſign, as was verified by the event, ſhewed themſelves rather more raſh than courageous. Before ſending their fleets to ſea, they ſhould have eſtabliſhed their own ſtates in peace and tranquillity; perhaps they ſhould at firſt with a ſufficient united force have attacked the armies of the infidels, or to make a powerful diverſion, ſhould at leaſt have been able to bring over to favour them the better part of the Eaſt. Beſides all theſe conditions Chriſtian courage ought to have likewiſe two others. The firſt is humility that agrees well with greatneſs of courage, becauſe vanity, its enemy, is always accompanied with cowardice. The ſecond is the hatred of ourſelves; for he that has not ſubdued his inclinations, cannot expect to conquer voluptuous pleaſures; and he that has not made war upon his body, is not properly prepared to declare it againſt the hardſhips of painful life. Let us therefore make uſe of our fortitude againſt ourſelves, to employ it uſefully againſt our enemies, and let us riſe ſuperior to ſelf-love, if we are willing to conquer the fear of death.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF FEAR.

THERE are Paſſions, the name of which belies their nature, and which are far from being internally, what they externally ſeem to be. The name of Hope is agreeable, but its temper is violent, and it involves us in as many misfortunes as it promiſes us contentments. The name of Deſpair is odious, but its diſpoſition is rational, and we are under an obligation to it, when it perſuades us to relinquiſh the deſire of a good, which we cannot acquire. The name of courage is auguſt, and it has no ſooner ſtruck our ears than it makes our mind conceive an elevation of ſpirit, deſpiſing pain, and ſeeking death; but its inclination fierce and turbulent, if not reſtrained by prudence, engages in dangers that bring upon us many evils, and are productive of little glory. The name of fear is contemptible, and error has ſo decried that paſſion that it is taken for a mark of a baſe ſoul. But its temper is prudent, and it does not warn us of our misfortunes, but to deliver us from them. It ſeems that

nature has given us two counſelling Paſſions on the different emergencies of life, Hope and Fear. The firſt is undoubtedly the more agreeable, but the ſecond is the more faithful. The firſt flatters to deceive us, the ſecond terrifies to ſet us right. The firſt imitates thoſe ſycophant counſellors, who in all their advices, regard rather the fortune than perſon of the Prince, and who by a dangerous adulation prefer his ſatisfaction to the ſafety of his ſtate; the ſecond reſembles thoſe faithful miniſters, who lay open the wound to heal it, and create a little pain in the ſovereign, to make him acquire a great deal of glory. Laſtly, the firſt is often fruitleſs, and as the number of good things is ſmall enough, it has ſcarce any lawful occupations, and if it aſſumes one not belonging to it, it cauſes us to loſe our time and trouble; the ſecond is almoſt always buſy and active, and as the number of ills is infinite, it is never without ſomething to exerciſe it; it fetches a long ſtretch into futurity, and inveſtigates the evil that may happen, not to anticipate our wretchedneſs, an unjuſt accuſation brought againſt it, but to aſcertain our felicity, and ſeclude us from all the diſaſters that may rob us of it.

For

For Fear is a natural prudence, often reſcuing us from a danger by the apprehenſion it creates in us of its approaches. Its influence extends to all the actions of our life, and it is not leſs uſeful in religious than political concerns. If we believe the Prophane, it was * Fear that made Gods, and though there is ſome impiety in the maxim, ſome ſhadow of truth is notwithſtanding obſervable in it. For it is the fear of eternal puniſhments, that perſuaded men to appeaſe the irritated Gods; it is fear that inſtituted ſacrifices, built temples, erected altars, and immolated victims; and it is fear that keeps the Juſt to their duty, and after a crime committed, obliges them to raiſe their hands towards Heaven, and teſtify their ſorrow for it. Though Religion may pride herſelf for generoſity, and though ſome may boaſt of being gained over rather by promiſes than threats; yet it muſt be confeſſed that Fear has ſaved more delinquents than hope. It is therefore called in the ſcripture, the beginning of wiſdom, that is, the ſupport of virtue and the foundation of Piety. Crimes would become inſolent, if not

* Primus in Orbe Deos, fecit Timor. Stat.

check'd by this paſſion, and all laws would be uſeleſs, if nature had not impreſſed fear on the ſoul of the wicked. There is it graved in characters which time cannot deface. They dread the puniſhment of a ſecret tranſgreſſion, and though they know that Judges can puniſh thoſe only of which there are plain proofs, yet are they ſeized with tremors in the midſt of their friends, horrid ſpectres haunt them in their ſleep, and that faithful miniſter of God's juſtice, allows them no ſecurity in towns or in deſerts. Hence it is evident, that Nature is not intirely corrupt, ſince a horror againſt ſin, and the apprehenſion of its puniſhment, ſtill remain with her; for in whatever place the ſinner may hide himſelf, he carries fear about him, and that incorruptible Paſſion informs him, that there is a Divinity, which ſees ſecret crimes during life, and puniſhes them after death. Fear often converts libertines, and by an inconceivable miracle, perſuades them truths, they were not inclined to believe, in the view of not being obliged to dread the conſequences of their unbelief; it touches the heart of the moſt obſtinate, and of the many Chriſtians that acknowledge Jeſus Chriſt, there are few but are indebted for their love to their fear;

fear; they do not endeavour to gain heaven, but to ſecure themſelves from hell; and they do not love the goodneſs of God, but becauſe they fear his juſtice. I know that this ſentiment is far from being pure, and that a man who ſhould ſtop ſhort at Fear, would be in danger of not acquiring Charity; but it is a good deal that it opens the door of Salvation to unbelievers, and ſhews to ſinners the road of virtue.

If Fear is of utility to Religion, it is not leſs neceſſary to the ſtate, which could not ſubſiſt by rewards, if it did not terrify criminals by puniſhments. We now no longer have our exiſtence in thoſe innocent ages, when friendſhip tied the bonds of union amongſt men, and made laws unneceſſary. Then, we muſt ſuppoſe, as every one loved his neighbour as himſelf, this love muſt have baniſhed injuſtice from the earth, and there was no occaſion to prohibit vice, or recommend virtue: But ſince corruption had gradually inſinuated itſelf by artful ſlidings into Nature, and man, by loving himſelf too much, began to hate his neighbour, there was a neceſſity of having recourſe to laws, and reducing by fear, thoſe who could not be reconciled to their duty by love. Gibbets were erected

to affright the guilty; puniſhments were invented to make death more terrible, and death, the tribute due to Nature was made the chaſtiſement of ſin. The remains of innocence, an effect of fear, the inclination for good, and the averſion from evil, would have been obliterated out of the will, if this paſſion did not maintain them in it by its menaces; and all divine and human rights would have been violated, if in puniſhing criminals, it did not preſerve the innocent. In ſhort, it conſtitutes the better part of our tranquillity, and though timid in nature, all Politicians acknowledge it to be the mother of ſecurity.

I well know that the Stoics have endeavoured to diſcredit Fear, but what paſſion could ever defend itſelf againſt their calumnies? They would have love baniſhed the earth, becauſe it has made ſome immodeſt perſons; but did not conſider that love being the tye of ſociety, we ſhould ceaſe to live, if we were forbid to love. Religion is not preſerved but by Charity, which is a ſpecies of love; and God would never have made men, if he had not deſigned to make them enamoured of him. Theſe ſame Philoſophers would ſtifle deſires becauſe they cannot moderate them, and reſemble

ſemble thoſe who through deſpair put themſelves to death, to be cured of an ailment. They condemn Hope, and to perſuade us that they poſſeſs all, will hope for nothing. They are of the humorous fancy of the poor Athenian, whoſe folly ſupplying the place of wealth to him, made him quite regardleſs of making any proviſion for himſelf, becauſe he believed that all the ſhips in the port were his property. They flatter themſelves with a vain ſovereignty, which the ſage pretends to have acquired over the world, and as they imagine themſelves poſſeſſed of wiſdom, they believe all its appendages are juſtly due to them. They make a mockery of Fear, and add injurious treatment to their reaſons, to render it contemptible or ridiculous. They make it the enemy of our tranquillity, and to hear them ſpeak of that innocent paſſion, it ſhould ſeem that they paint to us a monſter, ſo horrid they make it! They ſay that it is ingenious at contriving unhappineſs for us, that it is naturally impatient, and that it does not wait till misfortune comes to make us feel it; that it has a malign foreſight, which does not penetrate into ſecrets of futurity, but to make us find in them our torment;

that

that it does not content itſelf with preſent ills, but with the view of forcing all the differences of time to conſpire to our unhappineſs; and that it calls to mind the paſt, is uneaſy at what's to come, and creates a heap of troubles beyond the cruelty of Tyrants to conceive. They add, that with an anxiety to prevent misfortunes, it takes pleaſure in accumulating them, and never gives us a picture of them, without framing it beyond its due proportions to fright us; that if it threatens us with death, it is always the moſt dreadful; if it makes us apprehenſive of a fit of ſickneſs, it is always the moſt ſevere; and if it cauſes us to expect any reverſe of fortune, it is always the moſt deplorable: So that it is found by experience, to be more inſupportable than the evil it foreſees, and that of all imaginary torments, that which it makes us ſuffer is always the moſt rigorous; whence alſo ſcarce a man is ſeen but loves rather once to die than dread death conſtantly, and prefers a violent puniſhment to a languiſhing apprehenſion.

I cannot ſay, whether the fear of the Stoics is ſo fierce, and deſperate as they repreſent it; but I am ſatisfied that there

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is a more moderate fear, and that this Paſſion in the purity of its Nature, is more uſeful than prejudicial. 'Tis true, that it goes in queſt of evil, but it is to avoid it; and ſo far from taking pleaſure in adding to it, on the contrary, it ſoftens by preventing it, and diminiſhes its rigour, by giving us notice of its coming. Do not the Stoics acknowledge with us that foreſeen blows do not ſtrike ſo ſenſibly as others, and that ſurprize in any adverſity, conſtitutes the greater part of our vexation? Why therefore do they blame foreſight in fear; why do they condemn in this paſſion what they approve of in prudence, and why do they make paſs for criminal what it retains in common with ſo noble a virtue? Nature has made us ſenſible, that ſhe did not give us fear for our torment, by making the contemplated evil, not unavoidable; for they, who have examined into its temper, confeſs that it is always accompanied by hope, and that it foreſees only great misfortunes, which it may guard againſt. If common, it is ſo generous as not to dwell on them in the way of meditation, and leaving to Flight the care of keeping at a diſtance from them, it poſſeſſes itſelf in tranquillity: If inevi-

inevitable, and even Prudence finds no means to amove them, it takes no pains to reſiſt, and knowing that uſeleſs efforts are blameable, it counſels grief to ſuffer them. But if their Nature is ſuch that they can be overcome, it fails not to give proper warning in this reſpect; and tho' Courage often encroaches on its rights, it notwithſtanding awakes and aſks aſſiſtance of it, to repel the aſſailing enemy. Who would not judge from theſe conditions but that Fear is the friend of our repoſe; that it exerts its moſt ſtrenuous endeavours for our confidence; that far from creating uneaſineſs in us, it paſſes in review our misfortunes in order to expel them, and does not ſound the alarm in our ears, but to make us victorious? 'Tis certain, there are calamities ſo great and ſo ſudden, as to throw the ſoul into diſorder, and to hinder Fear to foreſee and avoid them. The firſt, cauſe aſtoniſhment, the ſecond, reduce us to agonizing pains, and both overwhelm us with deſpair, if not promptly warded off: But as there are misfortunes which Prudence cannot divine and valour cannot conquer, we need not be ſurprized, if ſome come unawares upon fear, and force a paſſion into dejection, after triumphing

umphing over two virtues. The power of men is circumſcribed by certain limits, and though no diſaſter happens, by which they may not profit, their natural weakneſs requires the illumination of Heaven and help of Grace, to animate both Paſſion and Virtue, for making them victorious. But here it is ſufficient for us to know that Fear is not uſeleſs, and there remains to be conſidered what vices it may favour in its diſorder, and what virtues it may adopt in its good uſe.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE ILL USE OF FEAR.

THE Nature of Man being diſordered, and ſtanding in need of Grace, to recover its loſt innocence, it may be no matter of aſtoniſhment, if the Paſſions deſtitute of the aſſiſtance of virtue, ſhould become criminal, and if by their own inclination they ſhould degenerate into ſome vices. Effects always correſpond to their cauſes; fruits partake of the nature of the tree that bears them, and men quite free as they are, derive a ſort of temperament from the ſun that enlightens, and the earth

earth that feeds them. Whatever care is taken to amend their faults, ſome veſtiges of them will ſtill remain, and education is never ſo powerful as to work a thorough change in Nature. This appears evidently in Fear. Its propenſity to diſorder is ſo great, that it is extremely difficult to lay it under reſtraint, and its diſpoſition leans ſo much to levity, that it oftener embraces the party of vice than of virtue. It is ſo inconſtant, that it produces effects rather contrary than different, and aſſumes ſo many different ſhapes, as not to be known without difficulty. Sometimes it deprives us of ſtrength and reduces us to a quite defenceleſs ſtate. Sometimes it diffuſes a chill through all our limbs, and attracting the blood to the heart, paints the viſage with a lively image of death. Sometimes it robs us of ſpeech, and leaves us nought but ſobs and ſighs to implore the aſſiſtance of our friends. Sometimes it wings our feet, and makes us conquer by ſwiftneſs thoſe that exceed us in courage. Sometimes it imitates Deſpair, and repreſents the danger ſo dreadful on all ſides, that it makes us reſolve on changing a ſhameful flight into an honourable reſiſtance. Sometimes it is ſo imprudent, that thinking

ing to fly from an evil, it runs to precipitate itſelf into it, and frequently alſo by an extreme oddity in temper, engages in certain death to avoid one that is doubtful.

If its effects are extravagant, its inclinations are not more reaſonable, and if it be not guided by Prudence, it eaſily degenerates into Hatred, Deſpair, or Indolence. We love but very little that which we fear, and as love is ſo free, that it cannot bear reſtraint, ſo alſo it is ſo noble, that it cannot endure an outrage. All that diſmays, irritates it; when it perceives an intention for ſubduing it by violence, it changes into averſion, and converts all its ſweetneſs into indignation. Hence it happens, that Tyrants have no friends; for being obliged to make themſelves feared, they cannot make themſelves to be loved, and their government being founded on rigour, they cannot produce love: Thoſe even that approach, hate them; the praiſes given them are falſe, and of the many paſſions they endeavour to excite in their minds, none but Fear and Hatred are real. Seeing therefore that the unhappineſs of their condition obliges them to cruelty, they renounce love, and become regardleſs of being hated, provided they can make

make themſelves feared. God is the only who can harmonize theſe two Paſſions, and who knows to make himſelf feared by thoſe that love him, and loved by thoſe that fear him; though indeed in ſome meaſure perfect charity baniſhes fear, and they that love God moſt, are they that fear him leaſt. But though it be an uſual thing with this paſſion to convert itſelf into Hatred, it is not always permitted to do ſo, and this change is a mark of its bad diſpoſition. There are perſons whom we ought to fear, and whom we cannot hate. Their grandeur obliges us to reſpect, and their juſtice forbids us hatred. That Majeſty which ſurrounds them is productive of Fear, but the protection we receive from it ought to inſpire Love; whence the bent towards hatred, is a diſorder in Fear, and it is making an ill uſe of that Paſſion, to follow its unreaſonable inclination.

It changes likewiſe eaſily into Deſpair, and though proceeding, by different routes, it throws itſelf down the ſame precipice; for it paints dangers to Hope in ſuch frightful colours, that it makes her quite diſpirited; and that generous Paſſion ſuffers herſelf to be ſo perſuaded by her enemy, that deſerting the Good ſhe ſought, both be-

become converted into an infamous cowardice. But of all the maſters produced by Fear, not one is more dangerous than Indolence; for though this vice is not ſo active as others, its baſe nature not permitting it to form great deſigns againſt virtue, yet it is culpable of all the injurious treatment ſhe meets with, and ſeems to bear a part in all the counſels that conſpire againſt her deſtruction. It is ſo averſe from labour, that it cannot endure innocence, becauſe acted by the ſpirit of induſtry; and it may be ſaid that if it is not the moſt violent of its enemies, it is the moſt dangerous and obſtinate. It is creative of all the vices that lurk in the ſhade, in order to deſtroy which nothing more is wanting than to deal a mortal blow againſt this, their Father. He it is, that adminiſters fuel to impudicity, and Love would have no vigour, if it was not collected from his infamous repoſe. He it is, that pampers voluptuouſneſs, and for its amuſement furniſhes out for it a variety of ſhameful divertiſements. He it is, that authorizes cowardice, and deters men from thoſe glorious labours that render them illuſtrious. He it is, in fine, that deſtroys ſtates, corrupts manners, baniſhes virtues, and pro-

duces all vices: Yet he affects a venerable name, and to colour his lazineſs, procures himſelf to be called an honeſt Leiſure. But certainly, there is a vaſt difference between the quiet of philoſophic contemplation, and the idleneſs of the voluptuous. Philoſophers are always in action; they are moſt buſy, when ſeemingly doing nothing, and when thought to be uſeleſs, they oblige the world with their labours. They make panegyrics on virtue; they compoſe invectives againſt vice; they diſcover the ſecrets of nature, and they deſcribe the perfections of its great Author. But theſe are always ſtrenuouſly inert; if their mind labours, it is for the ſervice of their body; if they ſequeſter themſelves from the noiſe and hurry of the world, it is to reliſh pleaſure in greater liberty, and if they ſeclude themſelves the company of men, it is to enjoy that of abandoned women. Theſe wretches may be well acquainted with the art of ſecreting themſelves, but are not with the proper deſigns of life; their palaces are their ſepulchres, and their uſeleſs reſt is a ſhameful death. The leiſure of all men of integrity ought to be rational, and they ſhould not live retired in ſolitude, but when they cannot

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be of further ſervice to the ſtate; they ſhould leave the world, and not abandon it; they ſhould remember they make a part of it, and that wherever they retire, the Public have ſtill a right to their perſons. Thoſe are not ſolitary, but rather ſavage, who quit Society becauſe they cannot endure it; who fly from the Court, becauſe they cannot ſee there the proſperity of their enemies, or bury themſelves in obſcurity, as unable to behold the luſtre of virtue. Reſt, to be laudable, ought to have a juſt motive, and that which is unaccompanied by occupation or ſtudy, is the grave of a living man. Now Fear, by a natural inclination, transforms itſelf into that infamous vice, and droops in indolence, if it feels no ſpur to rouze its apprehenſions; it dreads labour, and excuſing itſelf on a ſtate of debility, perſuades itſelf that there is no exerciſe but ſurpaſſes its ſtrength. It imagines difficulties in the eaſieſt things, and to rid itſelf of an honeſt occupation, makes it paſs for a puniſhment. Every thing ſeems to fill it full of apprehenſions, and the * Scripture that aptly deſcribes the diſpoſition of the

* Prov. c. 18, 26.

ſluggard and timid, tells us, that when pretexts are wanting to them for ſelf-indulgence, they ſeek after them in the foreſts, and figure to themſelves that Lions will ſcout out of their dens to ſurprize them on the road. Fear, in fine, never ſeparates timidity from ſluggiſhneſs, and knowing the great affinity between theſe two vices, it makes but one and the ſame pourtrait of them, and paints them with the ſame colours.

To all theſe faults Imprudence may likewiſe be added, which is ſcarce leſs natural to Fear than Indolence. Though Nature's intention was to make Fear ſerviceable to Prudence, and to prevent by its cares the ills that threaten us; yet it happens by a ſtrange fatality, that what ought to deliver us from danger, engages us in it, and that the Paſſion which ought to give advice, hinders our taking any. Reaſon would have us enter into a conſultation with ourſelves, as often as any important affair may occur the ſucceſs of which does not abſolutely depend on our power, and the ills Fear conſiders being of that Nature, it ſeems it ſhould have induced us to deliberate maturely, and to ſeek the means for defending ourſelves againſt the attacks of

of our enemies: Yet, does it throw ſo much confuſion into our mind, that it makes us incapable of conſulting, and repreſents the dangers with ſo dreadful an aſpect, that baniſhing prudence, it caſts us into deſpair. Thus, by two contrary effects, it obliges us to aſk advice, and does not permit us to receive it; it makes us very ſenſible of our indigence, and does not allow us to ſeek out its remedy. We muſt therefore be cautious in regard to the uſe that ſhould be made of ſo ſtrange a paſſion, which contrary to the deſign of nature, offers us light to diſcover future ills, and refuſes it to us to avert them. Prudence will correct this fault, and the following Chapter will inform us of the addreſs to be uſed for treating properly with Fear.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE GOOD USE OF FEAR.

WE muſt not find it ſtrange, that Paſſion ſhould become criminal, being of itſelf indifferent; neither ought we to complain of its being ſituate in the

proximity of vice, virtue herſelf being conſtantly beſieged by that enemy: For all morality acknowledges that there is no virtue but is compaſſed round with ſins, and on both ſides either threatned or aſſailed by two enemies. Clemency, which may be called the ornament of Princes and the felicity of States, is in the midſt of indulgence and ſeverity: By turning ever ſo little out of the ſtrait road, ſhe meets with one of theſe two monſters, and taking one or other of their qualities, loſes unhappily all her own. Courage or valour that animates conquerors to glorious enterprizes, is placed between raſhneſs and cowardice; if ſhe indiſcreetly expoſes herſelf, ſhe becomes raſh, and if over careful of herſelf, ſhe is ſuſpected of a daſtardly ſpirit. Liberality that wins hearts, is lodged between avarice and profuſion; if ſhe acts the œconomiſt in her ſubſtance with a more ſparing hand than decency will admit of, ſhe is accuſed of being covetous, and if ſhe laviſhes the ſame indiſcreetly, ſhe is blamed for being prodigal. But the Paſſions ſeem to me to be ſomewhat more happily ſituated; for if they have a vice to attack them, they have a virtue to defend them, and if they may be criminal, they may become alſo innocent. This appears

appears evidently in Fear, which being obedient to indolence and deſpair, may ſhew a like ſubmiſſion to prudence and ſhame, and by the inſtructions of theſe two virtues may be conducive to the preſervation of all others.

Though fear may be ſubject to take umbrage, and though the evils it apprehends or diſcovers may fill it with terrors, yet ſo great is its affinity with prudence, that by a little help, it may eaſily paſs into its nature. The principal employment of this virtue in the opinion of all Philoſophers, is to conſider things paſt, to regulate the preſent, and to foreſee the future. But that which is to come employs more its attention, than what is preſent and paſt: for beſides that the preſent is but a moment, and cannot include but a ſmall number of accidents, it is ſo perceptible, that one need only to have eyes to judge of it; the paſt is no longer in our power, and all the wiſdom of the world can claim no juriſdiction over it; there is no difficulty in knowing it, and memory, if not treacherous, repreſents to us the events it has produced; but futurity is as doubtful as it is occult; it is ſurrounded with darkneſs which cannot be diſſipated; it brings along

with it a prodigious ſeries of adventures, cauſing a thouſand changes in perſons and in ſtates; and being the principal object of Prudence, ſhe contemplates the other differences of time with no other view than to judge of this; ſhe does not ſtudy what is paſt but to know what is to come, and does not put in order the preſent but to be aſſured of the future. Upon this account it is, that great Philoſophers have believed Prudence to be a divine virtue; that the event of affairs cannot be conſulted without the aſſiſtance of heaven, and that to be a good Counſellor, one ſhould be a true Prophet. But Fear partakes of the nature of Prudence; for though it remembers paſt misfortunes and is attentive to the preſent, it is, however, particularly converſant with the future, and employs all its addreſs to amove or reſiſt them. 'Tis true, it implores the help of hope, that armed by its incentives to courage, it may defeat its enemies; but herein it is more like prudence, which after foreſeeing the danger, makes uſe of the valour of ſoldiers to repel it: For men are not ſo happy as to poſſeſs conjointly theſe two virtues, which, indeed, require different conſtitutions, and though they mutually aſſiſt each

each other, they ſeem to have proteſted ſcarce ever to meet in the ſame perſon. Prudence is the portion of thoſe old men who have grown hoary in buſineſs, and have ſpent their lives in obſerving the temper of people, the revolutions of ſtates, and the various ſhiftings of Fortune. Valour, on the contrary, is the portion of the younger, who having more vigour than experience, are fitter for executing than deliberating, and ſucceed much better in battle than in council. It belongs only to the Eternal Word to be altogether the Wiſdom and Power, the Arm and the Idea of his Father; but in Creatures theſe qualities are ſeparate, and he who has much ſtrength, has not often much knowledge to pride himſelf in. Heaven muſt work a miracle to produce a coalition of theſe incompatible advantages, and it would be almoſt as difficult to procure an agreement between fire and ſnow, as to unite prudence with ſtrength. It muſt therefore be acknowledged, that as Fear is more provident than generous, it has alſo more light than heat, and is much fitter for deliberating than fighting. It ſtands likewiſe accuſed of always conſidering things on the worſe ſide, and making evils

evils greater than they are in fact. 'Tis ſaid to reſemble thoſe daſtardly Spies, whom Moſes ſent to diſcover Paleſtine, and whoſe lying reports had like to deter the Jewiſh People from ſo noble a conqueſt. It ſwells an atom into a mountain; every beaſt ſeems to it a monſter, and it ſees no danger but what it judges to be inevitable. 'Tis true, it always takes the worſt ſide, and in order to prevent deception, figures to itſelf evil with all its extremities; but in this reſpect, indeed, it is very conformable to prudence, which never conſults futurity, without obſerving in it all the dangers that may happen, and without preparing a ſufficient force of oppoſing all inimical attacks. It does not conſider only what is doing, but all that can be done; when it ſees a misfortune coming, it wants to know its progreſs, and it makes itſelf a little uneaſy, to procure a certain quiet. The Stoics do not find a better expedient to guard againſt a peril that threatens, than to fancy that it will happen, and to oppoſe it in mind, to ſurmount it in fact; ſo that, in the opinion even of our enemies, Prudence has no other maxims than Fear, and the faithful ſlave has no other motions than thoſe of its miſtreſs.

'Tis

'Tis true, that as Fear is ſituate in the neighbourhood of the ſenſes, and reſides in that part of the ſoul where ſtorms are formed, it feels always ſome trouble, and ſcarce ever hazards a judgment that is not accompanied with emotion; but the Mind may eaſily undeceive it, and by the brightneſs of its fire, diſſipate all thoſe clouds of ſmoke that riſe from the imagination; it will oblige it to take a diſtinct view of the objects of its terror, and will inſpire confidence by bringing it to a cloſer view of the cauſe of its aſtoniſhment; it will take away from puniſhments that pomp and apparatus which make them terrible, and from grief the plaintive ſtrains that render it eloquent; it will inform that under theſe ſeductive appearances, there is but one common death, which children have ſuffered, which ſoldiers have conquered, and which ſlaves have deſpiſed. The moſt pompous torments are not always the moſt violent; a ſuppreſſion of urine is more painful than breaking on the wheel; a gouty perſon ſuffers more in his bed than a criminal on the rack, and a man whoſe head is ſtruck off does not ſuffer ſo much as he that dies of a fever. 'Tis therefore the buſineſs of the mind to perſuade

perſuade Fear, that all the things that terrify are not thoſe that hurt us; that famous ills are not the moſt ſenſible, and that they who appear conſigned over to the gloom of melancholy, feel commonly the ſharpeſt pangs of anguiſh. Thus will Fear be buoyed up againſt afflicting proſpects, and ſubmitting to be guided by Reaſon, will reſerve only of its apprehenſions, whatever is neceſſary to keep it from ſurprize.

But if Fear be ſerviceable to us for oppoſing vice, it may be alſo employed for the defence of virtue, and this, it ſeems, is the principal uſe Nature has deſigned it for: For ſhame is nothing elſe than the fear of infamy, and this innocent paſſion is the protectreſs of all virtues. To it, Judges owe their integrity, ſoldiers their courage, women their chaſtity. By its cares piety is preſerved, and all muſt confeſs that there is not a more agreeable nor more uſeful affection in our ſoul than ſhame. Being under ſo many obligations to it, it is very proper to become acquainted with it, and give it the honour it deſerves. It wears the colour of virtue, and that redneſs, thoſe bluſhes it ſpreads on the face, are marks of its innocence:

But

But it is ſo delicate that the leaſt thing in the world may ſpoil it; it reſembles thoſe newly gathered fruits, whoſe bloom is deſtroyed the moment they are touched; it alſo helps to deſtroy itſelf; praiſes are offenſive to it, and women come to loſe it, by reproaching them with it. If it be eaſy to loſe, it is not leſs difficult to recover it; for tho' meek, it is haughty, and when once baniſhed, it is very hard to make it return. Hope ſucceeds often Deſpair, Joy takes the place Sadneſs had occupied, and ſometimes Hatred is converted into Love, but Shame never appears on a face, whence it has been driven by inſolence and effrontery. This Paſſion likewiſe being the Companion of purity, retains much of its diſpoſition, and the loſs of either is irreparable. It is ſo averſe from ſin that it cannot endure its preſence; its name makes it bluſh, and it ſummons all the blood of the heart to its aſſiſtance, to defend itſelf againſt that enemy. But it is never more powerful than when it fights for Virtue; for it makes ſo many and ſuch ſtrenuous exertions in her favour, that it always procures for her glorious victories. It obliges all the Paſſions to aſſiſt her. It paints crimes to them in ſuch frightful colours, that it rouzes their hatred and indignation againſt

againſt them; and repreſents innocence to them with ſuch engaging charms that it encreaſes their love of its beauties. It awakes Hope, animates Courage, irritates Deſire, and chafes Anger; ſo that it is a paſſion, infuſing itſelf, as it were, into all others, and ſupplying them with new ſtrength for ſupporting the intereſts of virtue. Though timid, it encourages military men, who are not valiant but becauſe they are ſhameful, and who do not deſpiſe danger but becauſe they dread infamy. One Fear expels another, and thoſe that do not yield to valour ſuffer themſelves to be conquered by ſhame. Though indulgent, it makes Judges ſevere, and when endeavours are uſed to corrupt them by preſents, or terrify them by menaces, it keeps them to their duty by the fear of diſhonour. Though weak, it makes women courageous, and whilſt it makes their cheeks to glow with bluſhes, it ſheds a ſecret virtue on their heart, which cauſes them to triumph over thoſe dangerous enemies that meditate their ruin. This ſex has no other force than that which it borrows from this innocent Paſſion; its ſecurity is from the fear of infamy, and whoever ſhould rob it of that defence, would

would eaſily rob it of all its other advantages: Even Nature, which is very ſenſible, that the ſex is as much enamoured of beauty as of virtue, has perſuaded it that ſhame makes it more agreeable: and indeed, ſhamefacedneſs is an innocent paint; women never appear more beautiful than when they are really modeſt, and there is no face, how agreeable ſoever, but receives a new luſtre from that innocent redneſs which accompanies Shame. It is ſo valuable an acquiſition to virtue, that a good opinion is always had of modeſt perſons, and it defends the intereſts of Reaſon with ſuch ardour, that its empire would have been already ruined, if this paſſion was baniſhed the earth.

For experience teaches us that there are more men that abſtain from ſin through ſhame than duty, and that the fear of infamy has a much more extenſive influence over their minds than the love of innocence. Wherefore the Devil, well knowing that this Paſſion is contrary to his deſigns, and that to deſtroy it in us, our Nature muſt be alſo, as it were, deſtroyed, endeavours to perſuade us that virtue is criminal; and that becoming infamous in our opinion, Shame that conſtantly defends,

muſt

be obliged to abandon her: He believed that it was eaſier to deprive virtue of her eſtimation, than innocence of ſhame. Not being able to corrupt the latter, he endeavoured to deceive her, and to make her ſet aſide the averſion ſhe had for ſin, made her believe that ſin was glorious. This error has taken ſuch large ſtrides through the world, and engroſſed ſo many hearts, that there are now infamous virtues and honourable vices. Revenge paſſes for greatneſs of courage, and forgetfulneſs of injuries for cowardice; ambition is illuſtrious, and becauſe annexed to crowns pretends to be no longer ſhameful; modeſty and humility are deſpiſed, and for ſeeking ſolitude and ſilence, have loſt all their glory; obſtinacy in criminal purſuits is a mark of a man of genius and fine accompliſhments; Penitence and change of life is a proof of weakneſs. Thus are all things confounded, and ſhame ſuffering itſelf to be ſeduced by opinion, embraces, without thinking on it, the party of vice, and deſerts that of virtue. The wicked, who kept themſelves concealed, now produce themſelves on the theatre of the world, and loſing confuſion, the only good that remained to them of all their diſorders, become

come inſolent, and ſeem to glory in their crimes. The way to ſalvation they have ſhut up againſt themſelves, and ſince they have given honourable titles to infamous things, there can be no longer any hopes that ſhame will convert them, nor that the principle which ſtimulated them to honour, will reduce them to their duty. To avoid this misfortune, we muſt endeavour to undeceive that innocent paſſion, and by giving to each object the name it deſerves, withdraw it from the errour it imprudently fell into. We muſt properly inform it, that every thing that is famous, is not virtuous, and that all which is ſhy and baſhful, is not criminal. We muſt perſuade it that the moſt humble virtues are the moſt uſeful, and that the moſt honourable vices are the moſt dangerous. With theſe good maxims it will return to the party of innocence, and ſorry for having ſuffered itſelf to be deceived, will purſue its enemies with ſo much the more ardour, as its hatred encreaſes by their frauds, and in defending the intereſts of virtue, will ſtill have power to be revenged for its own particular injuries.

BOOK V.

OF ANGER.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF ANGER.

THE Connections of Virtues are ſo intimate, that they cannot be ſeparated without doing violence to them: They often alſo intermingle, and theſe noble habitudes are confounded, to compoſe one only. Clemency that conſtitutes the felicity of the reign of Princes, borrows her beauties from two or three of her companions: She is indebted for her demeanour to Prudence, for her mildneſs to Mercy, and for her glory to Generoſity. Valour that makes conquerors triumph, holds all its riches from the liberality of other virtues, and whoever ſhould deprive her of the grandeur ſhe derives from Magnanimity, the addreſs ſhe takes from Diſcretion, and

and the moderation ſhe receives from Juſtice, would leave nothing with her but a vain ſhadow of all her real greatneſs. Though ſo good an intelligence does not ſubſiſt between the Paſſions as between Virtues, yet there are ſome that never deſert one another, and even ſome others that live only by borrowing, and would be poor, if they had paid their debts. Hope is of this number, for ſhe has no ſubſtantial wealth but what is given her, and if deſire that incites, fear that reſtrains, and boldneſs that animates, were to forſake her, nothing more than a name would remain to her portion. Anger is of the ſame condition. Though it makes ſo much noiſe, it has all its ſtrength from its conſtituent Paſſions, and it ſeems not to be courageous but becauſe it is well accompanied. It never riſes in our Soul, unleſs called upon by vexation, pain, or grief; it does not ſeek ſatisfaction for the injuries done it, unleſs ſolicited by deſire, provoked by hope, and incited by courage; for he who is irritated, promiſes himſelf revenge of his enemy; but when ſo weak that he cannot hope for it, his anger changes into grief, and having no longer the paſſions

that kept and ſpirited it up, it loſes its name and nature.

Hence it is eaſy to conclude, that Anger is nothing elſe than a motion of the ſenſitive appetite, which ſeeks revenge for ſome injury. Ariſtotle therefore believed it to be reaſonable, and that even amidſt its impetuous ſallies, it had ſome ſhadow of juſtice. In fact, it never betrays emotion, without imagining it has received ſome diſguſt, and it does not arm itſelf but to be revenged of the injuries done it. In this it is leſs criminal than Hatred, which wiſhes real and ſubſtantial evil to its enemy, and without ſeeking a pretext or excuſe for its fury, endeavours to deſtroy the perſon it perſecutes; but Anger deſires only for its object the puniſhment of its crime, and does not conſider revenge as an unreaſonable exceſs, but as a juſt chaſtiſement. The former is ſcarce ever appeaſed, exerciſing its cruelty on the innocent, perſecuting dead the in their graves; and if we believe the Poets, deſcending into hell to torment there the damned, and aſcending into heaven, if it could, to afflict there the happy: But the latter is ſatisfied when it has obtained revenge; and when it believes that the puniſhment

niſhment equals or ſurpaſſes the injury, it becomes pacified, and by a providence of nature, is converted into mercy; it ſpares the juſt, and even when criminals are reduced to wretchedneſs, it loſes the deſire of revenge. It muſt, however, be confeſſed, that by reſiſtance it becomes more implacable, and when it conquers its enemies, it finds pleaſure in their defeat; but it does not ſeek after that infamous pleaſure Tyrants found in the death of their ſubjects; for they ſought not ſo much to be revenged of an injury, as to gratify their brutal cruelty, and in the puniſhment of the innocent, they were influenced more by the agitations of rage than the emotions of anger. All Philoſophers, notwithſtanding, have entertained ſo good an opinion of this paſſion, that Ariſtotle is perſuaded that it always takes the part of reaſon againſt vice; that it is Anger which incites us to illuſtrious actions, and that the noble enterprizes of Princes are not leſs its effects than thoſe of virtue. He believed that all the diſorders of our ſoul, inſtrumental to voluptuouſneſs, cannot be ſubdued but by anger, and that the concupiſcible appetite would pervert reaſon, if not reſiſted by the iraſcible: It ſeems, to hear him ſpeak,

that all great men are choleric; that this paſſion is not only the mark of a good diſpoſition, but that of xcellent courage; and that the mind can conceive nothing generous, without ſome degree of irritation.

I believe with him that this ſentiment of our ſoul may be uſefully employed in the ſervice of virtue, when moderated by Reaſon and Religion; and indeed, it ſtands more in need of their guidance than any thing elſe. Being extremely violent, it cauſes great diſorders, if not carefully repreſſed; for whatever inclination it may have for good, it is too prompt to be inſtantaneouſly corrected; and though it teſtifies a love for juſtice and reaſon, it is too impetuous to be in itſelf juſt or reaſonable. We ſhould be undone, if Anger was as obſtinate as it is ſudden, and the Earth would be no more than a ſolitude, if its duration equalled its heat. Nature could not make better appear to us the care ſhe has of our preſervation, than by fixing narrow bounds to the fierceſt of our Paſſions; and as the love ſhe bears us, has obliged her to make monſters barren, and give a ſhort life to the moſt furious beaſts; ſo, ſhe found it incumbent on her to annex

nex brevity to Anger, allowing ſo dangerous a Paſſion but a very ſhort term. Still Anger cauſes great miſchiefs in the little time it laſts; it employs to ſome purpoſe the moments nature has aſſigned it, and in a few hours commits ſtrange ravages. Beſides raiſing perturbations in the mind of man, it alters his colour, and ſeems to ſport with his blood, ſometimes drawing it to his heart, ſometimes throwing it out on his face; it makes his eyes to flaſh with flames, it puts menaces into his mouth, and arms his hands with all the weapons that lie in his way. Much ſtranger things does it produce in the world, having thouſands of times changed its face ſince its origin: There is no Province wherein it has not cauſed devaſtation, and there is no Kingdom but ſtill may have reaſon to weep for its violence. The ruins that formerly were the foundations of ſome ſuperb city, are the melancholy remains of Anger's efforts. The Monarchies which formerly governed the whole earth, and now no longer known but by hiſtory, do not vent complaints ſo much againſt Fortune as Anger. Many great Princes, whoſe pride lies crumbled with the duſt, ſeem to fetch heavy ſighs from their tombs, accuſing

Anger for the loſs of their lives and deſolation of their ſtates: Some of them have been aſſaſſinated in their beds; others, as victims, have been immolated before altars; Some unfortunately ended their days in the midſt of their armies, and the many ſoldiers that fenced them round, could not guard them againſt death; others have loſt their lives on their thrones, and the pomp that is thought to ſpread the luſtre of awful Majeſty on the brow of Kings, was not able to ſtrike terror into the hearts of their murderers: Some have ſeen their own children lay violent hands on their perſons; others have ſeen their blood ſhed by the hands of their ſlaves: But without complaining of their atrocious deeds, they complain only of Anger, and forgetful of all their private diſaſters condemn only that Paſſion, their fruitful and unhappy ſource.

Their complaints, indeed, are very juſt, as with due reflection it may appear, that of all the diſorders of our Soul, not one is more ſavage or irrational. Whence it cannot well be accounted for, why Ariſtotle imagined it was ſerviceable to Reaſon, and always followed its motions, unleſs his deſign was to inform us, that this Paſſion

more

more ambitious than others, would fain appear rational in its exceſs, and by an execrable attempt oblige Reaſon, its Sovereign to defend the injuſt acts of its ſlave: For it always endeavours to excuſe its crimes, and though it ſheds human blood, though it immolates innocent victims, though it batters down whole cities, burying the inhabitants under their ruins, yet would it have itſelf believed to be rational. Often does it acknowledge the vanity of its reſentments, nevertheleſs it perſeveres without reaſon, leſt it ſhould be imagined it began without a cauſe. Its injuſtice makes it obſtinate, it caches fire deſignedly, it would have its exceſs appear to be a proof of its juſtice, and all the world imagine, that it puniſhed juſtly its enemies, becauſe it puniſhed them ſeverely. This is what it borrows from Reaſon, and what it contains in a greater degree of inſolency than the other paſſions, which are blind in their irregularity, and do not offend their Sovereign, but becauſe they do not know her authority; but Anger makes an impudent abuſe of it, and by a ſtrange tyranny employs it to excuſe its own crimes, after making it a party in committing them.

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I therefore find that Seneca had great reaſon in ſaying, that Anger is more criminal than the vices themſelves, and that it commits injuſtices of which they are not guilty. Avarice amaſſes wealth, and Anger diſſipates it: The one injures only itſelf, and obliges the ſucceeding heirs; but the other does harm to every one, and as if it were a public nuiſance or plague, foments diviſions in families, divorce in marriages, and war in ſtates. Impudicity ſeeks an infamous pleaſure, but hurtful only to the guilty; and Anger ſeeks an unjuſt pleaſure, of ſingular prejudice to the innocent. Envy, though of a very malignant nature, is contented with wiſhing evil to another, leaving its execution and the accompliſhment of its deſires to Fortune; but Anger, impatient as it is, cannot wait for the act of that blind Power, and anticipating its rigour, takes pleaſure in making wretches. Anger, in fine, is the cauſe of all ills, and no crimes are committed, of which it is not guilty. Nothing is more fatal than feuds and animoſities; 'tis Anger that foments them: Nothing is more cruel than murder; 'tis Anger that counſels it: Nothing is more melancholy than war; it is Anger that kindles it. It ſtifles all other paſſions when it reigns

reigns in a Soul, and is ſo abſolute in its tyranny that it converts love into hatred, and pity into rage; for there have been inſtances of Lovers, who in the exceſs of their anger, buried in their own boſoms the ſame dagger, which they had juſt plunged into that of their miſtreſſes, and committed two real murders, to revenge an imaginary injury. Miſers have been ſeen to betray their inclinations, to content their anger, and to caſt all their riches into water or flames, to obey its impetuoſity. Some ambitious perſons have been found to refuſe the honours they were complimented with, and to trample ſcornfully on diadems, becauſe Anger engroſſing their ſoul, had expunged in it the deſires of glory.

Notwithſtanding its being ſo pernicious, there is no paſſion more common, and it ſeems that Nature, to puniſh us for all our crimes, deſigned, that as a vengeful fury, it ſhould perſecute all men. We know of no nation that does not feel the effects of its rage, and of the many people, differing in cuſtoms, modes of apparel, and languages, none have been yet found exempt from that cruel paſſion. Whole nations have been ſeen to guard againſt Luxury by a voluntary choice of poverty,

poverty, and to preſerve their innocence, by a peremptory renunciation of the knowledge of riches. Some, in order to have no fixt abodes, keep themſelves in perpetual motion, and baniſh the eaſe of indolent life, to prevent being acquainted with the art of conſtructing houſes. Some are ſeen to wander about naked, ſtill untractable, either from ſhame or neceſſity, to learn how to clothe themſelves. Some we ſee, as poſſeſſing every thing in common, quite regardleſs of aſſuming to themſelves any particular part, and having not yet forfeited all natural purity, are ſtrangers to the injuſtice Avarice occaſions among us: But none have yet been found free from Anger; it reigns equally among civilized People and Barbarians; it commands in all parts of the Earth, and adopts bows and arrows for the purpoſes of revenge, where it has not yet introduced the uſe of ſwords and muſkets.

Never has there been an inſtance obſerved that one and the ſame paſſion has kept in agitations an intire Province, or drawn to it the attention of a whole army. Love never, though the maſter of Paſſions, was able to make an intire city enamoured of the ſame woman. Helen had

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but a ſmall number of Lovers, and of the many Chieftains that fought for her during the Siege of Troy, none but her Adulterer and Huſband were captivated with her beauty. - Avarice does not make all men ſordid, and if ſome amaſs riches, others are equally intent on ſquandering them away. Even Ambition does not belabour all men indiſcriminately; if ſome are eager in the purſuit of honours, others fly from them; if ſome are glad to produce themſelves in public life, others prefer keeping themſelves private; and among the many guilty of crimes, we always meet with ſome innocent; Envy is not a public calamity, and if virtue has enemies, ſhe has alſo admirers; But Anger is a contagion that ſpreads in a moment through a whole city; an harangue has armed the hands of an intire people, and men, women, and children, all together, have been ſeen agitated by that paſſion, putting their fellow-Citizens to death, or declaring war againſt their enemies; ſubjects have revolted againſt their Prince, ſoldiers have conſpired againſt their Chiefs, the People have riſen againſt the Nobility, Children againſt their Parents, and all the rights of Nature

Nature have been violated at the ſolicitation of Anger.

But what is worſt in ſo ſtrange an evil, is that it takes its riſe from all things; for though ſo great as to ſpread like a conflagration, but a ſpark is wanting to kindle it. So eaſily is it moved, that often what ſhould appeaſe, irritates it, and what might ſatisfy, offends it. The negligence of a ſervant enrages it, the liberty of a friend throws it into deſpair, and the raillery of an enemy puſhes it forward to fight. Amidſt all theſe deſtructive effects ſtill Anger would be ſupportable, if it would be adviſed; but ſuch is its violence even in its birth, that it is incapable to receive the advice given it; for it does not grow ſucceſſively as other paſſions; its progreſs is not with time, it does not want months to to ſtrike root in the heart, a moment is enough for its formation, its pace is not ſlow as that of envy or melancholy; when it begins, it has all its ſtrength; when in its birth, it has already its full growth; and if other paſſions in their heat drive along our ſpirits, this in its fury throws them headlong. Being ſo rapid we need not be ſurprized, if it is alſo inconſiderate, and if, to be revenged of an injury, it expoſes

poſes life to danger; for it liſtens only to its own deſires, it follows only its own motions, and will know no other laws but thoſe of its violence. It never attacks an enemy without diſcovering itſelf, and never deals about its blows upon him without expoſing itſelf to receive more dangerous; it loſes victory, by purſuing it with too much ardour, and falls into its enemy's hands, by not having him in its own. Now, as all theſe ill qualities make it evidently appear to us, how eaſy it is to abuſe anger, and how difficult it is to make a good uſe of it, we ſhall keep to our preſcribed order, and aſſign the two remaining Chapters, for pointing out the vices and virtues, it may ſide with; but after all it muſt be confeſſed that ſo violent a Paſſion is little obedient to Reaſon, and that if Religion does not powerfully aid us to reſiſt it, we ſhall find great difficulty in conquering it.

CHAP.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE ILL USE OF ANGER.

ANGER being nothing elſe than a natural Revenge, and both arrogating to themſelves magnanimity, there cannot be a better way of diſcovering their ill uſe, than to ſhew their injuſtice and baſeneſs. Moſt men do not perſevere in their diſorders but becauſe they ſet a value upon them, and they that are irritated retain the deſire of revenge on no other account but becauſe they judge it rational. The unchaſte excuſe themſelves on their weakneſs, but if they were not blind to their indiſcretions, they could not approve a ſin condemned by Reaſon and Nature. The envious and calumniators ſeek pretexts to palliate their lies, and conſcious to themſelves that their crimes are accompanied with baſeneſs, artfully diſguiſe and endeavour to give them ſome colour of juſtice. But Revenge and Anger pride themſelves in their violence, believing Reaſon to be their ground-work; and they manifeſt great inſolence, perſuaded that all their exceſſes are equally juſt and courageous:

rageous: Yet they contain nothing of what they imagine they do, and of all the mouvements of our ſoul, none are more unjuſt and baſe. Anger is ſuppoſed to be generous becauſe common to the Great; and noble, as taking up its reſidence in the heart of Sovereigns; but Anger, indeed, is not ſo much a proof of their grandeur, as it is of their weakneſs. If voluptuouſneſs had not ſoftened them into effeminacy, if the vanity that attends on good ſucceſs, had not made them ſenſible of the leaſt injury, they would not ſo eaſily flaſh into indignant emotions, but rather would deſpiſe contumely, knowing that their elevated rank and ſtation raiſe them above ſtorms, and keep them ſecure againſt the impotent attacks of thoſe that ſtrive to offend them: But the ſervility they require of their ſubjects, and the ſhameful deference they would have paid to all their deſires, is the cauſe that an honeſt liberty irritates them. They take good advice for contempt, and reaſonable counſels for enterprizes againſt their authority; they cannot endure the words of truth, and Fortune has made them ſo nice and punctilious, that ſuſpicions ſerve them as proofs to condemn the innocent. They reſemble

ſome valetudinarians, who not yet arrived at a confirmed ſtate of health, cannot endure the freſhneſs of the air nor light of the ſun; the leaſt exerciſe raiſes ſtrange commotions in their ſpirits, and that which ſhould be a relaxation to a man in health, fatigues and incommodes them. Add to this, that the generality of the Great cannot bear the fidelity of their domeſtics; truth muſt be corrupted to have a favourable reception from them; the conſtitution of their mind is ſo weak, that the ſincerity of a miniſter is capable of altering it; the remedies preſented to them, ſeem to them poiſons; they believe impudent attacks to be made on their honour, when their faults are hinted to them; and with whatever lenity a reprimand is tempered, it always paſſes in their mind for an injury. Who but ſees that this grandeur is mere weakneſs, and that the Anger which tranſports the Great is a mark of their concomitant infirmity?

The Holy ſcriptures which are ſo well acquainted with the origin of all our diſorders, inform us that the * Anger of women is not more violent than that of men, but

* Eccleſiaſtic. c. 25.

but becauſe their conſtitution is weaker, and they have not ſufficient ſtrength to ſuſtain the impetuoſity of that Paſſion: For finding a ſoul that reſiſts, or not eaſily flexible to its impreſſions, it inſtantly cools, and loſing its impetuoſity, ſuffers itſelf to be guided by Reaſon; but finding one ſubmiſſive to its power, ready to be hurried away by its emotions, and not vigorous enough to oppoſe its violence, it gives itſelf the liberty of enterprizing any thing, and believes it can promiſe itſelf every thing from a ſlave which can refuſe it nothing. If it enters the ſoul of a King, who has not courage enough to defend himſelf from its tyranny, it employs the weakneſs of his mind, and the power of his fortune, to execute all its deſigns: It perſuades him that vengeance is glorious, that a Prince is never more abſolute than when he is feared, and that the moſt certain mark of Sovereignty is the death of enemies: Then do governments become tyrannies, towns ſtream with the blood of ſubjects, the number of executioners exceeds that of criminals, and every thing wears the aſpect of mourning, becauſe Anger abuſes the power of a Prince, not able to reſiſt its ſuggeſtions. What has it not

attempted, when it has had Kings for its ſlaves, and had exerciſed their power to exerciſe its rage? What marks of cruelty has it not left in the world, when it reigned in the heart of Monarchs? What fields has it not ſtrewed with dead? And what Provinces has it not left deſolate?

Cambyſes, to obey his Anger, had the noſes of all the inhabitants of Syria cut off, and judging death to be too common and too honourable a puniſhment, gladly invented another, as ſtrange as it was ſhameful. He would have treated the people of Ethiopia more ignominiouſly, had not an accident happily oppoſed the execution of ſo execrable a deſign: For famine ſurprized him in the deſerts, and forced him to return into his country; but before taking this reſolution, he followed the mad counſel of his anger, and deſtroyed the better part of his army by hunger. When his ſoldiers wanted victuals, they eat up the leaves of trees and the graſs of the field. When they were encompaſſed by deſerts, and the burning ſands could yield them no more food, they eat the leather of their bucklers, and every other thing neceſſity compels men to convert into food: Still unable to find the

the end of that horrid ſolitude, the unnatural Prince provided them with meats more cruel than hunger, and commanding them to be decimated, conſtrained them to devour one another. Amidſt ſo many calamities, ſtill was he infatuated by his paſſion, and after he had loſt a part of his troops and eaten up another, he would not have come to the reſolution of retreating, had he not dreaded that the fatality at length might fall upon his own head, and make him experience in perſon the exceſs of the cruelty he had commanded. But to make appear that baſeneſs and puſillanimity are inſeparable from anger, the ſavage monſter had exquiſite viands carried on the back of his camels, whilſt his wretched ſoldiery committed murders to guard againſt hunger, and left poſterity in pain to judge, which were more to be deplored, thoſe that lived in ſo much miſery, or thoſe that died by ſo much cruelty. In ſhort, Anger never ſhews an exertion without weakneſs, and if ſometimes a generous word eſcapes it, it is always the reſult of a baſe mind, which does not affect grandeur, but to hide its meanneſs.

'Tis ſaid that Caligula was wont to exclaim againſt Heaven, whenever thunder-

ſtorms were an obſtacle to his diverſions, and that he challenged the Gods to battle, often telling them in the words of a Poet; "Take from me the Word, or I'll take it from you." How great muſt have been his folly from this paſſion of anger? for he muſt have fancied, that not only his Gods could not hurt him, but that their fortune, as well as that of men, depended on his will. Seneca was of opinion that this inſolence coſt him his life, having obliged his ſubjects to conſpire againſt his perſon; for they believed it was the laſt effort of * patience, to bear with a man who could not bear with the Gods. Anger has therefore nothing grand in it, and when even it deſpiſes heaven and earth, it diſcovers its meanneſs; or if you take its exceſſes for marks of grandeur, confeſs that luxury is magnificent, becauſe it erects thrones of gold, clads itſelf in purple, cuts through mountains, turns the courſe of ſtreams, encloſes rivers within its parks, builds gardens in the air, and introduces the invention of ſuſpending foreſts: Confeſs that Avarice is a glorious crime, becauſe it rolls on mountains of gold, poſſeſſes

* Senec. de irâ. Cap. ultimo.

ſeſſes lands as extenſive as provinces; and becauſe its Farmers have larger tracts of land to cultivate, than the firſt Conſuls of ancient Rome had to govern: Confeſs, that luſt is courageous, becauſe it paſſes the ſeas in queſt of what it loves, fights for its acquiſition or preſervation; and becauſe women poſſeſſed by this paſſion, deſpiſe death for the gratification of their deſires, and expoſe themſelves to the worſt effects of their Huſbands reſentment, to content their Adulterers: Confeſs, in fine, that Ambition is generous, becauſe it finds no honours great enough to content it, would have every year bear its name, and all pens employed in writing its praiſes. But indeed, all theſe Paſſions are full marked with pufillanimity, and whatever ſhadow of grandeur they may have, they are really mean, and nothing is grand but what is reaſonable, or to ſpeak in a more Chriſtian manner, nothing is auguſt but what is animated by the Grace of Jeſus Chriſt.

But that it might not be believed that odious examples have been ſought after, to deprive Anger of that managimity it piques itſelf for, it will not be amiſs to examine the reaſons that are alledged in

its defence, and to conſider it in a ſtate, wherein it may pretend to praiſe or excuſe. Should we not be angry when divine and human laws are violated? 'Tis not allowable to abandon ourſelves to the motions of Anger, when it perſuades us to avenge our Parents; and is it not a pious action to be incenſed againſt the impious, who prophane altars, or diſhonour temples? It muſt be owned that this Paſſion cannot have more ſpecious pretexts, and that it ſhines in its faireſt luſtre, when it ſhews itſelf the aſſertor of ſubjects ſo reaſonable. But it may be found that they who are ſpirited up in defence of their Country, will have the ſame ſentiments for the preſervation of their pleaſures, that they will fret as much for the loſs of a horſe as for that of a friend, and that they will bluſter as much about chaſtiſing a valet, as repelling an enemy. It is not piety, but weakneſs, that excites this Anger, and as it riſes, as well for a word, as for a murder, we muſt conclude, that it is neither courageous nor reaſonable. And indeed, the greateſt part of the vengeance we take is a real injuſtice, and we endanger the committing of a crime, as often as we endeavour to be judges in our own cauſe.

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Our intereſts blind us, and ſelf-love perſuades us, that the ſlighteſt injuries cannot admit of reparation being made for them, but by the death of the guilty. We are of the humour of Kings, though not of their condition, fancying that all the injuries done us, are crimes of high treaſon. We would have flames, tortures, and gibbets employed for puniſhing our enemies, and we are unjuſt enough to think of engaging the juſtice of God in our intereſts. We could wiſh that his thunderbolts were levelled only at the heads of thoſe who offend us, and highly impious, we would have Heaven always armed in our quarrel.

But though we might not form all theſe wiſhes, our revenge notwithſtanding would be unreaſonable. Even the name it bears informs us of its criminality, and though it ſeems ſo mild to thoſe that cheriſh it, nothing can be more cruel nor mean; for it differs only from injury in point of time, and if he who provokes is culpable, he who revenges himſelf is not innocent. One begins the crime, and the other completes it; one ſends the challenge, and the other accepts it; and the ſecond is not more juſt than the firſt, but becauſe the injury done him ſerves him as a pre-

a pretext to do another. For which reaſon the Chriſtian Religion prohibits as well revenge as injury, and knowing that we cannot retain juſtice by puniſhing whatever may be a cauſe of offence to us, it commands us to place injuries in the hands of God, and conſign over the puniſhment of them to him, whoſe judgments though hidden from our eyes are yet never unjuſt. Religion teaches us, that it is arrogating to ourſelves his rights, to think of revenging our affronts, and as all the glory is due to him, becauſe he is our Sovereign, ſo all the vengeance belongs to him, becauſe he is our Judge: But what is moſt admirable in his doctrine, and what ſurpaſſes as well the imbecility of our virtue, as that of our mind, he would have us relinquiſh the deſire of revenging ourſelves, and by ſtifling that reſentment which nature eſteems ſo juſt, would have us alſo change our hatred into love, and our rage into mercy. He would have us imitate his goodneſs, and that raiſed above a mortal condition, we ſhould deſire good to thoſe who procure us evil. He would have us pray for their converſion, and that after the example of his only Son, who prayed for the ſalvation of his executioners, we ſhould

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aſk him forgiveneſs for our enemies. He reſerves his greateſt rewards for charity, and teaches us that we cannot hope for pardon unleſs we ſhew mercy ourſelves. He places that virtue in a ſuperior rank to all others, and overthrowing the maxims of the world, would have us believe, that greatneſs of courage is not properly founded but on the forgetting of injuries. His will is to efface from our Souls the remembrance of affronts and the hatred of enemies; and to hear him ſpeak, it ſeems that his ſtate has no other foundation than that law, and and that none can pretend to a ſhare of his glory without imitating his benevolence

Human Philoſophy was not able to arrive at that height of perfection, yet has it obſerved that hatred is unjuſt and revenge mean; yet has had recourſe to weak reaſons for inculcating ſublime virtues, and when not capable of extinguiſhing the ſentiment of Anger, it has endeavoured to ſoften it. It has repreſented to us, that the world is a Republic, of which all men are Citizens; that if the body is holy, its members are ſacred, and that if it is prohibited to conſpire againſt the ſtate, it is not leſs ſo to prejudice a man that makes a part of it; that it muſt be a ſtrange diſ-

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order, if the eyes fought againſt the hands, or the hands declared war againſt the eyes; that nature which had united them in the ſame body, had animated them with the ſame mind; and that friendly conſpiring for the public good, they mutually aſſiſted each other, leſt the deſtruction of one part might bring on that of the whole: That therefore men, for the ſafety of the ſtate, are obliged to contribute to their mutual preſervation, knowing that ſociety cannot ſubſiſt but by love, and that a body cannot live, of which the members cannot agree among themſelves. All theſe maxims condemn revenge: Nature, notwithſtanding her corruption, teaches us by the mouth of Philoſophers, that Jeſus Chriſt has commanded us nothing, but what is reaſonable, and that if his Grace is neceſſary to us, for fulfilling his commandments, this is not ſo much a proof of their difficulty, as a mark of our diſorder. As we ought to adore his juſtice, which puniſhes our crimes, we ought to adore his mercy, that fortifies our weakneſs, and acknowledge that he preſcribes no laws for us, without giving us at the ſame time ſufficient ſtrength to obſerve them.

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE GOOD USE OF ANGER.

THE Poet was right in ſaying that the road to Hell was open to all the world, and that all men indiſcriminately might deſcend into it; but to paſs out of it, when once entered, and reviſit the light of day, after remaining in darkneſs, was a favour, which Heaven granted only to ſuch great men, as had merited the ſame by their glorious labours. Nothing is more eaſy than to make an ill uſe of Anger, and to engage in the unjuſt reſentments of revenge; corrupt nature teaches us theſe diſorders, and without other maſters than our deſires, we find ways daily to gratify this paſſion; But nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to make a good uſe of it, and ſo fierce is its diſpoſition, that it is more eaſily extinguiſhed than governed, more eaſily baniſhed our Soul than moderated. It is ſo violent that it cannot be repreſſed, and ſo ſudden that it cannot be prevented. Its firſt motions are not in our power, and when once raiſed, it has committed the greater

greater part of its ravages. Other Paſſions are dreadful in their progreſs: As ſcorpions that carry their venom in their tail, they reſerve their whole fury to their extremity, and are never more dangerous than when they have ripened into ſtrength through age. Hatred in its birth may be cured; but when it has collected growth with time, it mocks all remedies. An envy not yet well formed, may be defaced; but when it has once ſtruck deep, Heaven muſt work miracles to ſtifle it. A Love, which has not yet paſſed from the eyes into the heart, and is rather a complaiſance than paſſion, is extinguiſhed as ſoon as kindled; but when it has penetrated into the bottom of the Soul, when it has carried its flames into the will, length of time is required to deaden the ſting; and if hatred, rivalſhip, or jealouſy add fuel to the fire, how muſt it be got under? But Anger has all its ſtrength in its cradle; it is great as ſoon as formed, and as if it was of the nature of ſpirits, does not require time for growing; ſo that it is hard to be conquered the moment it begins to fight, and contrary to the humour of other paſſions, is more to be feared in its birth than progreſs. It carries its poiſon

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in its head, as vipers; and if you think to ſtifle it as it riſes, you do but encreaſe its fury, and the monſter is ſo ſavage, that to appeaſe its violence, you muſt reſolve to endure it.

I would therefore council all thoſe who are deſirous to make it conducive to virtue, to prevent its birth, and mitigate it, if poſſible, before it is formed. We ſhould repreſent to ourſelves that whatever excites anger in us, ſhould not properly give us the leaſt uneaſineſs; that things are not offenſive to us, but becauſe we are not acquainted with them; that riches and honours borrow their greatneſs from our ignorance, and that the accidents of fortune, and the injuries of enemies have all their force from our weakneſs. As to the good things which awake our deſires, we ſhould endeavour to perſuade ourſelves, that they are not worth the trouble of wiſhing for them; that their loſs is of more advantage to us than their poſſeſſion; that they are not what they appear to be, and that under a falſe appearance of pleaſure, they conceal real pain: We do not yet know how to give them the names they deſerve, and by a ſtrange blindneſs, call our puniſhments, felicities. Our diſguſts proceed only from our

our ignorance, and Anger would never ſurprize us, if we were thoroughly ſenſible, that virtues are our riches and honours. All the goods Fortune may deprive us of, are not ours; whatever uſe ſhe may leave us of them, ſhe reſerves to herſelf their ſovereignty, and often takes them from, to inform us, that ſhe does but lend and not give them; being likewiſe rather the favours of her liberality, than the effects of our induſtry, it is juſt ſhe ſhould be covetous, after being ſo laviſh of them. All her diſpenſations, in ſhort, are too mean to fix our attention, and we therefore cannot find it ſtrange that they foment diſſenſions between thoſe that wiſh for the enjoyment of them, and cannot ſuffer their being divided.

As to unthought-of, unexpected accidents, we ought to remember that as exiſting in the world, we are ſubject to their laws; that it would ſhew too great a partiality and fondneſs of ourſelves, to pretend we ought to be diſpenſed with in things Kings could not; that nothing has happened in paſt ages but may happen in this; that our fortune is not better eſtabliſhed than that of ſo many monarchs, who loſt their lives and ſtates in the ſame day; that

that our health is not better than that of others, and that being compoſed of the ſame elementary materials, they ſuffer no diſeaſes but may attack ourſelves; that our riches are not ſecure, though acquired with juſtice; that flames may devour, thieves rob, and ſtrangers take them away; and that the power of a great man, the malice of a judge, and the violence of an enemy, are accidents which we may well foreſee, but cannot always avoid.

As to injuries, if ſlight, we ſhould deſpiſe, and if atrocious, ſoften them. They will never do us ſo much harm as their Authors, and if unjuſt, will redound to our glory. Nothing brings innocence ſo much into eſtimation as injuſtice; if ſuch as Socrates and Regulus had no perſecutors, they would have received no praiſes; they are not illuſtrious but becauſe they were unfortunate, and they are indebted for the better part of their glory, to the cruelty of their enemies. For making Martyrs there is a neceſſity for Tyrants, and the rigour of the latter is not leſs neceſſary than the conſtancy of the former. We muſt not give ourſelves pain, if the intention of our enemies is unjuſt, ſo their act be profitable to us. Joſeph was obliged to his bre-

brethren; their hatred was glorious to him; if he had not loſt his liberty, he would never have reigned in Egypt, and if he had not entered the priſon, he would never have aſcended the throne. What is it to us if the hearts of men are bad, ſo he that diſpoſes them by his Providence, makes them inſtrumental to our well-being? and if we ſhould not refuſe the loſs of liberty for acquiring a kingdom, why might we not bear with an injury, for gaining an eternal Crown? When theſe reaſons often pondered upon ſhall make an impreſſion on our minds, it will be difficult for anger to ſuprize us, and we ſhall find it tractable in its birth if prepared againſt its efforts; for its violence proceeds rather from our weakneſs than its ſtrength, and it ſhould ſeem that we have more meanneſs, than it has impetuoſity.

With theſe precautions, it may, in ſome meaſure, be made ſerviceable, and King and Judges may uſefully employ it in favour of juſtice. It ſhould baniſh fear and lenity from their minds, when theſe ſtand indiſcreetly oppoſed to the ſeverity of the laws; it ſhould ſpirit up with its noble fire, every degree of courage, far from ſuffering itſelf to be corrupted by promiſes, or intimi-

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dated by threats; it ſhould, in fine, ſucceed clemency, and put into the mouth of Monarchs, thoſe * imperious words that awe and keep their ſubjects in obedience. We therefore ſee that the ingenious Poet gives Anger to his Jupiter, as often as he puts thunderbolts in his hand, teaching Princes by this example, to have recourſe to that generous paſſion, when they have to no purpoſe employed mercy. 'Tis true that this proof is not convincing, and we need not be aſtoniſhed at this prophane Poet's attributing the emotions of our ſoul to his Gods, ſince he imputes to them her diſorders, and that after having deſcribed their murders, he relates to us their adulteries. But the Holy Scriptures, dictated by the Spirit of Truth, teach us that the true God puts himſelf into a rage, and that there are crimes which cannot be worthily puniſhed, if Juſtice does not borrow the heat of anger. Wherefore, when the † ſage repreſents to us that dreadful day, when God will take vengeance of his enemies, he clothes him in armour to intimidate and puniſh them; he animates him with zeal and jealouſy; he braces him

* Precibuſque minas regaliter addit. Ovid. 2. Met.

† Wiſd. c. 5.

round with Juſtice as with a breaſt-plate; he places Judgment on his head, as a helmet; he makes him to carry in the left hand, ſeverity, as a buckler; he puts into his right, Anger, as a lance; and in this terrible offenſive apparatus makes him to come down furious on the Earth, to puniſh the rebellious of his ſtate. I know that the Prophet adopts himſelf to our weakneſs in this eloquent deſcription, and that he does not pretend to perſuade us that the Anger of God is of the ſame nature as ours, nor that this paſſion diſturbs his reſt, which is not interrupted even in Hell, by the chaſtiſement of Devils: But it cannot be denied at leaſt, that Jeſus Chriſt adopted anger to avenge the injuries done to his Father, that with this view he armed with whips and cords thoſe adorable hands that were to be pierced with nails, that he permitted his juſt reſentment to appear on his face, and that in his ſituation he did nothing but what prudent men are accuſtomed to do, when they puniſh crimes, or protect innocence.

The wiſeſt of Kings is of opinion that States cannot be governed without Anger; he would have Kings ſenſible of their injuries; that the ſword they bear, ought to

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be as much employed in puniſhing criminals, as defeating enemies; and that they ſhould ſhew as much indignation, when the laws are violated by their ſubjects, as when frontier towns are taken by the neighbouring Powers. He believes that the Anger and Clemency of a Prince ought to maintain peace in his kingdom, and making uſe of an excellent compariſon, ſays * that the one reſembles the roaring of a Lion, which diſmays all the beaſts of the foreſts, and the other the dew falling on the tender blade, and defending it from the heat of the Sun. But in all theſe juſt emotions that accompany the puniſhment of Criminals, the Prince muſt remember, that puniſhments are remedies, and that even the death he commands, is a kind of mercy done to the guilty: Some he ſends into baniſhment, leſt their converſation increaſe the number of the wicked; others he ſtrips of their goods to prevent their abuſing them; ſome he deprives of liberty, that they may not uſe it to the prejudice of the State; he takes away their life when he judges their wickedneſs to be incurable, and he pardons

* Proverb. 19.

them, when there is a probability of their becoming good and uſeful ſubjects. He is therefore obliged to divide himſelf between the ſentiments of a judge and a phyſician, to treat the ſame perſon as criminal and ſick, and to mingle ſweetneſs with ſeverity, leſt he ſhould be reproached that his Anger is more pernicious than profitable to his ſtate.

If Kings are under an obligation of uſing ſo many precautions in the puniſhment of rebels, private perſons may judge how reſerved they ought to be in their Paſſions, and how gentle their anger in order to be reaſonable; for their power is not equal to that of Kings, neither are their injuries ſo great, nor their reſentment ſo excuſable. I ſhould therefore counſel them to ſtifle a Paſſion, the uſe of which is ſo dangerous, and to drain well its ſource, to dry up the ſtreams. When natural to us, it makes the principal part of our Conſtitution; it is hard to be expelled, and it is not in our power to change the elements we are compoſed of, nor to correct the faults Nature has committed: Yet the evil is not remedileſs, and if it cannot be perfectly cured, it may at leaſt be greatly mitigated. The wine that adminiſters fuel to it, ſhould be retrenched,

retrenched, and as Plato ſays, one * fire ſhould not be ſuperadded to another. It muſt not be nurtured with delicate viands, leſt the mind be puffed up, in proportion as the body is invigorated. It muſt be exerciſed by moderate labour, to abate its heat without ſmothering it, and to convert its efferveſcence into vapour. Diverſions likewiſe will be uſeful to it, ſo they are not exceſſive, and innocent pleaſures will calm its fretfulneſs, if moderate. But when it is more from a foreign than natural cauſe, and is occaſioned either by diſeaſes that have altered our Conſtitution, or by lucubrations and other indiſcreet watchings, that have chafed it, or debauches that have dried it, or by other diſorders that wound together the body and ſoul, it will not be very difficult to rout an enemy, that keeps up no intelligence in the place, and had only by our own cowardice gained a lodgement in our heart.

But without ſeeking after ſo many remedies, we may ſafely uſe Anger againſt ourſelves, permitting it to puniſh the crimes, of which we only are guilty. Self-love will be a good means to hinder

* Senec. 2. de irâ. c. 11.

its exceſs, and without conſulting ſo many maſters, the care we take of our preſervation, will guard us againſt the violence of this paſſion. 'Tis againſt ourſelves, that it is reaſonable to exerciſe it, ſo many juſt motives concurring to that purpoſe: 'Tis its indignant emotions we ſhould make uſe of, to ſatisfy Jeſus Chriſt, who requires from us a reparation of the injuries done him, and the revenge of his death: 'Tis in Penitence we can lawfully employ it, without fearing its exceſs ſhould make us forfeit meekneſs, or its violence make us forget Charity: For it ſeems, that the virtue which puniſhes crimes, is but a moderate degree of Anger, and that the Penitent, who wages war againſt himſelf, is but a man irritated: Love and grief animate him with revenge; he cannot paſs his ſins in review without emotion, and believes without violating the laws either of Nature or Grace, he may be his own Judge and Party, his witneſs and executioner, and that without offending Juſtice, he may carry into execution the ſentence he has pronounced againſt himſelf. Happy Anger, that offends only the man to appeaſe God; that by its tears blots out

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its ſins; that obtains pardon by accuſing itſelf, and that by ſlight penitential works, delivers itſelf from the puniſhment of Demons, and acquires the felicity of Angels.

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BOOK

BOOK VI.

OF PLEASURE AND PAIN

CHAPTER I.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF PLEASURE.

THOUGH Hope receives many praiſes from men, being one of the moſt agreeable of the Paſſions that flatter their ſenſes; yet it muſt yield to Pleaſure and acknowledge it to be a Sun, whoſe preſence defaces all its beauties; for if Hope promiſes good, Pleaſure gives it; if Hope has flowers, Pleaſure bears fruits; if Hope contents us in word, Pleaſure makes us happy in fact. Pleaſure is the term of all the motions of our Soul, and as Love is their principle, ſo Pleaſure is their end. It ſtops ſhort the violence of our deſires, and conſtrains all volatile paſſions to taſte the repoſe they ſeem enemies to; it makes Anger gentle, and wears away from it that fierce diſpoſition, that accom-

accompanies it in all its deſigns; it pays Courage for its good ſervices, and is itſelf the reward of the glorious labours it has ſuffered; it expels Fear, and baniſhes all thoſe vain terrors, that intangle our ſoul in inquietude; it kills Deſpair which ſeemed to have conſpired its death; it baniſhes grief by its preſence, and if it retains its tears and ſighs, theſe are ſpoils that proclaim its victory, and honour its triumph. Love is contented, when after all its painful excurſions it can reſt in pleaſure; of all the forms it aſſumes, this is the moſt agreeable to it, and it does violence to itſelf, when it quits it to aſſume a new one: It is reſtleſs when it deſires, and its wiſhes are ſhameful and true proofs of its indigence; it is not without apprehenſion when it hopes, and theſe two ſentiments are ſuch faithful Companions, that death only can ſeparate them; for Fear paſſes into ſorrow, when deſtitute of Hope, and Hope is changed into Deſpair, when ſeparated from Fear: Love alſo is not ſatisfied when it revenges itſelf, and though revenge is ſweet, it is accompanied with pain; it is covered with ſweat and duſt in Courage, and if glory flatters, the threatning peril terrifies it; in Hatred it is tormented,

mented, and the evil it wiſhes its enemy, is a viper that gnaws into its bowels; in Flight it wants ſtrength, and does not get away from the purſuer, but becauſe it cannot defend itſelf; in Deſpair it is vanquiſhed, and ſurrendering its arms to the Conqueror, ſuffers itſelf to be led away in triumph; in Grief it is wretched, and the remembrance of paſt felicities ſerves only to augment its preſent pains: But in Pleaſure, it is altogether victorious, triumphant, and happy; all its evagations ceaſe, all its deſires are accompliſhed, and all its deſigns are brought to a proſperous iſſue. And indeed, there will be no room for ſurprize in conſidering its profound tranquillity, being now poſſeſſed of the happineſs it ſought after, and being happily arrived at the end of all its labours; for Pleaſure is nothing elſe, than the enjoyment of an agreeable Good, which gives the mind contentment, and forbids it the uſe of Deſire, as well as of Sorrow and Fear.

This definition excludes all the pleaſures, ariſing from Reminiſcence or Hope, which do not make us happy but becauſe we have been or hope to be ſo. Memory does not always entertain us with a view of our misfortunes, though more faithful

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in retaining a diſguſt than ſatisfaction; but though memory attends oftener to the things that offend than to ſuch as are agreeable to us, yet it repreſents to us our paſt felicities, and aſſuages our preſent miſeries by a pleaſing remembrance: It triumphs over the laws of time to be obſequious to us; it recalls in our favour what is no more, and ſeeks after in paſt ages, amuſements to recreate our ſpirits: But whatever effort it makes, it cannot deceive our ſoul, nor impart to her a real pleaſure by entertaining her with nothing better than a lie; things paſt are but ſhadows, and if they make ſome impreſſions on our minds, they are rather of grief than joy: When Good is at a diſtance, it makes itſelf to be deſired, but when paſt, to be regretted; its preſence gives birth to our happineſs, and its abſence cauſes our deſires or ſorrows: The loſs and poſſeſſion of the ſame thing cannot be agreeable, and and whatever artifice memory may uſe, it cannot repreſent to us a good that is no more, without awaking our wiſhes and reviving our ſorrows. Hope is ſcarce more favourable to us, for though ſhe gets the ſtart of our happineſs, anticipates its birth, and feeds us with a pleaſure that has

has not yet happened; though by an impatience of ſome utility to us, ſhe goes to ſeek after in futurity, ſome preſent felicities, and thus by precipitating the courſe of years, brings forward our contentments; yet we require no great ſtock of prudence to be able to obſerve that ſhe deceives us, and that ſhe often makes us wretched, by ſtriving to make us too ſoon happy: Her promiſes are found falſe, and after having long waited their effects, nothing remains to us but the ſhame of having been too credulous, and the regret of having grounded our happineſs on an uncertain Good: Pleaſure in order to be ſolid requires the preſence of its object, and though in Morality the End has ſo much power over our will, it cannot make it happy without its actual poſſeſſion. For which reaſon, the Ambitious and the Miſer, who leave the preſent to amuſe themſelves with the future good, and who do not conſider ſo much what they have as what they want, cannot be reputed happy, becauſe in the enjoyment of honours or riches they droop in languors, and contrary to the nature of pleaſure, ſeek what they have not, and deſpiſe what they poſſeſs.

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In conſequence of the ſame definition we baniſh all thoſe infamous pleaſures, that ariſe from indigence, or are productive of pain; for beſides that they make themſelves to be deſired with an uneaſineſs, far exceeding the pleaſure they promiſe us, they are ſuch enemies to the tranquil ſituation of the mind, that it is impoſſible to taſte of them without becoming wretched and criminal; they wound the ſoul and body by the ſame blow; they weaken the one and corrupt the other; they are remedies worſe than the diſeaſe they think to cure us of; their diſorder cauſes always that of our health, and in this reſpect their exceſs is ſo pernicious, that their uſe muſt be moderate, to receive any ſatisfaction from them. True Pleaſure is never more agreeable, than when wound up to its higheſt pitch; the greater it is, the more we are rapt by it into extacies, and being ſuitable to our nature, it never makes us more happy than when its communication is with profuſion; but voluptuous Pleaſures are a poiſon we muſt prepare and diſpenſe with care and accuracy, if we deſire to profit by them, and ſince ſin has ſtruck ſo deep its roots, we ſtand in need of Grace to ſecure ourſelves from their diſorder:

diſorder: Whatever gratification they flatter us with, their affinity with Pain is ſo great, that their words and effects retain a ſtriking likeneſs; they have their groans and their ſighs as well as ſorrow; when extreme, they melt into tears, and to convince us they are inimical to our nature, their exceſſes often bring us to death. But though they might not be creative of all theſe ills, it is ſufficient for undeceiving us, to know that they are always followed by regret, pain, and ſhame; they dare not appear in public, and knowing that man's glory is incompatible with them, they ſeek to abide ſequeſtered in ſhade, ſolitude, and ſilence; They would bluſh if conſtrained to produce themſelves, and the confuſion that ſhould cover their face, would trouble their contentment: Maladies are the penitence of their exceſſes, and Phyſicians would become uſeleſs to us, if voluptuouſneſs could be brought under a proper regimen. So long as man contented himſelf with the fruits which the Earth yielded to him, and without irritating his appetite by the ſtudied refinements in preparing a diverſity of meats, he eat only to appeaſe hunger, he had no ſuperfluous humours to drain up, no

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fluxions to divert into other channels, no fevers to allay and cure; abſtinence was a ſubſtitute to him for all remedies, and the diet he uſed, dried up the ſource of all his ailments: But ſince he has unpeopled the earth and the ſeas for his food; ſince the monſters of nature have been tried as gratifications to his palate, ſince he has been over-curious to know the taſte of tortoiſes and thoſe other reptiles, which the ſimplicity of our anceſtors confounded with ſerpents; ſince he muſt needs ſeek the freſhneſs of his wine from the cold of ſnow, bring elements to agree in his body that are at war in the world, mix fiſh with fowl, and take into the ſtomach things which nature has aſſigned ſuch different abodes to; a train of ſickneſs has attacked him, and the diſorders of his mind have occaſioned the diſorders of his body: The gout has vellicated his nerves, the ſtone has formed itſelf in his kidnies, winds have committed a thouſand ravages in his inteſtines, and as if the elements deſigned to reſent the confuſion he had cauſed of their qualities in his debaucheries, they became corrupt to revenge themſelves, and by the laſt effort hatred is able to pro-

duce, deſtroyed themſelves to deſtroy their enemy.

In conſequence likewiſe of the ſame definition, we condemn all the pleaſures which Nature has no demand for, but when ſhe is ſeduced by opinion; for her contentments are as regular as her deſires, and without ſeeking after uſeleſs things, ſhe is ſatisfied with ſuch as are neceſſary: ſhe deſires only what ſhe well cannot do without, and neceſſity being a law to her, ſhe conſults it in all her wants, and forms no wiſhes but with its approbation. Hence it happens that they are in no great number, and few things may ſatisfy them. The water of a ſpring is ſufficient to Nature for quenching her thirſt; the fruits of the earth appeaſe her hunger; the wool of ſheep furniſhes her cloaths, and before luxury obliged her to make war upon animals, for aught I know, trees might have afforded her cloaths, it being not improbable, that thoſe who found food in their fruits, found alſo cloathing in their bark: At leaſt, it is very probable, that in thoſe innocent ages there were no murders for the ſake of ornamental apparel, no injuſtice committed for the ſake of accumulating wealth, and no violence exer-

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ſed on Nature for procuring criminal delights: Her houſes were built without any of the now known orders adjuſted according to the proportions of art, and he who was the Architect of them, was alſo the Carpenter and Maſon. The earth ſpread with a carpet of moſs then ſerved man for a bed, and as he never laid him down but when invited by ſleep, he ſlept without reſtleſſneſs and awoke with pleaſure; he was acquainted with no other perfume than that of flowers, and becauſe purer than ours it was far more agreeable; the the uſes of coaches were unknown to him; his journies were not long, and he performed them by the helps nature had given him; war was odious to him and commerce unneceſſary; horſes he left to range about at liberty, and made no uſe of that noble animal, which rage and avarice have made neceſſary to us; whatever way he turned, the earth was ſufficiently fruitful for his food and raiment; he found in deſerts wherewithal to content his deſires, and what we want in towns, he had no need of in ſolitudes. In thoſe happy ages all pleaſures were innocent, and man taſted no pleaſures but what were real: But now, as not natural, they are far

from being reaſonable; they debilitate the body and emaſculate the mind, and experience teaches us that their uſe is as pernicious, as their privation is ſalutary.

But that I may not be accuſed of being an enemy to Pleaſure, and depriving man of the remedies Nature has given him for ſoftening the rigours of the ills that encompaſs him; I muſt ſay, that ſolid contentments are thoſe of the mind, and that man cannot be ſatisfied, if the more noble part he is compoſed of, is not happy. The knowledge of truth and practice of virtue ought to be his principal recreation; he ſhould follow his beſt inclinations, and in his perſon, copy rather the purity of the Angel, than the gratification of the Beaſt; he ſhould remember that the Body is but the ſlave of the Soul, and that in the choice of pleaſures it is juſt the miſtreſs ſhould retain the preference: Thoſe indeed, which the ſoul taſtes, are the trueſt; and if ſome are of a different opinion, it may be thought that ſin having robbed them of Grace, has likewiſe left them deſtitute of Reaſon. For the Pleaſures of ſenſe ſuffer limitation, and thoſe of the Soul are circumſcribed by no bounds; the Pleaſures of the body are foreign, and thoſe of the ſoul natural; the for-

former we may be deprived of without uſing any great violence againſt ourſelves, the latter cannot be taken from us even by death, which ſtripping us of all our riches cannot ſtrip us of our virtues: The Pleaſures of the body are in a perpetual ſucceſſion, and depending on the nature of time, fly off, the paſt by a neceſſary law giving place to the preſent, and the preſent to the future, ſo that the body never poſſeſſes its good but in part; it is poor amidſt its riches; whilſt it enjoys on one ſide, it languiſhes on another, and by an unhappineſs inſeparable from its condition, finds no contentment capable of ſatisfying all its ſenſes: But the Pleaſures of the Soul are never divided; they preſent themſelves all at once, and the ſame thought that enlightens the mind, fills with warmth the will, and refreſhes the memory: The Soul's joy is univerſal; one faculty never droops in melancholy, while the others are ſatisfied, and as if they were linked together by a community of Goods, that which pleaſes one, is agreeable to all the reſt. In ſhort, the Pleaſures of the mind are more intimate than thoſe of the ſenſes, for the ſoul is quite filled with them, and the happineſs ſhe poſſeſſes penetrates her

eſſence: By changing into herſelf what ſhe knows, ſhe transforms herſelf into what ſhe loves, and by an admirable metamorphoſis, becomes herſelf her felicity; but the ſenſes are in union with their objects by accidents only; they ſee the colours of things, and know not the eſſences; they hear the ſounds of words, and do not conceive the thoughts they are ſigns of; ſo that the body's fruition is only as a painted ſurface, its gratifications but a ſhadow, and its felicity but a falſe appearance; but the mind is happy in effect, its contentment is ſolid, and the goods it poſſeſſes are real.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE ILL USE OF PLEASURE.

OF the many different means Sin has invented to abuſe Pleaſure, there are four that require to be pointed out and invalidated, having had illuſtrious partizans and men of worth to defend them. The Firſt is Voluptuouſneſs, which ſeems to derive its name from Pleaſure itſelf, and pretends not to be unfriendly to Virtue.

Upon

Upon account, however, of their variance, and the neceſſity there was of abandoning the one to preſerve the other, there roſe formerly a ſect of * Philoſophers, who endeavoured to reconcile them, and though in the main their intention was good, they did ſignal injury to virtue: For obſerving that the difficulties accompanying virtue, made her odious to mean and daſtardly ſouls, and that the neceſſary labour for her acquiſition, made in this reſpect their deſires extremely languid, they ſtrove to perſuade them that ſhe was mild and tractable, and under a viſage of auſterity, concealed an agreeable temper. On their word all men became enamoured of her, and imagining they ſhould find voluptuouſneſs as the conſequence of their purſuit, fondly courted the miſtreſs in hopes to poſſeſs the lady in waiting: But finding this Pleaſure as coy as virtue herſelf, by its abiding in the bottom of the ſoul, and therefore making no impreſſion on the ſenſes, they changed their deſign, and made openly love to voluptuouſneſs, yet as not diſtinct and ſeparate from virtue. Thus it was, that impudently arrogant,

* The Epicureans.

they ſought to make Philoſophy inſtrumental to authorize their injuſtice, and gave a glorious name to an infamous rebellion. They were ſtrenuous in making the People believe that virtue never deſerted voluptuouſneſs, and that there was no ſeparating without doing violence to them. Their deceit was ſoon diſcovered, and the true Philoſophers heaped ſo much obloquy on it, that poor Epicurus could never extricate himſelf from the embarraſſment; for though his deſign was excuſable, having propoſed voluptuouſneſs to men with the view only of making them love virtue, yet as the ſucceſs was not anſwerable, he could not eſcape calumny, and the zeal of his adverſaries confounded his opinion with the error of his diſciples. He was alſo in ſome meaſure culpable himſelf by ſeemingly deſigning to equal Pleaſure to Virtue, and by making the Sovereign and the ſlave to ſit on the ſame throne; and he merited the public indignation, if for no other reaſon than becauſe he was diffident of the power of virtue, and that in order to gain over lovers to her, he had decked her out in the garb of voluptuouſneſs. But if his opinion in all its admiſſible innocence, has not eſcaped cenſure,

cenſure, that of his diſciples is too criminal to think of refuting it: 'Tis ſufficient that it was univerſally condemned, and that its very partizans did not dare to defend it publicly: Its ſhameful diſpoſition is puniſhment enough to it, and this is evident from its ſeeking the ſhade, as well for concealing as gratifying itſelf. No honeſt man ever ſtood up in defence of it, and the moſt infamous do not ſide with it, unleſs they firſt chuſe to bid farewell to Reaſon.

The great Deceiver of Mankind perceiving that this artifice had evaporated, and that he could ſeduce only the ſouls, which without waiting his ſuggeſtions, ſhould deſtroy themſelves of their own motion, bethought himſelf of an artifice, the more dangerous as covered with a ſpecious pretext. He endeavoured to perſuade all men that true Pleaſure was to be found in honour, and that whatever was glorious, was perfectly agreeable. He inculcated that Glory was the reward of virtue; that the approbation of the People was the felicity of Monarchs; that Conquerors attacked only the liberty of ſtrangers, to deſerve praiſe from their own ſubjects; and that if they injured them, it was merely to make this treatment

treatment conducive to their honour. All the Great embraced this party, and perſuaded by reaſons more glaring than ſubſtantial, made love to Glory, becoming its Martyrs, and ſtaking down their liberties and lives, to acquire reputation. This pernicious maxim gave birth to an extreme misfortune; for men preferring honour to virtue, divided two things which ought to have been inſeparably united, and by the Devil's malice became proud, and ceaſed being virtuous. They gaped after illuſtrious crimes, they deſpiſed humble virtues, and by an injuſtice deſerving of exemplary puniſhment, deſerted a Sovereign, to make love to her ſlave. They were undoubtedly unacquainted with her great merit, as ſeeking a different reward from that which is found in her poſſeſſion; and they were far from the temper of her true Lovers, who relinquiſh the blandiſhments of glory to preſerve virtue, and are never more faithful to her, than when dignities are tendered to corrupt, or obloquy vented to diſmay them. But without engaging in the defence of ſo reaſonable a party, I ſhall point out ſome particulars, which may declare the inanity of the reverſe, by forcing the abettors of it to take

a view

a view of their own intereſts, and making them acknowledge, that what goes under the denomination of honour, cannot cauſe a real pleaſure, and that a man rich only in glory, is poor in contentment. How ſhould he find his happineſs in a thing he is not poſſeſſed of? How ſhould he ground his felicity on a good which is diſpenſed with ſo much injuſtice, and is oftener given to guilt than to virtue? What ſatisfaction can he enjoy, when his conſcience will give the lye to his reputation, and he muſt blame actions himſelf, which the world approves for no other reaſons, than becauſe they are unacquainted with the motives that influenced them? How can he find a real tranquillity amidſt the different opinions of men, who are not agreed even on the moſt certain things, and who according to the diverſity of Paſſions agitating their minds, condemn a virtue they have eſteemed, and eſteem a vice they have condemned? Pleaſure to be ſolid, ought to be conſtant, and if any glory can be the reward of a good action, it is not that we expect from the People, but that we receive from our conſcience. It is therefore an abuſe of Pleaſure to place it in ſo frail a thing, and it is giving the prefe-

rence

rence to appearances before realities, to ſeek after in the mouth of men, a felicity that ought to reſide in our heart.

The Philoſophers that think to find it in ſcience, ſeem to lean on a much better foundation; for beſides that the deſire of knowledge is more natural to us than that of glory, and that truth makes ſtronger impreſſions on our ſoul than honour, it is a good which is intimate to us, and which we cannot be robbed of. Tyrants, that take away our lives, cannot take away our knowledge, and calumny that may tarniſh our reputation, cannot obſcure the talents of our mind. We are learned in ſpite of our enemies; the precious riches of wit and genius accompany us in priſon, follow us into baniſhment, and do not quit us even in death. We carry them about us wherever we go, and Fortune that ſnatches honour from Conquerors, and renders voluptuouſneſs inſipid to its votaries, cannot deſpoil Philoſophers of ſcience: But whatever advantage it may pretend to over its rivals, it cannot be the felicity of man; for beſides that it is blended with ignorance, and its lights confuſed with darkneſs, it contains more doubts than certainties, more errors than truths, and is often

often to little purpoſe or criminal in moſt of its uſes. Some ſtudy for the ſole pleaſure of being learned, and this is a fooliſh curioſity; ſome, that it may be known that they are learned, and this is a ſhameful vanity; ſome others with a deſign of ſetting up their ſcience to ſale, and this is a mean traffick. 'Tis true, that there are ſome who ſtudy to edify, and this is a laudable charity, and others that ſtudy for their own inſtruction, which is a wiſe prudence. Of all theſe, the two laſt are the only that do not abuſe ſcience, becauſe they acquire it with the view of employing it in the ſervice of virtue; but even on this occaſion it is not without its troubles and faults, and if not accompanied with humility, it fills us with ſelf-ſufficiency and ſelf-love. After all it muſt be confeſſed with the wiſe man, that it is a painful occupation God has given to men for their puniſhment, and rather an effect of his juſtice than mark of his love.

If the uſe of all theſe pleaſures is not innocent, that of Riches is much more criminal, for whatever eulogiums are paſſed upon them, they are enemies to virtue, and if of ſervice to magnificence and liberality, they are hurtful to continence and juſtice.

juſtice. There is no vice but employs them to ſatisfy its unjuſt deſires, and whoever ſhould take them away from Avarice, Pride, and Impudicity, would reduce theſe to a happy impotence of doing evil: The greateſt Philoſophers have therefore acknowledged that they are the ruin of families and the deſtruction of States; that the contempt of them is more ſafe than the poſſeſſion, and that when once they have entered a houſe, they drive from it all virtues. And indeed, unleſs we were as remarkable for conſtancy and long-ſuffering as the Stoics pretended to be, and lived in that equality which they wiſhed to all men and which they did not find in their own ſages, riches muſt irritate our deſires, awake our hopes, encreaſe our fears, and oblige us to confeſs that there is infinitely more trouble in keeping than acquiring them. The rich, in fine, are ſo unhappy in their condition, that to have a reliſh in it for ſome pleaſure, they muſt imitate that of the poor, and ſeek in poverty what they could not find in abundance.

But in what will you make pleaſure to conſiſt, if it be neither in voluptuouſneſs nor glory; and where will you place it, if ill accordant with ſcience and riches? I own that there are reaſonable pleaſures, lawful

lawful honours, modeſt ſciences, and innocent riches; but certainly the common uſe of them is diſorderly, and by a juſt puniſhment of God, every one finds his pain, where he ſeeks his felicity. The unchaſte ſuffer dejection and melancholy amidſt their gratifications; jealouſy and ſuſpicion take vengeance on them for the violation of Chaſtity; and diſtempers make them ſmart by uſurious exactions for their infamous pleaſures. The Ambitious are the victims of vanity; they have the unhappineſs amidſt the ſmiles of their moſt flattering fortune to be belaboured by a double envy; for they cannot admit of equals, and their inferiors cannot endure them; they deſpiſe honours as ſoon as they are poſſeſſed of them, and holding in eſtimation ſuch only as are wanting to them, they mingle inquietude with enjoyment, and marr an aſſured happineſs, by the deſire of an uncertain contentment. The Learned are ſcarce more happy; the Paſſion that ruined the firſt Man, torments them; the crime of the Father forms the puniſhment of the Children, and the ſame knowledge that expelled him Paradiſe, perſecutes them in the world; they conſume their whole life in learning ridiculous or uſeleſs things; they are at war with each other on account

of

of defaced characters, and the import of monumental inſcriptions; and this the only reward Conquerors can claim, occaſions almoſt all the diſputes of Critics; they boaſt that it is by theſe glorious purſuits they ſoar to Heaven; they ſeek immortality in ſepulchral monuments, and treat with the Dead, to reign with the Gods; they know how to ſpeak, and know not how to live; they are learned, and are not virtuous; and by a ſtrange blindneſs, do not perceive that their ſcience, as proud and oſtentatious, will not be confined by bounds no more than ambition, and that, as diſorderly in its deſires, it is intemperate like voluptuous pleaſure. Miſers fetch many deep ſighs as they ſit watchful over their hoards; they have but the keeping and not the uſe of them; they reſpect their riches, and dare not touch them; they convince us that they are the ſlaves and not the maſters of them; and that the only ſatisfaction they have from them, is to keep others from their enjoyment. But that I may not be reproached for diſcovering an evil, without preſcribing a remedy for it, I ſet apart the following Chapter for arguments in defence of innocent and lawful Pleaſures.

CHAP-

CHAPTER III.

OF THE GOOD USE OF PLEASURE.

THOSE, who condemn Pleaſure, are obliged to condemn Nature; and accuſe her of having been guilty of faults in all her works; for this prudent Mother has infuſed pleaſure into all our actions, and as a ſpecimen of her admirable wiſdom, was willing, that as the moſt neceſſary were the meaneſt, they ſhould be likewiſe the moſt agreeable. And indeed, if ſhe had not found this innocent artifice, the world long ſince would have ſunk into ruins, and men, that compoſe its more noble part, deſpiſing the care of ſelf-preſervation, would have left it a prey to wild beaſts. For who would take the trouble of eating, if not invited by ſatisfaction as well as neceſſity? who could ever ſuffer ſleep to lull his ſenſes into its inert ſtate, to rob him of the uſe of reaſon, and to induce him to exchange life for the image of death, if the ſweets of its poppies did not make that remedy as charming as it is ſhameful? Pleaſure

recommends itſelf by its utility to the body, and may be ſaid to be not leſs neceſſary to the mind, which, notwithſtanding all its ambition, would not engage to ſignalize the conqueſt of virtues, and defeat of vices, if glory did not receive the allay of joy, and if theſe two things did not conſtitute the reward of its labours. Who would endeavour to conquer infamous and criminal pleaſures, if there was not a charm in the innocent as a ſpur to the enterprize? Who ſhould dare to attack death, and ſubdue a monſter that triumphs over the victorious and vanquiſhed, if our conſtancy was not animated by the ſatisfaction victory promiſes? Who could conquer all the difficulties the ſciences are complicated with, if they were not ſeaſoned with ſome ſweetneſs? and who would ever form noble deſigns, if there was no inducement from the hope of pleaſure? But though Nature has grafted it on all neceſſary or difficult actions, ſhe would have it to be rather our help than our motive, and rather as a recreation than reward to us: She would have us regard it as a means ſhe has given us for acquiring Virtue, and uſe it as a remedy ſhe has found to temper our diſ-

pleaſures;

pleaſures; for the life of man abounds with miſeries, and if Heaven had not ſoftened them with joy, all our Paſſions would terminate in grief or deſpair: we ſhould remain oppreſſed under the weight of our misfortunes, and loſing the hope of conquering our enemies, ſhould loſe the deſire of reſiſting them. To raiſe our drooping Spirits that wiſe Mother ſolicits us by Pleaſure, and mixing it equally with things difficult and ſhameful, obliges us not to deſpiſe the one, nor to dread the others. But whatever ſatisfaction ſhe propoſes for us, it is always on condition, that it muſt not be our end, but merely an agreeable means for its attainment; whence, we are obliged to taſte of it with the ſobriety of Travellers taking a view of a fine country on their way; it ſerves to refreſh their Spirits, they admire its extenſiveneſs, they prize its fecundity, they commend its opulence, but they do not ſtop to deſpoil it; and knowing that enjoyment is not allowed them, content themſelves with the recreation it affords them, and even whilſt they take it, they redouble their pace, and continue their journey. Thus the Pleaſures of the Earth may very well be our diverſion, but not our occu-

pation. When Nature intermingled them with our actions, her deſign was not to make them our felicity, but our conſolation, and ſhe did not think they ſhould fix us to earth and time, but raiſe us to heaven and eternity. It would be acting the brute to ſeek only pleaſure in eating, and to make a gratification of what is only a remedy. It is irrational to love ſleep, becauſe accompanied with ſome ſweetneſs, and to place the happineſs of life in the image of death; ſleep may be indulged becauſe neceſſary, and we ought to thank Divine Providence, which more beneficent and more powerful than Medicine, has provided us with agreeable remedies for the cure of our ailments without exerciſing our patience. It is acting unjuſtly, and not having a ſufficient regard for Virtue, to be enamoured of her for the ſake of voluptuouſneſs: She is too noble not to be our end, and it is doing her an injury to ſeek other motive, or hope other reward than her poſſeſſion; the Pleaſure that accompanies her is only for thoſe daſtardly Souls, that have not courage enough to follow her in her difficulties; ſhe is never more glorious than when more difficult, and her faithful lovers never find her

more

more beautiful than when crowned with thorns. Nature, however, does not forbid us to taſte thoſe ſweets which are found in our reſearches of Virtue, provided we conſider them as helps to our weakneſs, and do not take for compleat implements of happineſs, the things given us by way of relaxation: Yet, this is the crime of all Men, and this diſorder is ſo general, that ſcarce any are found, who do not ſlight Virtue, and ſeek Pleaſure ſolely on the account of Pleaſure. Every one would make his laſt end of a means that is not honourable, but becauſe it is neceſſary; and every one would have a paſſion, which Nature has implanted in us for the mitigation only of our misfortunes, to be the accumulation of our happineſs. We no longer pay regard to any thing but what delights; glory yields to pleaſure, and even Virtue herſelf, by a ſignal injuſtice, has no lovers, unleſs ſhe promiſes voluptuous pleaſures; ſo that of all the paſſions, not one does her more prejudice than Joy: For Deſires are noble, Hopes are generous, Courage and Anger attack Vice, Hatred and Fear guard againſt it; but Joy is ſoft, and ſo ſoon as ſolicited by delights, it ſuffers

itſelf to be corrupted: The other Paſſions are in perpetual motion, and as they always run, their attachment is never ſo ſtrong to an object, but that they may be eaſily ſeparated from it; but Joy is at reſt, and as it contracts itſelf by cloſe embrace into the center of the Good it poſſeſſes, many ſtruggles are required for weaning it. Therefore the Son of God, knowing the difficulty of conquering this Paſſion, when once formed in the Soul, forbids us to admit, and counſels us to reſerve it for thoſe contentments that never end: He characterizes his diſciples by a diſtinguiſhing mark from thoſe of the world, as well by joy as by love; he employs all his reaſons to perſuade us, that the joys of time are not compatible with thoſe of eternity; and that to be happy in heaven, we ſhould be wretched on earth; he mingles pain with our pleaſures, diſſeminates thorns among roſes, and by a loving ſeverity, infuſes our delights with bitterneſs to give us a diſguſt of them; he teaches us that voluptuous pleaſures are not only periſhable but painful, and not only uſeleſs but criminal. In fact, they are the daughters and mothers of pain, and all ſuch as promiſe us the moſt exquiſite

quiſite pleaſures, ſubſiſt only by their antecedent trouble. Monarchs do not triumph till after victory; they would not have defeated their enemies without fighting them, and joy meaſures itſelf ſo exactly by pain, that the beauty of triumph depends on the greatneſs of the battle: When it has not been well diſputed, the pleaſure is leſs, and the glory is not ſo illuſtrious. Seamen have never a better reliſh for the ſweets of life, than when they have eſcaped ſhipwreck, and their joy is never ſo ſenſible, as when after deſpairing of ſaving themſelves, a blaſt of the ſtorm drives them on the ſhore. An only ſon is never ſo dear to his mother, as when he has encountered great dangers, and coſt her many tears; ſhe believes ſhe has produced him, as often as ſhe has bewailed him; her joy ſprings from her grief, and the ſatisfaction of poſſeſſing him would not have been ſo great, if ſhe was in no fear of loſing him. We muſt ſuffer hunger to find pleaſure in eating, and as nothing exalts more the charms of light than to be extricated from darkneſs, there is nothing alſo that gives a greater ſtimulus to pleaſure than foregoing trouble. But by another conſequence as

neceſſary, and much more calamitous, pleaſure is converted into pain, and what was agreeable to us in its birth, becomes the reverſe in its progreſs. When ſleep is too long, it degenerates into a lethargy, and the remedy which nature has found for recruiting our ſtrength, deſtroys it, when it becomes continued. An exceſs in eating ſuffocates natural heat; too violent exerciſe debilitates our vigour, and the moſt innocent pleaſures become puniſhments, when immoderate.

Temperance might cure us of theſe diſorders, if they did not proceed too far; but experience teaches us, that what paſſes for a pleaſure in the world, is a crime before God, and that moſt of our joys cauſe the ſorrow of the virtuous. The military Gentleman exults in the murders he has committed, and in this corrupt age we call valour, what in a more innocent, would have been called cruelty. The luſtful man is elated with joy for having raviſhed the object of his deſires, and if he gratifies his luſt, by indulging his incontinency, the oftener he treſpaſſes in this kind, the more pleaſures he taſtes. A Tyrant finds a ſource of joy in his uſurpation, and if he derives glory from his

his injuſtice, he reputes himſelf happier than a lawful Sovereign. A choleric man is overjoyed for having ſated his revenge; though he has violated all the laws of Charity to obey his Paſſion, he finds ſweets in his crime, and by a ſtrange blindneſs, the more he is culpable, the more he thinks himſelf happy: So that the joy of the world is nothing elſe than an unpuniſhed malice, or ſin glorying in itſelf. Indeed, when this Paſſion becomes criminal, it muſt be ſomething miraculous that ſhall reſtore it to its innocence: For though ſuch deſires as riſe up againſt the laws of God are unjuſt, there being puniſhments appointed by him for the chaſtiſement of diſorderly wiſhes, they are, however, but offences juſt begun, and not yet fraught with their full complement of malice. Though fooliſh hopes are puniſhable, as being incentives to vanity, yet they are not always followed by effects, and frequently by a happy impotence, do not all the evil they had promiſed themſelves. Our courage is more inconſiderate than malicious, and ſome accident may retard or deſtroy all its impetuoſity. Our pains and our ſorrows are not obſtinate; relieve them a little, and they are cured; and being

being diſſatisfied with themſelves, they eaſily change into their contraries. Our Fears are of a fugitive nature; the moment their cauſe ceaſes to operate on them, they paſs away, and leave us free and eaſy. In ſhort, there is no incurable paſſion but joy; for ſince it has mingled with criminality, and by corrupting all the ſentiments of nature, has found its pleaſure in evil, Morality has not been able to find any curative remedy for it. It muſt be a great diſorder when a man glorifies himſelf in his ſin, and as the Apoſtle obſerves, makes his glory to conſiſt in his own confuſion. It is a deplorable misfortune when he has loſt fear with ſhame, and when the puniſhments preſcribed by the laws, cannot keep him to his duty. It is a ſtrange irregularity, when his ſins have blinded him, or he has no further knowledge of them than to be ready to plead in their defence: But certainly it is the height of all evils, when he prides himſelf and takes pleaſure in his crimes, when he eſtabliſhes his felicity in injuſtice, and eſteems himſelf fortunate, becauſe he is criminal. Is it not, to puniſh this impiety, that Heaven brandiſhes its thunderbolts? Is it not, for chaſtiſing

chaſtiſing this horrid diſorder, that the Earth pines in barrenneſs? And when war rages among nations, or peſtilence depopulates cities, and converts ſtates into ſolitudes, muſt we not believe, that theſe plagues are the puniſhments of men, who ſeek and place their contentment in their offences, and who violating all the laws of nature, mingle unjuſtly their joys with their crimes?

Now, as this evil, extreme as it is, is notwithſtanding common, and as it implies great difficulty to taſte of innocent pleaſures, Jeſus Chriſt counſels us to renounce all the pleaſures of this world, and to lay the foundation, even now, of our happineſs in heaven. He orders us by the mouth of his Apoſtle, not to open the door of our heart but to pure conſolations, of which the Holy Ghoſt is the ſource, and by making us attend to our intereſts, obliges us to ſeek only that joy, which by being grounded on himſelf, can neither be troubled by the injuſtice of men, nor by the inſolence of fortune: For, if we think to place it in our riches, we ſhall be obliged to dread the loſs of them; if in reputation, we ſhall be apprehenſive of calumny; and if, as beaſts, in thoſe infa-

mous

mous pleaſures that flatter the ſenſes, and corrupt the mind, we ſhall have as many ſubjects of fear, as ſee accidents that may rob us of them. Wherefore, following the advice of St. Auguſtine*, which cannot be ſuſpected by us, as having in the flower of his age taſted the delights of the world, we ought to be careful in diminiſhing our criminal pleaſures, till they are entirely put an end to by our death; and by the ſame reaſon, ought to augment in us all innocent pleaſures, till they are perfectly conſummated in glory. But you will tell me perhaps that our ſenſes are not capable of thoſe innocent pleaſures, and that Joy, which is but a paſſion of the Soul, cannot riſe to ſuch pure contentments; that ſomething ſenſible is required for its occupation, and that being engaged in the body, it is an injuſtice to propoſe to it the felicity of Angels. This objection is not admiſſible but among thoſe who believe, that the Paſſions of men are not more noble than the Paſſions of beaſts. The affinity of the human Paſſions with Reaſon, renders them capable of all its valuable endowments and acquiſitions. When enlightened by its lights, they may burn

* Aug. l. 2. de verbis Domini. Serm. 14.

burn with its flames; when Grace ſheds its influence on that part of the Soul, where they reſide, they labour for eternity, and anticipating the advantages of Glory, carry away the body, and communicate ſpiritual ſentiments to it: They make us ſay with a Prophet, My fleſh and my Soul rejoice in the living God, and regardleſs of periſhable delights, no more do they ſigh after any but ſuch as are eternal.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF PAIN.

IF Nature knew not how to draw good out of our evils, and if her providence did not convert our miſeries into felicities, we ſhould have reaſon to accuſe her for having made the moſt troubleſome of our paſſions the moſt common; for it ſeems that Grief is natural to us, and Joy foreign: All the parts of our body may feel pain, and but few of them can taſte pleaſure: Troubles crowd in upon, and attack us with united force; they conſpire to afflict us, and though their coalition is not without jarring and reluctance, they make

make peace among themſelves to accelerate our deſtruction. Pleaſures alſo fall foul upon each other when they meet, and as jealous of our happineſs, deſtroy one another: Our body is the theatre of their combats; its miſeries ariſe from their quarrels, and man is never more unhappy than when divided by his pleaſures. Pains are of long continuance, and as if Nature took pleaſure in prolonging our puniſhment, ſhe gives us ſtrength to endure them, and does not make us more courageous or patient, but to make us more miſerable. Pleaſures, and particularly thoſe of the body, laſt but moments; their death is never at any great diſtance from their birth, and when made to ſubſiſt by art, they cauſe in us either torment or loathing. As a confirmation of all theſe reaſons, and to ſhew that pain is more familiar to men than pleaſure; we need only conſider the deplorable ſtate of our life, wherein for the ſake of a vain and empty gratification, we feel a thouſand real pains. Theſe come without being called; they preſent themſelves of their own motion, they are linked with each other, and as the Hydra's heads, either never die, or ſprout up after death: But

pleaſures

pleaſures make themſelves to be ſought for with trouble, and we are often conſtrained to purchaſe them for much more than they are worth. Pains are ſometimes peracute, and attack us in ſo ſharp a manner, as to make us incapable of conſolation; but pleaſures are never without ſome allay of pain; they are always daſhed with the cup of bitterneſs, and as no roſes are ſeen, without being ſurrounded with thorns, ſo no pleaſures are taſted of, without being accompanied with their puniſhments. But what ſhews evidently the miſery of our condition, is that Pain makes itſelf to be more ſenſibly felt than Pleaſure; for a ſlight illneſs marrs our moſt ſolid contentments; a fever is capable of making conquerors loſe the remembrance of their victories, and defacing from their minds all the pomp of their triumphs. Yet Pain is the moſt real of our Paſſions, and if we believe Ariſtotle, is that which occaſions moſt alterations in our Souls: All others ſubſiſt but in imagination, and without the intelligence they are in with that faculty, would make no impreſſion on our ſenſes. Deſires and hopes are but deceitful goods, and he was well acquainted with their nature,

nature, who called them the dreams of thoſe awake. Love and hatred are the ſports of frivolous ſouls. Fear is but an umbrage, and it is hard if the effect ſhould be real, when the cauſe is imaginary. Boldneſs and anger create monſters for themſelves to defeat them, and it is not ſurprizing that they proceed ſo eaſily to engage, becauſe the weakneſs of their enemy, aſſures them of victory. But Pain is a real Evil, forming attacks on the ſoul and body conjointly, and making two wounds from one blow. I know that there are griefs which wound only the Soul, and exert the might of their efforts on the more noble part of man; but if violent, they deſcend into the body, and by a ſecret contagion, the anguiſh of the miſtreſs, becomes the malady of her ſlave. The chains that faſten them together are ſo tight, that all their goods and evils are common; a contented Soul cures her body, and a ſick body afflicts its Soul: That noble captive patiently ſuffers all the croſs accidents that befall her, and ſo her priſon be free from pain, ſhe finds ſufficient reaſon for comforting herſelf: She deſpiſes the loſs of riches, and ſetting bounds to her deſires, finds contentment

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in poverty; ſhe ſlights honour, and knowing it to be grounded merely on opinion, will not eſtabliſh her felicity in the poſſeſſion of ſo frail a good; ſhe can relinquiſh voluptuous pleaſures, and the ſhame that accompanies them, diminiſhes the regret that may be occaſioned by their loſs: Having no attachment to all theſe extrinſic and foreign goods, ſhe eaſily diveſts herſelf of them, and ſhould Fortune ſtrip her of their enjoyment, ſhe finds herſelf but the more free, and does not think herſelf the poorer: But when the body is attacked, and ſuffers either the burning heat of flames, or the injuries of weather, or the violence of diſtempers, ſhe is forced to ſigh along with it, and the bonds that maintain their ſtrict union, make their miſeries common: She is apprehenſive of death, though ſhe is immortal; ſhe dreads wounds, though ſhe is invulnerable; and ſhe feels all the ills the priſon ſhe animates is made to ſuffer, though ſhe is ſpiritual.

The Stoic Philoſophy, which forms no eſtimate of an enterprize as glorious, unleſs it be impoſſible, would fain prohibit all commerce between the ſoul and body, and by a ſtrange madneſs, contended

hard to ſeparate two parts that compoſe but the ſame whole. It forbade its diſciples the uſe of tears, and breaking thro' the moſt ſacred of all friendſhips, would have the Soul to be in a ſtate of inſenſibility in regard to the pains of the body; and would have her, whilſt it ſhould lie burning in the midſt of flames, ſoar to Heaven, there to contemplate the beauties of Virtue, or the wonders of Nature. This barbarous Philoſophy had ſome admirers, but never had any real diſciples; its counſels threw them into deſpair, and ſuch as thought of following its maxims, ſuffered themſelves to be ſeduced by vanity, and could not guard againſt pain. Now, as the Soul has contracted ſo intimate a ſociality with her body, ſhe muſt neceſſarily ſuffer with it, and being diffuſed through all its parts, muſt complain with the mouth, weep with the eyes, and ſigh with the heart. Pity was never prohibited but by Tyrants, and that Virtue will receive praiſes in the world as long as any wretches are found in it: Yet the ills that afflict, are foreign to her, and the perſons ſhe aſſiſts, are for the moſt part unknown to her: Why then ſhould the Soul be blamed for ſhewing compaſſion

for

for her body? How can ſhe be accuſed of a daſtardly diſpoſition for bearing part in the pains ſhe is encompaſſed by, which though not capable of hurting her in her ſubſtance, yet attack her in her houſe, and revenge themſelves on her, in the only thing in the world ſhe loves beſt: For whilſt in the body, ſhe ſeems to have renounced her noble extraction, and ceaſing to be a pure ſpirit, intereſts herſelf in all the pleaſures and pains of her hoſt. The health of her hoſt ſheds on her the ſweets of contentment; his diſtempered ſymptoms trouble her with anxious cares; the higher part ſuffers in the lower, and by a doleful neceſſity the Soul is unhappy amidſt the miſeries of her body. 'Tis ſaid that * Magic is ſo powerful, as to find the ſecret of tormenting men in their abſence, and making them feel in perſon, all the cruelties it exerciſes on their image. Theſe wretches burn with a fire that touches only their picture; they feel blows they do not receive, and the diſtance of place cannot ſecure them againſt the wrath of their enemies. Love, as power-

* Devovet abſentes ſimulachra que cerea fingit,
Et miſerum tenues in jecur urget acus.
Ovid. in Epiſt.

ful, and not leſs cruel than Magic, works daily a like miracle. When it unites two Souls, it finds means to make their troubles common; one cannot be offended without the other's feeling the offence; each ſuffers as much in the body it loves, as in that it animates: If then Love and Magic perform theſe marvellous things, need we be aſtoniſhed if Nature having cauſed an attachment between Soul and Body, makes their miſeries common, and if from one pain it excites two. The community of their felicities and misfortunes, is a conſequence of their marriage, and Heaven muſt work a miracle to exempt them from this neceſſity? The joy of Martyrs was not a mere effect of Reaſon; when they taſted any pleaſure in the midſt of their ſufferings, it was Grace which mitigated their rigour; it was he who changed the flames into Zephyrs in the fiery furnace, that converted their torments into ſweets; or, if he did not favour them with that indulgence, he ſhewed them a greater, for by keeping the ſoul from feeling the pain of the body, he convinces the world, that he is the ſupreme director of Nature. But however this matter may ſtand, all Philoſophers agree in opinion,

opinion, that the Soul cannot be happy in a wretched body, and that ſhe cannot quicken it with life, without participating in its miſeries. If her more noble part is affected with joy, whilſt the body languiſhes in pain, that which animates the body muſt feel it, and to repay the intereſt of its ſervices, muſt alſo be diſtreſſed in its company. Even the Soul of Jeſus Chriſt, though perfectly divine, was notwithſtanding ſorrowful and afflicted, and he wrought a miracle on himſelf in the order of glory, that he might not make a breach in the ſocial tye Nature has placed between the Soul and Body. It is therefore manifeſt that the two conſtituent parts of man cannot be ſeparated in their ſufferings, and that the torment of the one, becomes of neceſſity, the puniſhment of the other. They love too well to abandon each other in their troubles, and if the effort of pain cannot break the chains that bind them together, their miſeries muſt therefore be common. Add to this, that the condition of the Soul ſeems more deplorable than that of the body; for beſides that it is doing an injury to her noble qualities to ſubject her to pain, and is a ſort of injuſtice to conſtrain her to ſuffer ills, from

which ſhe is exempt by her Nature, yet ſhe condemns herſelf to new ſufferings, and the love ſhe bears her body, obliges her to conceive ſorrow for the pangs it endures. She feels them with the body, as being the principle of ſenſation; and as if this torment was not enough, procures to herſelf another by compaſſion, and afflicts herſelf in thought for all that tortures the body in effect; ſhe mournfully muſes on its maladies, after ſuffering them with it; on their account in ſorrowful ſtrains ſhe ſympathizes with the imagination, and of a ſingle pain makes a double martyrdom. 'Tis true, that the imaginative faculty maintains ſo great a commerce with the ſenſes, that it cannot be affected with grief, without exciting commotions in them, and cannot feel their ills, without communicating to them its diſtreſſes; it diſturbs their reſt by its trouble, and as the ſuffering of the body gives birth to that of the Soul, by a law as juſt as neceſſary, the trouble of the Soul produces that of the Body. This ſenſation is, in my opinion, the true ſorrow, which is nothing elſe than a diſguſt, formed in the inferior part of our Soul at the ſight of diſagreeable objects.

The

The effects of ſo melancholic a paſſion are exceeding ſtrange; for when moderate, it furniſhes the wretched with words for uttering their complaints; it renders them eloquent without being verſed in the rules of Rhetoric; it teaches them figurative ſpeech to exaggerate the cauſes of their feelings; and to hear them ſpeak, it might ſeem as if the greateſt pains or griefs were leſs than thoſe they ſuffer. But when the paſſion is extreme, by a quite contrary effect, it fills the mind with aſtoniſhment, it ſuſpends the uſe of the ſenſes, it dries up tears, it ſtifles ſighs, and ſeizing men with ſtupefaction, gives Poets that liberty of fiction, whereby they ſay, it changed them into rocks. When it is long, it diſengages us from earth, and raiſes us into Heaven; for it is very hard that a wretch ſhould love life when it abounds with miſeries, and that the ſoul ſhould have a great attachment for a body, which continually exerciſes her patience. All are not ſuch daſtards as that favourite of Auguſtus, whoſe paſſion for life was ſo great, that torments could not wean him from the deſire of it. He boaſted in his * verſes that he

* Debilem facito manu, debilem pede, coxa, lubricos quate dentes: vita dum ſupereſt bene eſt. Hanc mihi velacuta ſi ſedeam cruce, ſuſtine. Mœcen.

ſtill could love it in a lame ſtate of his limbs; that the moſt excruciating pains could not debar him of wiſhes for prolonging it; and that he could find charms amidſt the moſt cruel ſufferings, ſo he could find life. I believe the violence of ſuffering would have put other language in his mouth, and would have obliged him to own, that a prompt death is ſweeter than a long pain; or if he had perſiſted in his firſt ſentiments, we ſhould be obliged to confeſs, that cowardly perſons are more obſtinate than the courageous, and that the love of glory does not make ſo great an impreſſion on our minds, as the love of life.

But to return to our ſubject; when pain is violent, it ſevers the ſoul from the body, and cauſes the death of man; for grief and joy bear to each other this relation in their difference, that when extreme, they make forcible attacks on life: The heart is dilated by joy, it opens to receive the good that preſents itſelf, its fruition ruſhes on to ſuch a degree of exceſs, that quite debilitated under the weight of pleaſure, it totters, it falls, it finds death in the height of its felicity: It is contracted by grief; it ſhuts the door againſt the aſſailing evil, and

and by an extreme indiſcretion, ſurrenders itſelf into the power of a domeſtic enemy, to rid itſelf of a foreign one; for its effort gives birth to its pain; the care of defence involves it in greater embarraſſment, and haſtens the pace of death: Its negligence likewiſe often makes it wretched; it ſuffers itſelf to be ſuprized by pain for not having foreſeen it, and being no longer in a ſtate of defending itſelf when it arrives, is conſtrained to yield to it. Grief alſo makes us weep; when it has laid hold of our heart, it makes war on our eyes, it evaporates in ſighs, it flows in tears, and ſpends itſelf by producing them; for the man that weeps, ſoothes himſelf; he meets conſolation in moans, he finds ſome pleaſure in complaints, and if marks of his pains, they are in like manner of his remedies. In ſhort, as anger unboſoms and diſcharges itſelf by injuries, ſo grief, but more innocent, diſtills in tears, and abandons the heart, when it aſcends to the face. Having now taken a view of its effects, nothing more remains than to conſider the uſe that may be made of it, and on what occaſions it may become innocent or criminal.

CHAP.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE ILL USE OF PAIN.

THOSE, who believe voluptuouſneſs to be the moſt dangerous enemy of virtue, will never imagine that pain is capable of ſiding with vice; neither will they be perſuaded that there are criminal ſorrows: Yet, indeed, few are found innocent, and moſt of ſuch as draw tears from us, are unjuſt, or unreaſonable. Man is ſo nice and ſupercilious, that all things are cauſes of offence to him; ſin has made him ſo faint-hearted, that he places the privation of pleaſures in the number of his pains, and thinks he has a juſt reaſon to be afflicted, when he does not poſſeſs all he deſires: The number of his woes has increaſed by his cowardice; and he, who in the primitive ages, knew no other pains than ſickneſs or death, is now replete with grief on account of diſhonour and poverty. The teſtimony of his conſcience is not ſufficient for his virtue, and if with the approbation of heaven, he has not yet received the applauſe of earth,

earth, he fancies himſelf to be infamous; the riches of nature do not content his deſires, and though he has all things neceſſary, he reckons himſelf poor, when he has not ſuperfluities. Thus every one finds his diſaſters in felicity itſelf; and the moſt happy ſeem to affect ſo much delicacy, that Fortune, harraſſed in ſerving them, cannot take away from them the pretences of complaint. The beſt ſucceſs is attended with circumſtances that bring affliction on them; a victory diſpleaſes them, becauſe the enemy's Chief ſaved himſelf by flight, and loſt not life and liberty with honour; the taking of a city is diſagreeable to them, becauſe unaccompanied with the revolt of a province, and their temper is ſo ingenious in creating itſelf trouble, that the greateſt proſperities cannot put an end to their complaints, nor content their deſires. It ſhould ſeem that in this ſort of perſons, Pain is the ſlave of Voluptuouſneſs, and that to be revenged for ſervitude, it makes its miſtreſs to ſigh and pine with grief in the midſt of her pleaſures. Theſe men are undeſerving of the balm of conſolation; their troubles are too unjuſt, to oblige Philoſophy to preſcribe remedies for them; it is reaſonable that their cowardice

ardice ſhould be their puniſhment, and that they ſhould languiſh in miſery, as not knowing how to make and keep themſelves happy. There are others that derive vanity from their diſcontents, and make ſubſervient to their ambition the ſincereſt of our Paſſions: In all companies they bewail the loſs of their friends; they would have their grief conſidered as a ſpecimen of their love, and that it might be thought they have loved well, becauſe they have heartily wept. They never wipe away their tears but when they ſit ſolitary in their cloſets; they judge they ſhould be improperly ſhed, if they wanted witneſſes; and they inform us that they are not real, unleſs they meet with approvers. But indeed, the ſorrow that lodges in our heart, is every where our companion, and it is in ſolitude where nothing diverts it, that it gives full liberty to its ſighs, and contemplating its loſs, ſtrives to ſeek ſome comfort from its regrets. But though ſincere, it might nevertheleſs be unjuſt, as often producing effects contrary to our deſires, and making us forget the perſons it forces us to lament; for nothing in the world becomes ſooner more irkſome to us than grief:

Being

Being in no reſpect amiable, it eaſily becomes odious; it tires out thoſe that ſerve it, and to deliver themſelves of it, they ſtrive to rid themſelves of the love that gave it birth: They deface from their memory the remembrance of their friends, that they might not be obliged to be ſorry for them, and by an ingratitude always following immoderate grief, renounce friendſhip to cure themſelves of pain. I know we are allowed to bemoan the death of our friends, and that tears are the firſt duties Nature obliges us to pay them; but we ought quickly to ſtop their current, and calling reaſon to our aid, ought to make their remembrance agreeable, if we deſire it ſhould be immortal: We ſeldom willingly think of tormenting ſubjects, and when once we do not find that ſad pleaſure Nature has placed in tears, we regard them as puniſhments, and avoid all the occaſions that oblige us to give them vent.

But certainly of all the griefs that wound our Soul without a juſt cauſe, it ſeems that not one is more infamous than that of Envy; for the Pain cauſed by the privation of pleaſures is not ſo unjuſt, but may have pretexts for defending itſelf; if

good

good reaſons are wanting to it, excuſes are found; and we ſee men, not put to ſo much difficulty to reſiſt pain, as to abſtain from voluptuous pleaſure; they are fitter for fortitude than temperance, and martyrs may be ſooner made of them, than perſons remarkable for continence: The death of friends is a loſs great enough to be bewailed, and friendſhip is a virtue of ſufficient charms, to ſeek the glory of it, by feigned or real tears: All theſe griefs have evil for their object, and though their exceſs is marked with injuſtice, their cauſe admits of ſome excuſe: But envy is a grief as mean as it is unjuſt, and in whatever point of view it may be conſidered, it can have neither pretext nor colour. It is offenſive to every virtue, and by a malice that cannot be ſufficiently condemned, declares war againſt all thoſe noble habitudes that conſtitute the pureſt glory of our Soul. 'Tis certain, that all vices are enemies of virtue, and that there is no morality capable of reconciling them; Nature brings the elements to an agreement, and tempering their qualities, makes them ingredients in the compoſition of all her works; but human Prudence, with all the poſſible artifice it may have recourſe

recourſe to, cannot reconcile the differences of vice and virtue, nor make them reſide together in the ſame perſon: Nevertheleſs, the Hatred of other vices is regular; they attack only their contrary virtue, and when by an unjuſt victory they have triumphed over that noble enemy, they relent, their rage ſubſides, and they leave man in ſome meaſure at reſt. The perſecution of Avarice is levelled only againſt Liberality; Ambition contends to defeat Modeſty, and Lying, with all its impudence, attacks only Truth: But Envy, more furious than all theſe Monſters, makes war upon all virtues, and as if it were a poiſon compounded of all the reſt, attacks at the ſame time, Charity, Juſtice, Mercy, and Humility: For, if Charity makes all things common, Envy claims their property, and does not take ſo much pleaſure in their poſſeſſion, as robbing its neighbour of them. If Juſtice renders to every one what belongs to him, Envy keeps all to itſelf, and unwilling to acknowledge other merit than its own, believes that all rewards are due to it. If Mercy is afflicted for others misfortunes, Envy rejoices at, and by an exceſs of malice, finds its happineſs in them. If

Humility

Humility deſpiſes nothing, Envy finds fault with every thing, and ſtrives to raiſe the ſuperſtructure of its reputation on the ruins of virtue: So that this ſhamefully pining grief may properly be denominated an univerſal Evil, and to conſiſt of Avarice, Pride, and Cruelty. But though animated againſt virtues in general, Envy reſerves its greateſt exertions againſt the moſt noble, and attacks moſt fiercely, ſuch as appear with greateſt ſplendour; in this reſembling thoſe troubleſome flies that keep hovering about the moſt beautiful flowers of a parterre, or like to the ravaging force of thunder, which makes choice of the talleſt trees, and diſcharges its fury on the higheſt mountains. It appears not courageous, but from the noble enemies it attacks; it would have itſelf eſteemed generous, becauſe inſolent; and it derives its vanity from the greatneſs of its crime.

From this bad quality proceeds another, not leſs perverſe. Envy, as hating virtue, cannot endure virtuous perſons, and its hatred prompts it to revenge. When by Calumny, it can effect nothing againſt the glory of the Innocent, it makes attempts on their life. Its firſt eſſay lies in obloquy, but

but the completion of its work is in murder; ſo that it thirſts to ſhed the blood of thoſe, whoſe glory it could not tarniſh. No parricide has been committed, which it has not counſelled, and of the many cruelties imputed to hatred or anger, the moſt ſignal are the works of Envy. It armed in the beginning of the world, the hands of Cain againſt his brother, and furniſhed him with weapons before iron had been extracted from the bowels of the earth; ſo that in the age ſucceeding that of innocence, it taught the perpetrating of the firſt parricide, and death, which was only the penalty of ſin, became a crime by its counſel. It ſtirred up the children of Jacob againſt their brother Joſeph; his future grandeur kindled jealouſy in their hearts, and to oppoſe the deſigns of heaven, they made a ſlave of him, who was deſtined to royal power. It inſtigated Saul againſt David, and by a blind rage perſuaded him, that nothing is more pernicious to Sovereigns than the greatneſs of their ſubjects; and that the power of a ſtranger is not ſo much to be dreaded, as the virtue of a domeſtic. But to aſcend higher, and proceed to the ſource of our misfortunes, it was Envy that animated

the wicked Spirits againſt men, taught them the contrivance of deſtroying them before their birth, and making them die in the perſon of their father. But if Envy involves its enemies in ſo great a number of ills, it does not procure fewer to itſelf, and is as much its own torment, as a plague to virtue; for it ſees no proſperities that do not afflict it; the happineſs of its neighbour is the cauſe of its miſery; his good ſucceſs forces out its tears, and in whatever way he ſhould be fortunate, this is more than enough to make it for ever wretched. It confounds the nature of good and evil to accumulate its diſguſts, and by a diſorder, which is not juſt but becauſe prejudicial to it, evil gives it joy, and good affliction. It ſheds ſtreams of tears on public occaſions of feſtivity, and yet in public calamities finds ſubjects for triumph and alacrity. Its own ruin ſeems agreeable provided it involves that of its enemy, and the guilt of injuſtice is ſo natural to it, that it purchaſes the pleaſure of revenge at the expence of its own life. Angered at Fortune, it vents bitter complaints againſt the age it lives in, and when it cannot hinder the good ſucceſs of its enemies, deſpair keeps it ſequeſtered in ſolitude,

ſolitude, where amidſt fix'd thought on the cauſe of its diſpleaſures, it ſuffers the puniſhment of all the crimes it has committed.

To give ſome inlet to conſolation in this ſtate of wretchedneſs, it aſſumes to itſelf an air of grandeur, and would fain perſuade every one, that if it blames the virtues of others, it is becauſe it ſees them tarniſhed with blemiſhes. To hear it ſpeak, it ſeems as if it had derived its origin from Heaven, and that the earth has not crowns and ſceptres enough to compliment its honour; believing that all honours are its due, and that therefore it muſt be robbed of all ſuch as are not given it. In ſhort, it is as inſolent as Virtue is modeſt, and its language as impudent, as that of its enemy is meek and circumſpect: Yet nothing is meaner than its courage; it always grovels, and if ſometimes blind Fortune ſhould raiſe it from the duſt, it inſtantly falls back again, and dejected and diſtreſſed ſeems to crouch under the very things it had decried: For it is an undoubted maxim, that whatever inſpires us with envy, ſtands in an elevated degree above us; even in our own judgment, we give the advantage to our equals, when their merit creates jea-

louſy in us. A Prince becomes the ſlave of his ſubjects, when he takes umbrage at their happineſs; he deſcends from his throne and falls from his grandeur, the moment he forms a wiſh for what they poſſeſs; and in his opinion he judges their fortune to be placed in a higher degree than his own, whenever it excites jealouſy in him. For which reaſon, that great * man, who made himſelf illuſtrious by his misfortunes, and whoſe innocence was exerciſed by ſo many ſubjects of diſgrace, had obſerved very juſtly, that Envy was the Paſſion of mean Souls, making a prey only of ſuch baſe and daſtardly men that can undertake and atchieve nothing generous; for if they had the leaſt tincture of a noble heart, and if virtue had communicated to them that ſatisfaction ſhe always carries about her, they would be contented with their condition, and would form no wiſhes that would diſcover their miſery: If they remarked in their equals any ſignal perfection, they would beſtow on it its merited applauſe, or inſpired with a noble emulation, would endeavour to acquire the like. But as the vice that plays the tyrant over them,

* Job. c. 5.

them, crawls ſhamefully on the ground, their conceptions muſt terminate in frivolouſly mean deſires; even in making efforts for riſing, their humiliation becomes more ſignal; and experience ſhews that their apparent grandeur, is but a mere effect of their real miſery.

To all theſe misfortunes we may likewiſe add that of poverty, which is not the leaſt puniſhment of Envy; for it has this in common with Avarice that its riches never content it, having a hundred eyes open on thoſe of its neighbour, and not one on its own: It looks to only the opulence that may afflict, and not that which may divert; it believes that whatever others poſſeſs, is wanting to it, and ingenious in tormenting itſelf, aggrandizes another's felicity to add to its own wretchedneſs. So that to puniſh the Envious, they need only be conſigned over to their own rage. Without undertaking to chaſtiſe their inſolence, it is ſufficient to leave them to themſelves, and to permit the malign ſpirit that inceſſantly frets them, to draw vengeance from their crime. Such are the exceſſes this pining ſorrow is capable of. In general all anxious pains require a juſt regulation to be made to

coincide with the ſtrictneſs of virtue; and therefore we ſhall now ſee what virtues they may be made inſtrumental to, when under the guidance of Reaſon, and following the motions of Grace, regrets burſt into affliction, for the injuſtice of the wicked, or the deplorable ſtate of the Good.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE GOOD USE OF PAIN.

WE need not be aſtoniſhed if the Stoics condemn Grief, as not approving the virtues it is productive of. Their Sage muſt taſte ſo pure a joy as not to admit the leaſt allay of diſpleaſure. They raiſe him beyond the reach of ſtorms, and endeavour to perſuade us, that he unconcerned ſees them forming under his feet. They aſſure us that in the ſacking of a town or downfal of a ſtate, he is no more moved than their Jupiter amidſt the wrecks of the world, and that placing his whole happineſs in himſelf, he beholds with indifference every reverſe of fortune: If he ſheds a few tears on the tomb of his pa-

parents; if he fetches a ſigh at ſight of his expiring country, his ſoul ſuffers no emotion, and he ſees all theſe diſaſters without pain. This cruel Philoſophy may ſpeak as it pleaſes, but I do not believe that its doctrine is capable of deſtroying nature, nor that it can form a Sage, diveſted of all the ſentiments of Humanity. Wiſdom is not unfriendly to reaſon, and Heaven would not have united the ſoul with the body, if its deſign was to hinder their communication: Whence it may be thought that theſe Philoſophers by uttering ſuch proud words had in view the imitation of Orators, who forming hyperboles, lead us to truth by lyes, and aſſure impoſſibilities, to perſuade us of what is hard to be credited. They could not help believing but that the mind muſt have ſome commerce with the body, and that the pains of the one muſt cauſe the ſorrows of the other; but leſt the more noble part ſhould become the ſlave of the baſer, they endeavoured to preſerve its liberty through rigour, and to make it inſenſible, that it might always remain ſuperior: For who could imagine that men ſo judicious in all things, ſhould in this loſe their judgment, and to defend the part of virtue, ſhould

abandon that of reaſon. All the pomp of their diſſertations had no other aim than to maintain the mind in its empire, and fearing it might be weighed down by the weakneſs of the body, they gave a ſanction to its power by terms more eloquent than true. They imagined that to reduce us to the point of reaſon, it was requiſite to raiſe us a degree higher, and that to grant no ſuperfluity to our ſenſes, we ſhould refuſe them neceſſaries. They therefore believe with us that Grief may be rational, and that there are occaſions when it might border upon impiety to ſhew no ſorrow; but I cannot ſay we are ſo well able to perſuade them that Penitence and Mercy are illuſtrious virtues, and that after having bewailed our own offences we are obliged lament the miſeries of our neighbour.

Theſe Philoſophers are not auſtere, but becauſe they are over-virtuous; they do not condemn Penitence, but becauſe they love fidelity; and if they blame repentance, it is becauſe they preſuppoſe criminality. They would never have the party of virtue abandoned, or that vicious men ſhould be treated with more lenity than the deſerting ſoldier. Their zeal merits ſome excuſe, but being unaccompanied with pru-

prudence, it produces an effect contrary to their intention; for it adds to the number of criminals by thinking to leſſen it, it makes the weak obſtinate, and depriving them of a remedy, changes their weakneſs into incurable maladies. Man is not ſo conſiſtent with himſelf, nor approved in his duty, as the Angel, and though he loves good, his attachment is not ſo intimate with it, as not to be capable of a ſeparation. Still is he not ſo perverſe and obſtinate as the Devil, and when he loves evil, he is not ſo deeply engaged, as not to be weaned from it. If his conſtancy is the cauſe of his ſin, it is alſo its remedy, and if it helps to make him criminal, it likewiſe contributes to make him innocent. He is diſguſted at criminal life, he is tired of impiety, and for theſe good effects he is indebted to the weakneſs of his Nature. If he had more ſtrength, he would be more obſtinate, and the Grace that converts him, would find more reſiſtance, if he was more firm in his reſolutions. Heaven makes this fault conducive to our advantage, and its providence operates on our weakneſs to make it a means to ſalvation; for when it has touched ſinners, and and by preventing their will by its grace, has

has made them conceive a deteſtation of their crime, they complete the work of their converſion by the help of penitence, and ſeek in grief the means of appeaſing the divine Juſtice. They puniſh their body to afflict their mind; they condemn the ſlave, as an accomplice, to mourn for the maſter's treſpaſs, and well knowing that they do not afflict, but for having loved themſelves too much, they oblige them to hate, in order to procure themſelves good. They often chaſten them by the ſame puniſhment becauſe their faults are common, and by a juſt rigour conjoin in the penalty thoſe that have not been ſeparated in the crime. In this manner it is every man ſatisfies God, and his two conſtituent parts find in grief the pardon of their ſins. I well know that libertines make a mockery of theſe duties, and place repentance in the number of remedies that are as ſhameful as uſeleſs; for why, ſay they, ſhould you afflict yourſelf for an evil that no longer exiſts? why revive it by your regrets? why by a greater indiſcretion change the paſt, and wiſh in vain that what is already done, had not been? Theſe bad reaſons will never turn away ſinners from repentance, and if the impious

pious come not better armed againſt piety, they will never have over her any great advantage. Nature daily authorizes the tears we ſhed for paſt misfortunes, a doleful remembrance fetches ſighs from our hearts, and we cannot think of the evils we have avoided or ſuffered, without feeling ſome motions of pleaſure or grief to riſe up in our Souls. The elapſed time being the moſt certain part of our life, it is alſo that which excites the moſt real paſſions, and inſpires us with the moſt ſenſible emotions: Futurity is too uncertain to make us over ſolicitous concerning it, and the events it produces are too hidden, to make great impreſſions on our deſires: The paſt is the ſource of ſorrow, and we have a right to afflict ourſelves for an accident, which we no longer have in our power to avert; if it had only threatened us, we might have endeavoured to guard againſt it, and if it hung over our head, our prudence would have been employed in diverting the blow: But when it has once happened, nothing remains to us but grief for condoling with ourſelves; and of the many Paſſions, that may furniſh us with ſubjects of conſolation amidſt preſent or future ills, that only can ſoothe us for diſagreeable paſt occurrences. If we could

re-

recover our friends out of the grave, and by our cares re-animate their aſhes, we ſhould not waſte ourſelves away in uſeleſs regrets; but death being remedileſs, and medicine that may preſerve life, being incapable of reſtoring it when loſt; we weep with greater reaſon as our loſs is real, and our tears ſeem to us more juſt, as the evil we ſuffer is leſs capable of remedy. In like manner, Repentance is not blameable, if unable to hinder a crime already committed, it devotes itſelf to grief, and if finding no means for repairing the offence, it teſtifies what it feels on that account by its ſighs. It is grounded on this belief, and ſo much the better, as knowing that tears are not uſeleſs to it, and that mingled with the blood of Jeſus Chriſt, they are efficacious to waſh away all the pollution of ſin. On other occaſions tears work no miracles; if they comfort the living, they do not raiſe the dead; if they are as pledges to the afflicted of our love, they do not deliver them out of their troubles; thinking to ſuccour the miſerable, they augment their number, and inſtead of curing the evil, ſerve only to make it contagious; But the tears of Penitence obliterate ſins, ſave ſinners, and appeaſe the juſt anger of God; for ſo good is God, that he is

ſoftened

ſoftened by a little ſorrow; remorſe and diſpleaſure at an offence are as a ſatisfaction to him, and knowing we cannot change what is paſt, he contents himſelf with our repentance of it; and as he reads hearts, and knows the tears, that proceed from true ſorrow, he never refuſes pardon to them, and before his throne it is ſufficient for the criminal to confeſs his impiety, to to receive and find its abolition. Before a human Bench of Juſtice, criminality and innocence are often confounded; a man is acquitted that makes a defence for his treſpaſs by lies, and ſo he denies a murder that cannot be proved againſt him, he compels his judges to pronounce in his favour, but if he yields to the violence of torments, or is detected in his anſwers, his tears do not deface his crime, and his confeſſion does not ſave his life: It is otherwiſe in penitence; the ſincere and humble acknowledgement of the crime is ſufficient to obtain pardon; its laws are ſo mild, that God forgets all the injuries done him, if ſinners do but mingle a little love with their repentance, and if the fear of puniſhment is not the only motive of their ſorrow. Our intereſts therefore oblige us to ſtand up in defence of a paſſion, of ſuch ſingular advantage to us, and the hope of

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our ſalvation being grounded on that virtue, which owes its birth to grief, we ought to maintain its cauſe, and employ the whole force of reaſon to authorize that which effects our juſtification.

Mercy will find not leſs credit among men than Penitence, and as no man is ſo happy but he may become wretched, I am perſuaded it will not want advocates. The calumnies of the Stoics will not be able to baniſh it from the earth; the weakneſs imputed to it, cannot tarniſh it's glory; if injuſtice digs down its altars, piety will erect others to it, and if its temples of ſtone and marble are levelled with the ground, living and rational temples will be built up to its honour in the heart. They accuſe it of being unjuſt, and of rather attending to the diſtreſs than treſpaſs of Criminals; they blame it for dropping tears on perſons, undeſerving of them, and for deſiring to lay open priſons, to let out indiſcriminately the innocent and guilty. Notwithſtanding all that may be alledged by theſe inhumane philoſophers, it is the beſt way of employing ſorrow, it is the moſt holy uſe we can put grief to, it is the moſt univerſally approved ſentiment of our ſoul, and we muſt have iſſued from rocks, or lived among tigers, to condemn ſo reaſonable a Paſſion.

Paſſion. It has its birth from miſery, it imitates the mother that gave it life, and has ſo ſtrong a likeneſs to her, that itſelf is another miſery. It ſeizes upon the heart by the eyes, and going forth from where it entered, ſheds itſelf by tears, and evaporates by ſighs. Though accuſed of being weak, it excites our deſires, and intereſting us in the affliction of the miſerable, gives us ſtrength to aſſiſt them. Having proved its feeling towards them by its regrets, it proves its power for relieving them by effects, and giving orders from the throne it is ſeated on, forces the eyes to weep for them, the mouth to comfort them, and the hands to help them. It deſcends into dungeons with priſoners, it mounts the ſcaffold with criminals, it aſſiſts the afflicted with advice, it divides its ſubſtance with the poor, and without ſeeking other motives than miſery, it is enough for it that a man is unhappy to take him under its protection. All theſe efforts proceed only from pain, and if ſorrow did not participate of Mercy, it would not act with ſo much vigour; for ſelf-love has wrought ſo great a degree of diſorder in us, that divine Providence muſt needs makes us wretched through pity, to intereſt

reſt us in the wretchedneſs of another. If we were to remain unaffected, we ſhould ſeek out no remedy, and never think of curing an evil we behold with an eye of indifference: But Mercy being a holy contagion, making us ſenſible of the deplorable condition of our neighbour, we help him to ſolace ourſelves, and aſſiſt him in his wants, to deliver us from the pain we find the ſmart of. Thus it is that miſery teaches us Mercy, and our own diſtreſs invites us to remedy that of others. Who could condemn ſo juſt a feeling, and who ſhould dare blame a Paſſion to which we are indebted for our innocence? If the miſerable are ſacred perſons, ſhall the merciful be decried as prophane? If we reſpect thoſe that have ſuffered by the attacks of Fortune, can we blame thoſe that aſſiſt them? If we admire long-ſuffering, ſhall we deſpiſe compaſſion? If Miſery draws tears from our eyes, ſhall not Mercy extort praiſes from our mouth, and ſhall not we adore a virtue, which Jeſus Chriſt was pleaſed to conſecrate in his perſon? Before the myſtery of the Incarnation, he had only that mercy which relieves the unfortunate without experiencing their misfortunes, which cures the diſeaſe without catching

catching it, and which comforts the afflicted without increaſing their number: He ſaw our miſeries and did not feel them; his goodneſs making uſe of his power ſuccoured the miſerable, and was not afflicted by them: But ſince he vouchſafed to become man, he has mingled his tears with ours, he has permitted our griefs to wound his ſoul, and he was willing to ſuffer our miſeries to learn Mercy. We have therefore full allowance to exerciſe a virtue which Chriſt practiſed; and we may become wretched without any diſparagement to our honour, ſince the Son of God, in whoſe perſon not the leaſt ſhadow of a fault can be obſerved, was willing to feel the afflictions of his friends, and to ſhed tears in pity of them, before he performed miracles for helping them. This Paſſion has therefore been a ſubject of honour to all Chriſtian Philoſophers, who, to raiſe its merit which the Stoics have vainly endeavoured to depreciate, give it a glorious title, and admit it into the company of Virtues. They acknowledge that it may be of ſervice to Reaſon on all occaſions of life, and ſo it be conſiſtent with juſtice, when it relieves the poor, or pardons cri-

minals, one muſt be barbarous not to hold it in veneration.

Upon the whole, and from all that has been hitherto diſcuſſed and elucidated, there is no Paſſion of our ſoul but may be uſefully managed and conducted by Reaſon and the Law of Grace: For to recapitulate in a few words all that we have ſaid in this work, Love may be changed into a ſacred friendſhip, and Hatred may become a juſt indignation. Moderated Deſires are helps to acquire all Virtues, and Flight is the principal defence of Chaſtity. Hope animates us to noble actions, and Deſpair diſſuades us from raſh enterprizes. Fear is an aid to Prudence, and Courage to Valour. Anger, how fierce ſoever, takes part with Juſtice. Innocent Joy is a fore-taſte of felicity, and Grief is a ſhort pain delivering us from eternal puniſhment; ſo that our ſalvation depends on the good uſe we make of our Paſſions, and Virtue cannot ſubſiſt but by the harmonic proportion we maintain through all the moving ſprings of our ſoul.

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